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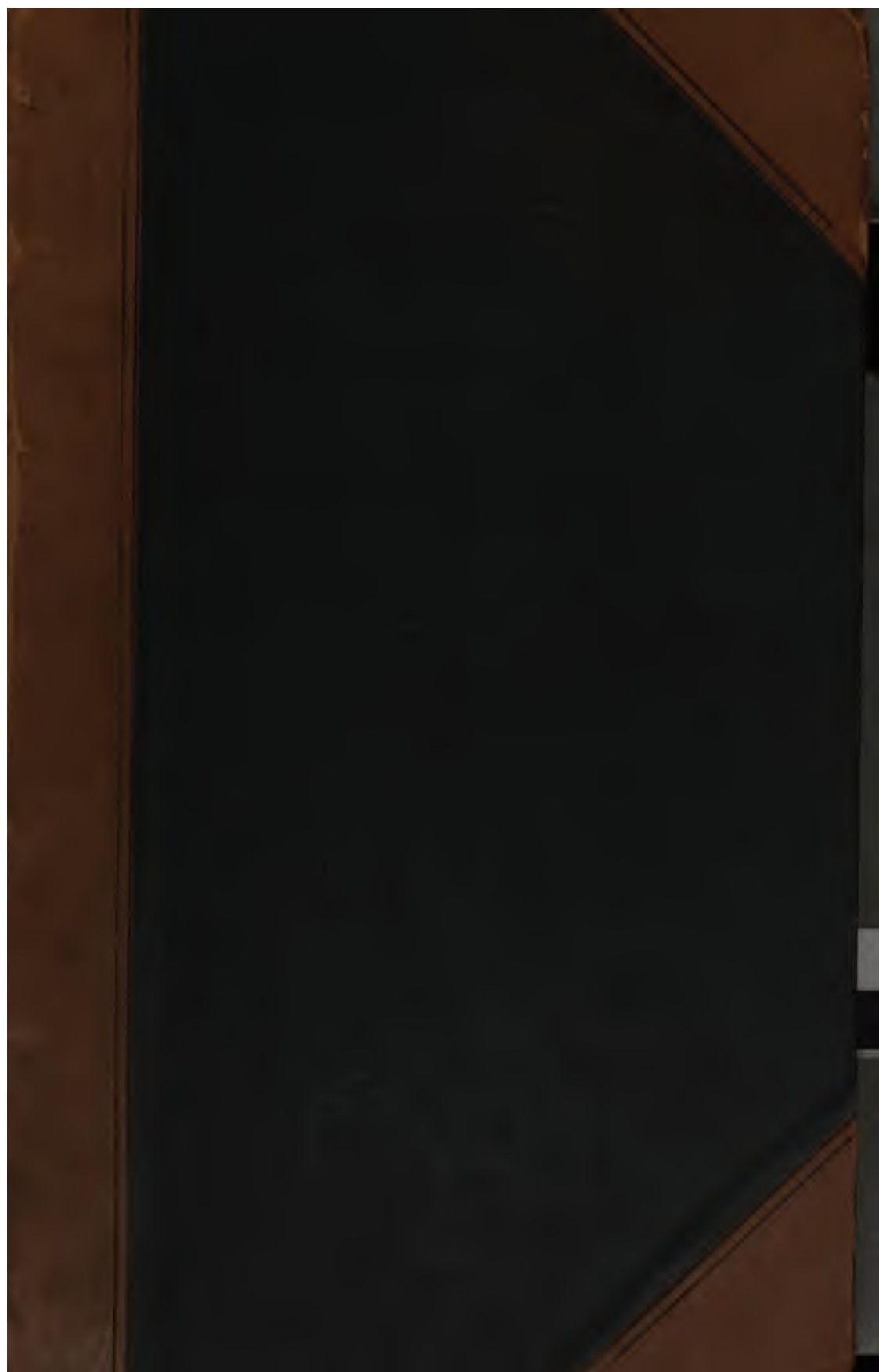
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THE
NEW MONTHLY
MAGAZINE.

EDITED BY
WILLIAM HARRISON AINSWORTH.



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. REJECTED ARTICLES CANNOT BE RETURNED.

NEW MONTHLY MAGAZINE.

THE BOWL AND THE DUTY.

BY CYRUS REDDING.

WHERE is our national symposiarchos, our wine-master of the ceremonies? We are still far from thinking we shall not soon require such an official. Our ministers are not men of taste, or they would have given us the opportunity of electing such an officer long ago. They are teasops, and make the land nervous with Hong-Kong decoctions. We thought to have had wine at a more reasonable rate this session; but we languish still under the want of the "universal panacea," or as a great physician styled it, "that to the body which manure is to trees." The ancient Greek chiefs secured their wine, not as Solomon is said to have done his temple, with Bramah's patent lock, but with a trusty sentinel of Milesian origin, who introduced whisky into the court of the Pharaohs, according to Vallancy in his history of Irish civilisation. The Customs keep ours for us.

Commend us to Pitt, who, though not a jester nor a wit, did honour to the elixir of life. Let it be poured over his ashes with an "Ave! valed!" What else could have enabled him "to speak off a king's speech?" as Windham said he could have done—what but his libations with his friend Lord Melville. To this the different state of eloquence in the House of Commons in his time and our own is mainly owing. Wine cherishes eloquence in politics as well as in divinity. In proof of the latter observation, a great clerical authority asserts that "it maketh sermons to abound for edification;" gives "visions of poetic zeal."

Lord Aberdeen may be assured that no purple clusters will rise to grace his tomb, unless he thinks of moving a little faster upon this matter. While the Russian bear hungers for the flesh-pots of Constantinople to accompany his rye-meal and water, his sour quass, the Porte may become more cordial in its alliance with France. Sultan Mustapha told Cromwell's ambassador that if he ever changed his religion he should turn Catholic, "because there was no good wine in any Protestant country." Who can believe, judging from the wisdom of his ancestor—that most convincing species of evidence—that his present Turkish Sublimity will prefer gin and whisky to Burgundy, Champagne, and claret?

Why, then, are we denied the use of good wine? The adulteration of our port wine has just been sanctioned by the Treasury. Gerupiga is permitted to be introduced into wine in the docks in certain proportions. Verily we retrograde. Shame to the land of our fathers.

Why are we denied cheap wine? The enormous duty of six hundred
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per cent. is a denial—a prohibition to nine-tenths of the people of England, and prevents an access of revenue to the Exchequer. All other nations enjoy wine at a reasonable cost. "The public do not agitate about it." How should it do so, when the mass of the people know no more about wine than the public did of tea in the reign of King John, when wine was three-halfpence per quart? Adam did not trouble himself about his own character in *Paradise Lost*,

We stand in need of something to stimulate us in conversation. What are modern dinings-out compared to the old conversational times of Johnson, Reynolds, and Burke? All dinner-parties now are lifeless things—"weary, stale, flat, and unprofitable." A tolerable allowance of wine is swallowed with dinner at wealthy tables—wasted; but there is no more conversational wit, none of the seasoning of the past time. We are a dull people now, mere money-grubbers; what has wit, hilarity, good fellowship to do with such? Hence the need of cheap good wine in place of stomach-burning brandy-wine and spirits. We do not want heaviness over the eyebrows, but liveliness to counteract our cares.

Wine was once accessible to all here, as it has been to other nations in all times. We find corn, wine, and oil, terms used to designate fertility in the first ages of the world. From the deluge—from the Egyptian captivity of the Israelites to the reign of the wisest of men, we find mention of it. Sculptures of the expression of the juice of the grape may yet be seen upon the walls of the great temple of Karnac in the Thebaid, emblematic, it is probable, of the wine of Meröe, which has caused disputes in relation to the wine-wisdom of antiquity among learned pundits; some denying the existence of any wine in that climate where it was known twenty centuries before the Christian era. The young captive Joseph, interpreting the dream of the chief butler of Pharaoh, represents him as squeezing the juice of the grapes into the goblet of his royal master, the representation still to be seen on the temple of Karnac thus corresponding in a singular manner with the custom described by the sacred historian. These delineations can only be understood as emblematic of wine. The must of the grape taken in that climate, sweet, cloying, and warm, could hardly be intended. To make wine that will keep well, fermentation is necessary, and that this process was known in the early ages, is evident from the account of Noah's inebriety. The institutes of Moses, and the customs of contemporary nations, show that wine was common to them all, and was considered one of Heaven's choicest gifts. Sacred and profane writers laud it alike. Amphoræ have been recently discovered by Layard in the mounds time has accumulated over the ruined palaces of the luxurious Sardanapalus, after twenty-seven centuries of inhumation. The excavations amidst the indurated lava of Vesuvius afford similar evidence of the abundance and care bestowed upon that which "makes glad the heart of man." Pure wine has a very distinctive character, through its effect on the animal economy; but in this country the unadulterated juice of the grape is met with only at the tables of the fashionable and opulent. The wines introduced early into England were of a less artificial character than in later times. France, Spain, and the Levant, were formerly all laid under contribution by British merchants. It appears that as far back as the reign

of Richard III., the wine called Chalybonion, or Chalibon, grown near Damascus, was imported to England from Tyre in Venetian ships; each cask of wine accompanied with ten yews for making bows. This wine was the Helbon of the prophet Ezekiel, sold at the fairs in Tyre.

There is no denying that wines were once made in the southern counties of England in considerable quantities, previous to and subsequent to the Norman conquest, and even down to the fifteenth century. Bede alludes to them in plain terms, and they are alluded to in the laws of Alfred. Edgar is stated to have made a present of a vineyard and vine-dressers; and there are rude but unmistakable representations of vineyards and vine-dressers in the British Museum of the Saxon date. In Westminster, "Holeborne," and other parts of Middlesex, and in nine counties south of Cambridgeshire, north of which last county vines would not give fruit fit for wine, there are traces of vineyards. Gloucestershire was noted for the excellence of its vinous productions. "Vineyards" occur thirty-six times in Domesday Book, and the tithes of Lincombe vineyards, near Bath, have been long upon record.

We are not among those who discredit this evidence on account of the present character of the climate of these islands. Wine is now made on the Rhine north of 51 deg. of latitude. There has been a change of temperature; cold east winds now prevail to the midsummer-day of the olden time. M. Arago, of the French Institute, says that in the sixteenth century the muscadine grape, which requires the warm sun of the south, ripened well at Macon, in the department of the Seine and Loire—a circumstance now thought impossible. The vineyards of Etampes and Beauvais once grew good wine; all they make now is meagre and miserable.

Our fathers were men of good taste; they introduced fifty-six French, and no less than thirty kinds of Spanish, Italian, Greek, and Island wines, and in large quantities too. Elizabeth's court and symposiacs, where the cup went round in the debate, made men merry and wise together. Once there came into England, Gascony, Osey, Clarry, Romania, Bastardo, Malvasia, Lepe, Vernage, Malmsey, Cyprus, Candian, and many other wines, whose names are quite a catalogue. Sometimes they were perfumed, at others aromatic herbs and spices were infused into them, when they were called "piment," or made "hippocras" of, as the writers of those times inform us. The quantity of wine consumed formerly in England was very large. The Archbishop of York, in the reign of Edward II., dispensed a hundred tuns of two hundred and fifty gallons each on his enthronement. His predecessor in the see consumed eighty tuns of claret annually in his household—an expenditure that would stagger a very wealthy man of the nineteenth century. Whether wine or ale, the Church always patronised them. Our total-abstinence supporters must read this portion of the history of vinology with due respect. Our old divines found they marvellously improved their spiritual functions by wine. From Walter de Mapes to Sidney Smith, its virtues have found a much more unanimous support than points of doctrine. Who could doubt the orthodoxy of such pillars of the Church as showed by experience the value of wine, or of ale by the less presuming clergy, contented with the home-made beverage, but sensible of the inspiration from both:

Then take up this tankard of rough massy plate,
 Not for fashion preferred, but for value and weight ;
 When you lift up the cover then think of your vicar,
 And take a hard pull at the orthodox liquor,
 That keeps hale and hearty in every climate,
 And makes the poor curate as proud as the primate.

There was a cordiality about those old square-toes looked for now in vain. The Methuen treaty of 1703, admitting port wine at one-third of the duty of most other kinds, drove away variety, and forced a taste for wine of a secondary class increasingly adulterated down to the wise abrogation of the differential duties.

We have a hatred for all tyrants which no language we know has words sufficiently vituperative to delineate, but of all tyrants, from Nero to the King of Ashantee, we detest most our Henry VIII., the relentless butcherer of female loveliness, the heartless apostate in faith, who favoured the Reformation he had first opposed, because it occurred to him that he could plunder the existing hospitals, charities, and religious establishments of their wealth, and put it into his own purse, under the plea of supporting what the march of intellect would soon have done without his violence. If one gleam of sunshine breaks through the gloom of that monarch's character in our view, it was his bringing into notice a good wine—rather a selfish virtue to be sure, but we fully believe the only one he possessed. He procured a vineyard at Aÿ for himself, or in conjunction with Francis I. of France. Henry was not alone in his taste, if he led the fashion : Charles V. of Spain, and the Pope, whom Henry set at defiance, were all unanimous upon this cardinal point of doctrine, that Champagne was an unrivalled wine, and they too kept vineyards. Posterity has confirmed the sentence, with the understanding that the wine be always used “in the present tense.” Thus did “honey come out of the mouth of the lion”—no, that is a noble beast—out of the mouth of the ravenous wolf. This wine the differential duties excluded from all but persons of wealth, until those duties were equalised. For this alone, Paul Methuen deserved to be drowned in his own Portugal black strap ! Who can state the amount of human enjoyment he thus abstracted ? When our army was in France at the conclusion of the last war, Champagne was drunk before dinner, with dinner, and after dinner. It was so highly estimated, as we witnessed ourselves, that in a large city only one bottle, by accident, was obtainable—the English officers, they told us, had drank all the rest. We even suspect, from what we heard, that some of them were ready, when they could take no more, to cry out with the young sailor in the same plight, “Pour it over me.”

A flourishing epoch in our commerce in wine with France took place under Charles II., soon after the restoration. The trade was wisely encouraged by the court, which saw its manifold advantages. Merchandise of all sorts, as well as wines, came in extensively, particularly from France. But the landed interest of that time became jealous of the mercantile, and too obtuse to perceive how much trade contributes to enhance the value of estates, by the most legitimate of all means. Accordingly, the adverse spirit, so well pointed out in its effects upon trade by the late Sir Henry Parnell, was then omnipotent. Anxious for itself, in the first place, it sounded the tocsin of ruin to the agriculturists. It was the custom then,

as it was in times of a much later date, to charge everything untoward upon French influence. There is a tale of an English county which grew a great quantity of beans, and the agricultural interest there got up a petition to parliament, praying that a county adjoining should be prohibited from growing broad Windsors; thus lowering the price of that indigestible esculent to the petitioners' manifest injury. Just so staunch to their prejudices, and seeing nothing but popery and wooden shoes when France was named, they petitioned for a prohibitive law, and insisted that no more Gallic goods of any kind should come into the country. The price of land had fallen in the market; and this, they averred, was owing to the balance of trade with France being against us. They had no idea that the aggregate balance of trade might be in our favour, and that in place of paying the difference to France in coin, we might have paid it in bills on other countries given in return for our exports. They were not to be pacified. Nothing less than a total prohibition of wine, brandy, and all kinds of French merchandise and produce would appease them. They were all-powerful with the national antipathies on their side. The act was passed just when our commercial transactions had reached a state of prosperity unequalled before. At once an import of wines, which for many centuries it had till then been the usage of the country to receive, and to which the people had long been habituated, wholly ceased. In some years nearly twenty thousand tuns had been imported; it now became an illegal trade. A vote of the House of Commons declared that "trade with France was detrimental to the kingdom."

The effect of this sudden prohibition upon those who had been accustomed, like their fathers before them, for six or seven hundred years to the wines of France, must have been a public calamity. Smuggling was encouraged to a great extent, and the wines of Portugal, of a very inferior character to those of France in purity, were introduced under the circumstances of the restriction.

But the prohibition of the pure wines of France was not the only consequence of the erroneous notion about land being lowered in price by a commerce of any kind with France. The farmers were gratified; brandy being no longer imported, distillation from malt was left almost unrestricted. Any person might distil by giving ten days' notice to the Excise. This was a boon to the landholder, who had most probably calculated upon such a result in aiding the prohibition. The Vintners' Company in London had before kept the management of distillation almost wholly under its own control, but it was now foiled; distillation continued to be encouraged for the protection of the landed interest down to the reign of George I. Then began that system of drunkenness among the poor, from the cheapness of spirits, that has deteriorated their health and morals so fearfully to this hour. The government now took the alarm at its own impolicy. It ran into the opposite extreme, and forbade any compound spirits to be made. This was followed by the imposition of a duty of five shillings per gallon, with a license costing twenty pounds, to be paid by all dealers in English-made spirits.

The suddenness of this legislation, without the slightest reflection that the government had been the cause of the evil it sought to remedy so abruptly, drove the people to illicit distillation and evasions of the law,

the natural consequences of an ill-judged exercise of the legislative power. The retailing of spirits was then prohibited altogether.

Scarcely had the general importation been once more permitted, and French wines nearly recovered their former amount of importation, than the accession of William III. and a new war occurred, tantamount to a second prohibition. The plea of exchanging woollen goods for Portugal wine, under a differential duty which operated as a bonus, was in every sense impolitic and unjust. The bait was eagerly swallowed by the leading party. Spanish wines as well as French were rejected, although the duty was little different between the wines of Spain and Portugal. An importation of eleven thousand tuns of Spanish, in 1701, sank to seven thousand in the following year, and in the next to thirteen hundred; nor did the Spanish importation increase again until 1709, so deeply did the pseudo appeal to patriotism in the shape of our woollen manufactures and the British fleece carry away the sense of the country.

The introduction of the wines of Portugal did not occur without considerable opposition from those who were accustomed to the wines of other countries. The feeling of those who were for rejecting everything French had aroused the jealousy of the lovers of the wine of that country. This was shown in periodical publications circulated as early as 1693. The tastes of the wine-drinkers and of the majority in the legislature were opposed. The "Farewell to Wine," published in that year, treats the black strap of Portugal very unceremoniously:

Mark how it smells—methinks a real pain
Is by its odour thrown upon my brain:
I've tasted it—'tis spiritless and flat,
And has as many different tastes,
As can be found in compound pastes.

This refers to the lack of the true vinous bouquet in port wine. We learn, too, that its modern virtue of spirituousness was at that time not among its failings. Prior makes several references to port wine, which show the dislike entertained towards it subsequently to the above date. Even as late as 1733, "muddy Portugal wine" was contrasted with claret, to the great disadvantage of the former. The addition of brandy was early noticed. There is no reason to think this spirit was added in any great quantity until the Oporto Company was established, and adulteration and monopoly had been systematised. It was said that without brandy port wine would not suit the English palate, which had taken pure growths for centuries. It is possible, however, that the spirit-drinking, encouraged for the sake of consuming the produce of the land by distillation, had now in some degree raised the temperature of the stomachs of Englishmen, so that the drinker, no longer able to select a wine as cheap as port, it became necessary for the merchant to adapt the cheap growth to the high-seasoned taste, or rather, as at present, keep a variety of the same wine artificially concocted, to suit the taste of all inquirers after any particular flavour, a great convenience to the dealer rather difficult to effect with pure, natural wine. This was confessed in substance in the late evidence before the House of Commons. We are there told how, under the well-sustained monopoly of the company at Oporto, wine is mingled with the adulterating liquid, called

Gerupiga, to suit all tastes and all hues, from "black, sweet, and strong," to the true colour of the blood of the grape, and a dry taste of the most approved character. We are also told how many pipes of this mixture of elderberries, treacle, sugar, brandy, and must, are sent to this country for the same base purpose.* The Lusitanian adulterations have been more barefaced than ever of late years.

Claret was once the favourite wine throughout Scotland, and the disrelish for port was shown by making the neutral ground of the Isle of Man a grand *dépôt* for the wines of the Gironde. From thence the French wines were covertly introduced in such a way by the intricacies of the western rocks and isles, that the "eyes of the guager saw them not." This contraband trade was continued there to a much later period than in England. The lines of Home, which Sir Walter Scott used to repeat, conveyed the spirit of the people upon the exclusion of French wine :

Bold and erect the Caledonian stood,
Old was his mutton, and his claret good ;—
"Let him drink port," the English statesmen cried,
He drank the poison, and his spirit died !

No less than five thousand hogsheads of claret are said to have been smuggled into Cornwall, Devon, and Dorset, at the time of its total prohibition. It is clear that port wine was forced, in the first instance, upon the public in the way of "Hobson's choice;" that in a generation or two it became naturalised, and as that occurred, the abuses and adulterations of the wine continued to increase, while, after 1820, they have become much greater than before. Since the peace and the wine-market of the world is once more opened to us, the wine of Oporto, which at one time was a seventy-fifth per cent. of all consumed, has fallen in consumption to less than the fortieth. Notwithstanding its acclimation, here we are just beginning to receive again a variety of wines of the existence of which a few years ago we were in total ignorance, but the resistance to their introduction is great on the part of those attached to the old system.

We dwell upon this part of the subject the more, because it conveys a true picture of the evils of a system which was so long and strenuously advocated, to the protraction of an opposite commercial policy, and of a wiser course in raising the revenue. Yet this very system, namely, a free interchange of commodities, was offered by France to England at the treaty of Utrecht, under the auspices of De Torcy, the French minister; but it was regarded by the ruling party in parliament as an insidious attempt to injure Great Britain. It did, in fact, carry an appearance of equity too evidently not to be suspected by the influential party in the government of that time, with its strong feeling of private interest, and its crude notions of the true principles of traffic.

De Torcy desired a commercial treaty in the spirit of that concluded with Charles II., the tariffs of the two nations to be the same. But rents had fallen subsequently to that treaty, and it became the imputed cause, as already stated, in alluding to the prohibition of French pro-

* The adulterous mixture is 56lbs. of dried elderberries, 60 of treacle or coarse brown sugar, 78 gallons of unfermented grape-juice, and 39 of brandy.

duce—rents, it was inferred erroneously, must fall again if such a treaty were concluded. The noble author of the picture of a Patriot King treated De Torcy's offer with unwonted disdain. His metaphysics and philosophy did not enable him to foresee the inevitable results of the Methuen treaty concluded ten years before. It cost more than a century and a quarter of time to force the national taste by the argument of the pocket, and to rivet a prejudice another century may not obliterate. The magic lay in the word "wool," the manufactures of which were to flourish the more the longer they were steeped in the blood of the Portugal grape, fevered with brandy. Yet, in 1801, and in the time of the largest import of the wine of Portugal, we received only from seven to eight million pounds of foreign wool, our own not sufficing, under the famed differential duties, and in 1849 we imported nearly seventy-seven millions.

The old wine company was formed at Oporto under the pretence of correcting abuses in making and exporting wines. The true ground of its formation was to create a monopoly to keep up prices which had before been low, and regulated in the open market. The first natural result of the Methuen treaty, made when the Portuguese were ignorant of the shortest way of preparing wine for exportation to England, was the neglect of all improvement. The second, the best part of twenty years afterwards, was that the Portuguese, to save trouble, deteriorated the wine by mingling at first a small quantity of brandy, about three gallons to the pipe, while fermentation was proceeding. Before this the wine was a pure, natural, sound growth, wholesome and vinous. The practice was then styled "diabolical" by the English merchants; what epithet it now deserves, when twenty-five gallons of spirit are added to the pipe, displacing the same number of wine gallons, in place of that amount in wine, it is not difficult to imagine.

Oporto was in future to be the only place of export for the district specified, including all the vineyards in which the Methuen wine was grown. The place of exit was under the absolute control of the company. They made specious excuses for the monopoly in professing how they would correct abuses. There was to be no bad vine-dressing, no elderberry colouring, and a just classification of wines. The market was to be opened at a fixed day. It need not be remarked that the whole was an odious monopoly to sustain prices artificially, which the excellent climate of the Douro and the zeal of the farmer would have kept down. They succeeded in getting up the prices, and in maintaining them, there is every reason to think, with inferior wine to what had been before made. Don Pedro wisely abolished this shameful monopoly in 1834. Habits, connexions, and capital interlocked for above a century, it required time to disunite and change from injurious to beneficial action. Oporto was declared a free port. The old system was still powerful when, in 1842, the company was restored with an influence irresistible. Attached to it was the right of exacting most oppressive export duties from the English merchants. Those duties, and a permit to pass wine out of Oporto, raised the cost of wine six or seven pounds a pipe; so that it is now worth the trouble to export the wine *via* America to England. The export duties are all included in the small sum of sixpence to exporters anywhere out of Europe, where little wine of Oporto will be

swallowed except by Englishmen, to whom it is peculiar. It is evident, therefore, against whom the impost is directed. The imposition, too, is in violation of the express words of a treaty, the object of which was to secure free and unrestrained permission to Englishmen to buy and sell, without preference or favour shared by others, throughout the realm of Portugal. The shufflings, evasions, and trickery displayed in the evidence, however disgusting, render its perusal useful to show how far the public may be abused by exclusive trading privileges. The adulterations of the first company seem to have increased notoriously after 1820, whence the remark of many elderly persons who are fond of port is well founded, that they are obliged to leave it off, "for it is not like what they were accustomed to take formerly."

With a continual increase of produce, although some estates are not half cultivated, the monopoly keeps prices higher now, when only three millions of gallons and a little more are consumed in England, than in the beginning of the century, when we consumed five or six millions. It is the only mercantile commodity in which increase of quantity is powerless to lessen price. Let us see how Portuguese ingenuity manages. In 1851, it appeared that ninety-five thousand pipes had been grown. Of this the company declared forty-one thousand odd hundreds to be of prime quality. This was too much to maintain prices, and the company ordered that no more than twenty thousand should be exported in Europe! The difference of the forty-one thousand first-class pipes they added to another class of eighteen thousand out of the quantity they had rated second, thus falsely denominating second more than one-half of the first quality, knowing that not more than five thousand could be disposed of. This Portuguese trick is not repeated every year in this precise mode, because sometimes the second class is transferred to the first, if it be necessary to increase the quantity of what they call first, or for any other cause; the infusion of brandy and colouring matter equalising differences in taste. Nor was this all, because the merchant who wanted to export the best wine was only allowed to export that which the company had adulterated, unless he had recourse to stratagem. He therefore purchased a permit as for the company's wine to go out, giving three pounds sterling for the document, and substituting the wine he wished to send in place of that which it was only legal, under the company's auspices, to send away. Thus eminent merchants here managed to get a little good wine out of the country by smuggling, the company itself winking at the breach of its own regulations, in order to extort money from the English merchant exclusively.

Such are some of the effects of the differential duty in favour of Portugal which are still in full action. The Methuen treaty drove away the wines and the consequent exchanges of goods with other countries. Port and sherry have been the staple, with a little claret and Champagne to oblige a fashionable customer. Some commercial houses affect to acknowledge no other species of wine than port and sherry, and many have heard, but never really known, any other qualities.

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A TOMB IN A FOREIGN LAND.

BY THE AUTHOR OF "THE UNHOLY WISH."

I.

HAD they been on the parched, arid shores of India, with all the force of its burning sun concentrated on their heads, the heat could scarcely have been more intense. There was no place to turn to for shade; no green spot on which the aching eye could rest: the glare was unbroken and terrible, as it always is there in the brilliant days of summer. The town itself, with its white houses, was anything but grateful to the sight, and though the sky was dark blue, to that the eye could not raise itself through the universal glare. The sands burnt with heat; the rays of the sun recoiled from the white bathing-machines; the sea glittered to the eye only in an inferior degree to the white sails of the vessels passing up the Channel; and on the water in the harbour the eye dared not and could not rest, for it was like gazing on molten gold, destroying the sight it dazzled.

On the terrace at the bathing-rooms, or, as it is there styled, the *Etablissement des Bains*, sat a bevy of girls of various lands—for crowds of many nations flock in summer to that gay French watering-place. They were idly gossiping away the mid-day heat, and longing for the cool hours of night, and for the dancing they would bring—that they might make themselves hot again. Near to one of the doors opening to the large room sat an English girl. Not tall, but stately as the young American at her side; dreamy and imaginative as the Italian before her; calm and self-possessed as the West Indian, who stood making marks with her parasol upon the gravel beneath; graceful and easy as were the French, and beautiful as befitted her birthplace, was this English maiden. Listless enough the group all seemed, save the French, who, as usual, were sitting, clustered in a heap, chattering and gesticulating away. She held a newspaper, this English girl, and glanced at its pages from time to time.

"Have you anything interesting there?" inquired one of the French.

"No," was the reply of Miss Chard, raising her eyes from the journal, and offering it to the fair questioner.

"Ah bah! merci to you, mademoiselle, all the same, but I never touch a newspaper," answered the coquettish Gaul.

"The *Débats*!" remarked the haughty West Indian, with a badly-concealed sneer. "You are fond of political discussions possibly, Miss Chard; the English mostly are."

"England's men," broke in the American lady, "but not its females, I think. Their minds are not formed for such, their talents are not equal to it."

A quiet, proud smile sat on the beautiful lip of the English girl, though politics were as a sealed book to her; and the American's sentence was cut short by an exclamation from one of the French.

"Ma foi! but the English have talents! talents and pride. Though in all the social conditions of life—a ball-room, for instance, or a morning visit—you may just as well see so many dancing bears."

As she spoke, a gentleman stepped out upon the terrace from the

rooms, and the prevailing listlessness was gone. A tall, slender man, of symmetrical proportions; with one of those beautiful faces often sung of but seldom seen; features exquisitely chiselled, and pale almost to a fault. It was impossible, when looking on his courtly mien and dignified bearing, to mistake him for anything but an English *gentleman*; and a consciousness of his own attractions might be read in his sleepy eye, blended with much vanity. Glances of admiration stole towards him, but he seated himself by the side of the young English lady: and her eyes were bent upon the ground, whilst the crimson flush of love rose to her features.

"I have been to your house, Lucy," he said, in a whisper: "I thought the heat would have kept you at home. Pardon, mademoiselle," he continued, picking up the handkerchief which one of the French girls dropped in passing him.

The curtsying, grinning Gaul, bold from her infancy, with more apologies and bows than an Englishwoman would make in a month, received, as she expected, the property which the handsome young Englishman tendered her, and the conversation became general.

"Who is that?" exclaimed the West Indian, directing their attention to a fresh comer, who now appeared upon the scene—a young lady seemingly not more than eighteen or nineteen.

"How very beautiful!" exclaimed Mr. Ravensburg.

"Handsome to a degree!" murmured Lucy Chard.

"She is too tall: and so very pale!" dissented one of the envious French girls.

"But look at her eyes and features!" cried the Italian. "Did you ever see such, save in sculpture? and then you cannot have the colouring."

"It is the Baroness de Laca," exclaimed the American. "She is a widow."

"A widow? Nonsense!" said Mr. Ravensburg. "She is a mere girl."

"A widow for all that," continued the young American, decisively. "They marry in Spain when they are little better than infants; though *she* was chiefly reared in England, her parents having adopted your country for their own. They are with her here. We were introduced to them last night. She is very rich, and, it is said, very wilful."

"And very fascinating," continued Mr. Ravensburg, eagerly watching the graceful figure of the Spaniard as it retired from view.

"Smitten!" laughed the West Indian, with a sneer of mockery on her lip.

The gentleman laughed in return—a laugh quite as shallow as her own.

"Not smitten so easily as you imagine, fair lady," he rejoined. "Old birds are not caught with chaff, though they may admire it at a distance."

At this moment Lucy Chard raised her eyes, and, standing opposite to her on the lower terrace, appeared a singular-looking man. His dress might have befitted some remote Indian prince, or—a member of that fraternity, the "Swell-Mob." Chains, rings, watchguards, seals, studs, and diamond pins shone conspicuously all over him. His looks were of that style that is not unfrequently mistaken, by a perverted taste, for beauty. What a complexion was his! the lily blending with the carna-

tion-rose; teeth even, and white as ivory—so white and even, that a certain doubt might arise in the mind of a bystander; his coarsely handsome features (the nose alone an exception to the adjective, and *that* turned up to the skies) were ornamented by a profusion of jet-black ringlets, whiskers, and a fierce moustache; all these formed part of his attractions. His figure was about the middle height, portly and upright, and his age uncertain. He held in his hand a small hunting-whip, its handle set in gold, or some metal that looked like it, tapping the tip of his highly-varnished boot, and fixing his bold, round, rolling eyes, with a stare of admiration, on Lucy Chard. She rose from her seat, and spoke to her companion.

"Francis, I think mamma must be waiting for me."

"Do you know that man, Lucy?" he inquired.

"Not at all," she replied, a supercilious gesture of the eyelids darting involuntarily towards the stranger. Mr. Ravensburg eyed him attentively; but Lucy was waiting, and he rose and drew her hand within his arm, gracefully doffing his hat to the party around them.

"How vain the British are!" exclaimed the American girl, gazing after Mr. Ravensburg's receding form, "and he exemplifies the national failing."

"She has the greater vanity, that Miss Chard," rejoined the West Indian, "to think she can secure the whole attention of such a man. He constant to one, indeed!"

"That Spanish girl can hear all we are saying. What brings her so near?"

"She drew up when they left; as if she would watch the departure of Mr. Ravensburg."

The carriage of Mrs. Chard waited round at the outer entrance, and that lady, having scanned all the newspapers she cared to see, passed towards it, followed by Lucy and Mr. Ravensburg; when there, almost close to them, stood the bedizened stranger. He must have made his way round the building: he certainly had not gone through the rooms.

"Do you see that fellow?" inquired Ravensburg, directing Mrs. Chard's attention to the imposing-looking man in question, as he placed Lucy in the carriage by her side.

"Goodness me!" exclaimed Mrs. Chard, who would never have become a reader of character had she studied Lavater for a lifetime, "what a magnificent man! He must be somebody of consequence."

"He puzzles me," added Ravensburg, checking the smile that rose to his lips. "His face seems familiar to me, yet I cannot call to mind where or when I saw it."

The chafed horses, driven into restiveness by the heat and the insects, would wait no longer, but sprang away, fretting and foaming; and when Lucy looked from the carriage after Francis Ravensburg, the unhallowed gaze of the stranger was again riveted upon her.

The extreme heat had passed away with the daylight. The bathing-rooms were lighted up to receive the crowds pouring into them, and the strains of the music were already heard. One apartment, a small, square room, had but few people in it, perhaps a dozen. *It was the room appropriated to gambling.* Under the plea of innocent amusement, "merely a hand at cards to while away an evening hour," play, to an excess, was permitted and carried on, in the year, and at the place, of which this

story treats. Immense sums were lost and won nightly, and several ladies of good family were so infatuated, so far forgot the retiring manners befitting an English gentlewoman, as to take part in the diversion.

At one of the small tables sat Mrs. Chard. Her opponent was Colonel Darcy, and they were playing *écarté*. Several bettors stood around. Colonel Darcy was losing, as he had been ever since he sat down; but Mrs. Chard was this night in luck. The lady had marked four; the colonel, none.

"I propose," said the latter, taking up a fresh hand.

"Play," replied Mrs. Chard. And he played the knave of diamonds.

"King and game!" said the lady, throwing down the king of trumps.

The colonel rose and moved away, observing that the cards were against him.

"Will you permit me the honour of playing a game with you, madam?" inquired a very imposing voice, all mouth and consequence, at Mrs. Chard's elbow. And, looking up, she beheld the "magnificent" stranger, who had stood near her carriage in the morning.

"My name is Carew, madam," began the stranger, seating himself in the vacated chair. "My friend, Major"—Mrs. Chard did not catch the name—"was to have introduced me to you to-night, but he is unavoidably absent. Captain Carew."

"Major *who*?" demanded Mrs. Chard, somewhat taken aback by the showy stranger's unceremonious manner.

"Terrible weather, is it not?" remarked Captain Carew, apparently not hearing Mrs. Chard's question. "I left London on my way to Italy, to join my friend, Lord Seymour, but this exaggerated heat has caused a halt in my journey. I cut to you, madam," he concluded, laying down five napoleons.

"Sir," said Mrs. Chard, "those stakes are higher than I play for."

"Fear not, madam: my life on it, you win. I am but an indifferent player, an almost invariable loser."

Mrs. Chard played, and did win. Other games followed with the same result; and the stranger laid down ten napoleons.

"Money seems of little value to you," observed one of the admiring bystanders.

"I am a rich man, and can afford such trifles as these losses—when I do play, which is not often—without a ruffled temper," was the complaisant answer.

Outside, in the little garden attached to the lower terrace, hidden from the moonbeams by the trees and shrubs, stood Francis Ravensburg. The sweet face of his betrothed—betrothed long ago in heart, if not in words—rested close to his. He loved her but with the ordinary love of man—an episode in the drama of man's life. It was shared with the world's pleasures; the pursuits of youth; with admiration for others of her sex and station. Yet he made the rapture and Eden of *her* existence; and she stood there with him in the shade, her heart beating with its excess of happiness. The scene itself was lovely. Upon the terrace, but unseeing them, were many forms of youth and beauty, who had escaped from the heat within; perhaps lovers, as they were. Innumerable fishing-boats were putting out to sea; the pier was crowded with evening promenaders; the cliffs around, contrasting their light and shade, looked

majestic enough at that hour; the bright moonbeams were playing on the waves which the tide was sending rapidly up, and the music from the ball-room swelled harmoniously on the distance. And there she remained: his arm thrown round her, and her cheek resting passively on his shoulder, listening to the sweet vows he was ever ready to whisper.

Just then, leaning over the terrace at a little distance, appeared the face of the Spanish lady, her features clearly discernible in the bright moonlight.

"Beautiful! beautiful!" murmured Francis Ravensburg, as he gazed upon her, unconscious, probably, that he spoke aloud: and Lucy drew away from her lover.

"Lucy, my dear," exclaimed Mrs. Chard, coming up as they reappeared in the dancing-room, "allow me to introduce Captain Carew. He desires to dance a quadrille with you."

With an appealing glance, Lucy clung to the arm of Francis Ravensburg: but who could interfere with a mother's introduction? And the profusely-jewelled man bowed, with evident admiration and some grace, over the hand of his lovely partner.

"Your friend appears to be interested in his companion," observed the captain, as he crossed over to Lucy, after figuring away in one of the quadrilles.

Lucy looked round, and, but a few paces from her, stood her lover, conversing animatedly with the Spanish girl. A rush of pain passed through her heart, but she answered her partner with a cold, haughty gesture.

Mrs. Chard left the rooms early, for their heat was intolerable, and Lucy looked for Francis Ravensburg to accompany them as usual to the carriage. But he did not notice their departure; he was amongst the dancers, his arm encircling the waist of the young baroness, and his eyes bent on her with admiration, as he whirled her round the room to the strains of the most exquisite waltz ever composed by Strauss.

"What an acquisition!" exclaimed Mrs. Chard, as she settled herself in her carriage, and they drove away. "Do you like him, Lucy—Captain Carew?"

"Not at all," said Lucy, rousing herself; "he is extremely disagreeable."

"What?" cried the astonished Mrs. Chard. "He is the most delightful man I ever saw—full of general information. But you are so taken up with that young Ravensburg, Lucy, you have eyes and ears for no one else. He hates cards, too!"

"Your new acquaintance, mamma?"

"I mean Frank Ravensburg. *He* hate them indeed! he lost his money to-night like a prince—as I do believe he is one in disguise. I never won so much in my life, Lucy, at one sitting. I hope and trust he will make some stay in the town."

II.

A MONTH or two passed away, and little alteration had taken place in the position of the parties mentioned above. The youthful Baroness of Laca was turning the heads of half the men, and exciting the envy and jealousy of all the women. But, beyond all doubt, her favoured cavalier

was Frank Ravensburg. It was impossible he could be otherwise than gratified at the preference he excited, even if love for her found no admission to his vain heart. He was still attentive to Lucy Chard, still enacted the part of her lover; but hour after hour was spent by the side of Isabel de Laca; he would often leave Lucy's side for hers, and his sweetest words were breathed to her. The truth was, he was *fascinated* with her—which is a different thing from love: though, in the height or the delusion, it may appear wondrously like it. But how was Lucy, looking on with a jaundiced eye, to distinguish the difference? And there were times when she was well-nigh stung into madness.

The jewelled stranger, too, had risen into no little favour and importance with the migratory inhabitants of the gay French watering-place. He had served in the Indian army, it was understood, but had for years retired from it, to enjoy an ample fortune, descended to him from a relative. And he was on the most intimate terms (when he lived there) with all the dons of all the kingdoms of the East. These oft-talked-of pieces of information, coupled with the imposing richness of the gallant captain's attire, the costly ornaments which adorned his pseudo-handsome person—and anybody implying a doubt of *their* being genuine would have been consigned to Coventry on the spot—a dashing, off-hand, pushing manner, which in a great man is cried up as proper assumption, and in an inferior one is resented as insolence, were not without their effects on the worshipping minds of the bath-taking public, and he became their passing idol. Men and women alike courted him; and even Frank Ravensburg, with all his attractions, was neglected, by the ladies, for the glaring stranger. But he cared not for their admiration: Lucy Chard alone occupied his thoughts, and his attentions were continually lavished upon her, in spite of her shrinking rejection of them. His leisure time was devoted to gambling; he seemed to have grown wonderfully fond of it, and fortune invariably favoured him, as if in defiance of his former depreciating assertion to Mrs. Chard. Had he not been so immensely above such a suspicion, people might have begun to doubt whether his playing was quite on the square. Heavy sums had been lost to him in more quarters than one, and it was whispered that Mrs. Chard was his debtor to a frightful amount.

Equipages were passing to and fro on the crowded port, amongst them Mrs. Chard's: and during a momentary stoppage, caused by a blockade of fish-carts, a horseman, superbly mounted, reined in by its side, and placed his delicately-gloved hand on its panels. It was Francis Ravensburg.

"Shall you be at the rooms to-night, Lucy?" he whispered.

"Mamma will. But—Francis"—she seemed to grow strangely agitated—"I have things to say to you, and would remain at home if you can come in. Will you sacrifice this one evening to me?"

"Sacrifice! It is a strange term, Lucy, when applied to us. I will be with you early in the evening."

She sighed deeply. Unfortunately, another person had heard the last sentence, even Captain Carew, who stood, unseen, close to the elbow of the young horseman.

When the stoppage on the road was removed, the carriage rolled on; and Frank Ravensburg continued by its side; but, in the crowded state

of the port, to retain this post became a work of difficulty; and, with a word of adieu to Lucy, he drew away. On the return of the carriage soon afterwards, Mr. Ravensburg had resigned his steed to his groom, and was pacing the port, side by side, with Isabel de Laca.

"This night shall end it," murmured Lucy, closing her aching eyes when the unwelcome vision had passed. "An explanation shall take place between us, and I will return his love-gifts to him, or—retain them for ever."

In the evening, according to his promise to Lucy, Francis Ravensburg was on his way to the chateau occupied by Mrs. Chard, which was situated about half a mile from the town, when he encountered Captain Carew: the captain having been a dinner-guest at the chateau.

"A day too late for the fair, Mr. Ravensburg, if you are bound for Mrs. Chard's," was his accosting salutation. "They have left the house for the rooms. There goes the carriage," he added, pointing to the upper road.

"Who have left it?" demanded Frank, haughtily.

"Mrs. Chard and Lucy, with Madame de Larme. She dined with us."

"Miss Chard?" uttered Frank, interrogatively, looking as if he would willingly have cut the gallant captain in two.

"Didn't I say so?" retorted the captain. "She seemed inclined to remain at home—blooming for a whole evening alone, like the Last Rose of Summer—but I persuaded her out of the romantic idea."

"Coxcomb!" muttered Frank between his closed teeth. "But it is a shame of Lucy to be so changeable."

Retracing his steps, he called in at his apartments, to make some alteration in his dress for the rooms, whither he now determined to proceed. And there he found a letter waiting for him, summoning him to England on urgent business. His first care was to ascertain at what hour the first steamer for England quitted the port. He found one would leave for London at three in the morning, and secured a berth in it. Some few other preparations were necessary, and by the time they were completed, it was hard upon ten o'clock. He then took his way to the rooms, where he expected to find Lucy.

"By the way," he soliloquised, as he walked on with a quick step, "did not Isabel say something on the port to-day about their leaving to-morrow for England? It was just as that bustle occurred when little Judd was thrown from his horse, and I lost her afterwards. I do hope it is so: she is the sweetest girl (I can never think of her as a married woman) I know—next to Lucy. By Jove! to have her as *compagnon de voyage* would reconcile one to all its customary inconveniences."

With the last consoling reflection he reached the rooms, and giving his hat to an attendant, entered the heated dancing-apartment. But his eyes roved round it in vain in search of Lucy, and he made his way to the card-room.

"Where is Lucy?" he inquired of Mrs. Chard, who was of course amongst the players; her anxious countenance betokening that her luck was not great.

"Do procure me an ice, Mr. Ravensburg," was her answer; "I am dying for one. Those servants never come into this room, where they are most wanted."

"But where can I find Lucy?"

"The king again!" exclaimed the agitated woman. "Captain Carew, what luck you have! The ice, pray, Mr. Ravensburg."

"And Lucy?" repeated Frank, bringing her the ice with all speed.

"Lucy? Oh, she would not come to-night; she remained at home. Some whim, I suppose. You deal, captain."

"You told me Miss Chard was on her way hither," cried Ravensburg, darting a ferocious look at the sparkling player.

"My good fellow, I thought she was. But who is to be answerable for a woman's mind? It shifts as often as a weathercock. Game, Mrs. Chard."

"I would give a trifle if I could recollect where it was I saw that walking jeweller," ejaculated Frank. "I know it was at nothing creditable. The remembrance haunts me like a nightmare, and yet I can make of it nothing tangible. I must write to Lucy from London and explain," thought he; "it is too late to go there now."

"Isabel!" he exclaimed, seeking out the young baroness, "did you tell me, or not, that you thought of going to England?"

"To-morrow, by the Dover boat."

"And I start to-night at three."

"Nay," she exclaimed, "you are joking."

"I never jest with you, Isabel. I am called to London on business."

"Then delay your voyage until to-morrow. It would be so delightful for us to travel together."

The very words he had previously uttered to himself.

"Papa and mamma can take care of each other, and you can take care of me," she laughed. "Don't say No, Mr. Ravensburg."

"It will make but little difference, only a few hours, in the time of my arrival in town," he soliloquised, "and I shall escape that horrid, long passage as well. I *will* wait—and in that case I can see Lucy to-morrow."

And communicating his decision to Madame de Laca, just as the music struck up a waltz, he placed his arm on her delicate waist, round which glittered a zone of jewels, and whirled her away until her head was dizzy.

And there stood Lucy Chard on the balcony of her mother's chateau; there had she stood ever since seven o'clock, watching the road that led from the town, with a flushed cheek, and a heart sick with expectation. Every fresh footstep, sounding in the stillness of the night, was listened to; but long before its owner came in sight, the strangely-fine ear of love had told her it was not that of Francis Ravensburg. The stars came out, shining brilliantly. Lucy looked up at the constellations: she knew their places, where they were, or would be later in the year. The great bear, creeping on; the giant Orion, with its rapid strides; the lady in her chair; the united Pleiades, and the many others; some were there, some not: but she turned to look, in vain, for Sirius, beautiful amongst the stars. The sound of the church clocks, telling nine, was borne towards her on the breeze. "This is the impatience of a *lover*!" she exclaimed, with a burst of anguish. She took a costly trinket from her bosom, which he had placed there but three little months before, recalling his words as he did so. And she began reasoning with herself

that he could not be false to her—oh never, never ! And so the moments dragged by until the bells told ten, and then she laid her aching forehead upon the cold iron of the balcony. Had she ever heard the old Chinese proverb ?

“ To expect one, who does not come : to lie in bed, and not to sleep : to serve, and not to be advanced, are three things enough to kill a man.”

To expect one who does not come: and he more to her than earth ; to dread that even then, whilst she was watching in vain mockery, he was with her rival : shedding upon her the heaven of his presence ; whispering passionate vows that once were hers, in her ear ; pressing his coveted kisses on her lips ! Reader, if you have never experienced this, do not attempt to guess at the anguish of Lucy Chard.

Her mother's voice aroused her long after, scolding her for being out there in the cold. Lucy entered. She could not avoid observing, in spite of the painful anxiety of her own feelings, that Mrs. Chard seemed to be unnaturally excited, pacing the room with a troubled step. But full of suspense and suspicion about her lover, wishing, perhaps, to know the worst, she nerved herself to the task, turned her face from her mother, and spoke.

“ Did you happen to see Mr. Ravensburg ?”

“ See him, yes. He was at the rooms, waltzing away with Isabel de Laca when I left.”

A cold shiver ran through Lucy's veins, and her sight seemed to leave her ; but save for the terrible paleness of her features, no outward emotion was visible. All her fearful doubts were realised ; her worst jealousy was confirmed : Francis Ravensburg had deserted her for another.

“ Lucy, you do not look well,” observed Mrs. Chard ; “ you must have been out of your mind to stand on that balcony. The nights are chilly now. Take a glass of wine.”

“ Not any, thank you,” she replied. “ I am tired, and will go to bed. Good night——”

“ Oh,” interrupted Mrs. Chard, “ Mr. Ravensburg told me he was going to England to-night.”

Lucy let fall the handle of the door, and turned.

“ I think he said so. I hardly know. My luck has been wretched, Lucy. I wish to heaven I had never touched a card ! I wish to heaven I had never played with Captain Carew !”

“ But Mr. Ravensburg ?” uttered Lucy.

“ I don't recollect much what he said. Going upon business, I think it was. Go and ask the baroness to-morrow ; no doubt she can tell you all about it.”

“ Good night, mamma,” said the unhappy girl.

The steamer for Dover was to start at one o'clock the following day, but, previously to that, Mr. Ravensburg went to the chateau. Lucy was out. Mrs. Chard, alarmed at Lucy's pale cheeks and absent manner when she rose, had hurried her out for a drive, sorely, sorely against her will. He waited, hoping they would return ; but at length he was obliged to go, for time pressed. Not with a quick step, however, for he still hoped to meet her, if but to have one single parting word ; and upon encountering a great bathing-omnibus on his way he leaped upon its step, thinking it might contain Lucy, to the untold-of scandal of its chief

occupant, a "sister" from the convent of the Dames Ursulines, who was conducting some younger "sisters" to take their daily plunge in the sea.

But Ravensburg jumped off the step quicker than he had leaped on it, for the bell, giving notice of the starting of the steamer, was sounding in his ear. He tore along, and halloed with all his might. The steamer was putting off from the side, and its captain was already on the paddle-box.

"Heigh! boat! Stop, captain!" cried the bedizened Carew, who stood close to the steamer, his chains and his shining stones glittering in the sun. "Here's a passenger coming full tear. You'd better wait."

"We are behind our time already," grumbled the captain. "Shove away there! Take care of them cords."

"But here he is," screamed Carew; "it is Mr. Ravensburg. Just wait half a moment. I know he has important business in England."

"Make haste, then," roared the captain, directing his voice to the distance. "Hold hard a minute, lads."

"Thank you, thank you," panted Ravensburg to Carew, as he tossed his permit to the police-officer, and leaped on to the paddle-box.

"Yes," added the sailor-captain, "you may thank that gentleman for being taken to England to-day, Mr. Ravensburg. I should have been some yards up the harbour."

Ravensburg looked to the quay, and again nodded his thanks to Captain Carew; but on the latter's countenance was so strange an expression of triumph—*of triumph over him*—that he stood aghast. But he thought it might be the glare that deceived him, and, descending to the deck, he clasped the offered hand of Isabel de Laca, and seated himself beside her.

"Do you see that steamer?" demanded Captain Carew, an hour afterwards, of Lucy, pointing to the Dover boat, which had now traversed half her distance, as he stood at the north-western window of Mrs. Chard's drawing-room, which commanded a wide expanse of sea.

Lucy turned her eyes towards the Channel.

"You are looking at the wrong one—what a beautifully clear day it is!—the one on the left is coming from Dover; the one on the right is nearing it: it is the latter I mean."

"What of it?" questioned Lucy.

"It contains Frank Ravensburg and his lady-love," whispered the captain, fixing his eyes on Lucy's crimsoned and rebellious countenance, as he seized her hands. "He is there with Isabel de Laca; his dearest Isabel, as I heard him call her last night. Such terms can only exist between the closest and sweetest ties: even I have not yet addressed such to you."

The words were had enough, but to be thus kept face to face with that man was, to Lucy, horrible.

"Unhand me, Captain Carew," she indignantly exclaimed. "How dare you so address me?—how dare you touch me?"

He dared to do more, for he bent down and kissed her, still keeping her a prisoner.

"Marry *first*, Lucy," he said, unheeding her anger—"marry first, and the triumph will be yours. We will go forth and blazon our happiness in his face; we, the loving bridegroom and bride."

But the climax of indignation gave Lucy unnatural strength ; she wrenched her hands from him, and pulled the bell-rope violently.

"Begone," she cried, spurning him with her foot ; "another moment, and I order the servants to thrust you forth."

He seized again her trembling hands, he looked in her agitated, indignant countenance, and spoke in slow and measured terms :

"Do so, Lucy Chard ; but know, that by so doing, you destroy your mother."

There was truth, terrible truth, in his words and aspect ; and Lucy, with a sensation of fear that approached to suffocation, motioned the coming servants from the room, and sinking on a chair, signed to him to explain himself, but to approach her not.

It was a humiliating position—a violation alike of human and of nature's laws—for a mother to be kneeling at the feet of her only child, suing for forgiveness, praying to be saved from poverty and exposure ; yet in the autumn we are writing of, in the chateau inhabited by Mrs. Chard, that scene was enacted.

"Take all, take all !" cried the ill-fated girl, clasping her hands in agony, and, in her turn, kneeling to her mother. "Sacrifice my fortune to his rapacity ; I will never think of it, never ask for it ; but oh, spare me !"

"He holds bonds for *all*, Lucy," returned the miserable woman. "I, your sole guardian, have violated my trust. Money, estates, jewels, furniture, all have long been his ; but God knows that when I in my madness staked yours, I did it with the hope that I might redeem what I had lost."

"Oh this play!—this infatuation!" moaned Lucy. "How can people so blindly rush on to their ruin?"

"Make the worst of it, Lucy : you cannot know half its horrors, the hell it creates. Reproach me—spurn me—it will be relief compared with what I have of late endured."

"I would give my very life for you, mother, to ensure your happiness," she faintly said ; "but I cannot sacrifice myself to this man."

"It would be no sacrifice, Lucy," pleaded Mrs. Chard : "did I think so, I would never urge it. Your girl's thoughts have been wound round Francis Ravensburg, and all others appear to you distasteful. But now that he has forsaken you, gone to England with that Spanish woman, whom he is about to make his wife, would you be so lost in respect to yourself as to let him retain his hold upon your heart? Would you let *the world* suspect it?"

Lucy pressed her hands upon her eyes ; upon her throbbing temples : it seemed as if it would be a mercy could she shut out for ever the light of day.

"Unless you consent to marry *him*, Lucy, when he will return all my bonds, retaining only such as belong to you, there must be an exposure," she exclaimed, passionately ; "no earthly help can avert it. For the poverty I should care comparatively little, *but I will not survive exposure*. Lucy ! I speak calmly, rationally, firm in my own purpose. Child ! it is a fearful thing to deliberately destroy a mother."

Captain Carew entered, an accepted suitor. Mrs. Chard had murmured some heartfelt words of thanks to Lucy, and Captain Carew ad-

vanced towards his future bride, a speech of love or congratulation on his lips, when Lucy, who was trembling as if she had the ague, fell forward in a fainting fit.

A strange tale went about the town. Of a man's covetous eyes cast upon a girl, and resolving to win her, though she was promised to another; of a mother's being inveigled into play until she had staked, and lost, all; until shame and ruin stared her in the face; and of the child being offered up as the propitiatory sacrifice. But when names came to be mentioned, people laughed at the tale. A sacrifice to marry *him*! to share his riches, his jewels! Lucy Chard was to be envied for the honour done her. And as to Mrs. Chard's having lost her fortune—why, she was still living at her chateau; in the same style, at the same expense. Nonsense, nonsense! the tale was one of the usual fabricated scandals of an English-frequented continental town. But what would that town have said, could it have known that Mrs. Chard suppressed letters written to her daughter, from London, by Francis Ravensburg?

Lucy's consent to the marriage being once wrung from her, Mrs. Chard took care that no time should be allowed her to retract it. She at once took her to Dover, where the ceremony was to be performed. The captain had strenuously urged that the wedding should take place in Paris, but Mrs. Chard as strenuously refused; observing, that one never knew whether those foreign marriages would stand good. So the captain had to yield, and it was arranged that he should follow them to Dover in three weeks. The affair, meanwhile, was kept a secret.

III.

In an elegantly-furnished drawing-room in Cavendish-square sat Isabel de Laca. A visitor was heard ascending the staircase, and the strange light of excitement, at the presence of a beloved one, sat in her eye. It was Francis Ravensburg who entered.

He advanced to her; not exactly as a lover, for no endearment was offered; but the tender, earnest regard with which he looked at her, and the lingering retention of the hand held out to him, told that he was not many degrees removed from one.

"I have some news for you," she said, in a quiet tone, but which, indifferent as it was, betrayed a cause for triumph, though Mr. Ravensburg detected it not. "I had a letter this morning from Madame de Larme."

"Ah! some continental news," he answered, a faint colour rising to his cheek.

"You remember that extraordinary-looking man, who played so high; he has gone over to Dover to be married."

"The walking-jeweller," returned Frank. "And who, pray, has been dazzled by his perfections?"

"Miss Chard."

"Absurd!" he exclaimed, starting from his seat, whilst the indignant blood rushed over his features. "My dear baroness, you ought not to give credit to the malicious fabrications of that Madame de Larme."

"She says," continued Isabel, unheeding his interruption, "that Mrs. Chard has lost frightfully to Monsieur le Capitaine, and *dared* not refuse him her daughter."

"Oh God, Isabel!" he exclaimed, his emotion taking away all his self-possession, "there surely can be no truth in this?"

She turned from him coldly.

"Have you any objection to my seeing the letter?" he inquired.

She tossed it to him, and walked indifferently about the room while he perused it, humming a scrap of an old, translated Spanish ballad. The first words audible were the following:

" behold,
A baron, all covered with jewels and gold,
Arrived at fair Imogine's door.
His treasures, his presents, his spacious domain,
Soon made her untrue to her vows;
He dazzled her eyes, he bewildered her brain,
He caught her affections, so light and so vain,
And carried her home——"

"By Heaven, I have found it!" exclaimed Ravensburg, dashing his hand with such force on the centre table, that the lady's song was cut short, in terror.

"That man—that demon," he continued, in answer to her gaze of inquiry. "You know, Isabel, I have often said how he puzzled me. And to think," he pursued, in strange excitement, "that Lucy Chard should have been insulted by a companionship with him! There is contamination in his touch—infection in his very presence!"

"Who or what is he?" inquired the astonished girl. "Do you allude to Captain Carew?"

"Captain Carew!" was the ironical answer. "The fellow's name is plain Charles Johns. He is an outcast from society—whose conduct drew upon him the eye of the police—whose success in a certain swindling transaction, in the spring, only became known to them coeval with his disappearance. But they shall not long remain in ignorance of his being in England. At Dover, eh!"

"These are serious charges, Francis."

"They are true ones. How could I be so long deceived by him! But I see it all now: false hair, false whiskers, false teeth, the paint on his face, and so altered a style of dress. *Captain Carew*, indeed! the impudent fellow!"

"But how came you acquainted with such a man?" was the next inquiry.

"Before he relapsed into worse crimes, he held a discreditable situation at a West-end gambling-house," was Mr. Ravensburg's answer, "and I have seen him there. That he should have been brought into contact with Lucy Chard!"

It was the morning subsequent to the above conversation that a breakfast party sat in a private room of the Ship Hotel at Dover. Mrs. Chard was next the fire, doing the honours of the table: opposite to her, in a flowery, gaudy, stiffened-out silk dressing-gown, with more baubles about him than ever, bloomed Captain Carew: and between them, pale, inanimate, as much like an automaton as a living being, drooped Lucy. She was plainly attired in a white morning robe, and, as if in contrast to the resplendent appearance of the captain, she wore no ornament. Not a precious stone, or a bit of gold was about her, except the wedding-ring.

She had been a bride three days—dejected, suffering, heart-broken; but so silent, so uncomplaining, that the mother who had sacrificed her, looked on her with a bleeding, if not with a remorseful heart.

“A delightful morning!” exclaimed the captain, helping himself to a third plateful of spiced beef. “We shall have a favourable trip, Lucy. With this wind, we shall be at Ostend in seven hours. I am sure you will like Brussels, and Baden-Baden’s delightful.”

“You look very cold, Lucy,” said Mrs. Chard. “I fear I keep the fire from you.”

“I wish you would try an egg, my love,” gobbled the captain. “And a slice of this beef would do you an immense deal of good, if you would but eat it.”

A servant entered with a letter and two newspapers, all of which he placed before Mrs. Chard.

“No letter for me, waiter?” demanded Captain Carew.

“None, sir.”

There never were any for him, but he regularly made the same inquiry.

Mrs. Chard glanced at the address of the letter, and hastily thrust it into her apron pocket. “Will you look at the *Times*, captain,” she said, handing him the journal in question: “and there’s the *Morning Post* for you, Lucy.”

The captain was busy with his breakfast, but his wretched wife mechanically opened the paper. At this moment there was a slight bustle and talking outside the room door, which suddenly opened, and the face of the head waiter was thrust in.

“Captain Carew, if you please, can you step here for a moment? Now don’t,” he added, in an aside to somebody behind him, “don’t come in sight of the ladies: they would be frightened out of their wits. He’ll come out in a minute, fast enough, and then you can do the job without any bother.”

“What is it?” asked the captain. “I am at breakfast.”

“Won’t detain you a moment, sir,” added the waiter, kicking out his feet at the legs of those behind, with the view of keeping them at a distance.

The captain rose, and walked out of the room, swinging his breakfast-napkin majestically in his hand. Ranged against the wall was an officer from Bow-street, backed by a couple of Dover policemen. The head waiter shut the door.

Lucy was engaged with the newspaper, and Mrs. Chard, turning away, opened her letter. A note was inside it, addressed “Miss Chard.” The lady stirred the fire into a blaze, popped it in, and read her own:

“MY DEAR MADAM,—I have just heard that you are staying at Dover, and that the party, calling himself Captain Carew, is also there. It has been discovered who this man is. You may remember I said he puzzled me; but his disguise was so complete—false hair and whiskers, false teeth, a false complexion, and so altered a style of dress, would deceive the detectors themselves. His true name is Charles Johns: his career has, for long past, been most disreputable, and a successful swindling transaction, in which he was recently engaged, put him into funds, and sent him flying over the water, out of the reach of Bow-street. Ere you

receive this, he will be in custody. I write in haste, and will give you further particulars when we meet. Deeply annoyed that this villain should ever have come into contact with you and Lucy, believe me, yours very faithfully,

FRANCIS RAVENSBURG."

With an exclamation of horror, Mrs. Chard threw down the letter. One fearful confirmation of its contents rushed to her mind: he had married in the name of Charles Johns Carew. She darted to the door; and there, handcuffed, supported by the officers, and gazed at by half the servants of the house, was her gallant son-in-law, his terror visible even through his carmined cheeks. Lucy took up the letter, and read it, every word.

"Not one mention of me," murmured the unhappy girl, "not one word of remembrance: yet, for all he knows, I am still free as air."

IV.

AUTUMN, winter, spring rolled away, and the summer was quickly passing. Mrs. Chard had returned at once, with her daughter, to her residence on the French coast. Who can describe the care that had been bestowed upon Lucy: who shall imagine the soothing tenderness of her remorseful mother to win her back to health? But all in vain. Her star of happiness had set, and that of life was on the very verge of the horizon.

Occasionally they took her to the terrace at the bathing-establishment, hoping that the gay scene and groups of visitors might be productive of amusement, and draw her thoughts from herself. She was now growing almost too weak to go, but they, one warm, lovely morning, prevailed upon her, and she assented apathetically, observing that it would probably be for the last time. Mrs. Chard, dismissing the carriage, placed Lucy on one of the terrace benches, and went herself to the newspaper-room.

Not long had Lucy sat there when a party entered the large room, and approached the window nearest to Lucy: two ladies, and a tall, stately young man of extreme beauty. He was the husband of the younger lady. They were Madame de Larme, the Baroness de Laca, who did not resign her title with her second marriage, and Francis Ravensburg. He strolled from the room, and seated himself outside. A veiled, shrinking form was at the end of the bench, hidden from those within, and his face was turned towards his young wife and her companion, so that he observed her not.

"Do they play here as much as ever?" asked Mr. Ravensburg of Madame de Larme.

"Mon Dieu, non!" answered madame, shrugging her shoulders. "Such odd things were said last season, about people being ruined, and the like. I don't know whether they were true. However, cards have been interdicted."

"The place seems little changed," remarked the baroness, looking round. "I remember well the first time I ever saw it: it was also the first time I saw you, Francis. And though I was what you English call 'taken' with you, I little thought I was looking on my future husband."

"I never believed you would be his wife," said the Frenchwoman, bluntly, "for I took it for granted he was engaged to Lucy Chard. Quite a sad thing, was it not, for her husband to be called out so soon to his Indian possessions?"

"Indian possessions!" echoed Ravensburg. "Oh, ah, yes! I understand. He is on his Indian possessions now—or on some others. How did you hear that, madame?"

"How did everybody else hear it?" retorted madame. "They had been married but three days, when the captain received news which caused him to embark for India."

"And from whence he is not likely to return," added Mr. Ravensburg.

"His wife, poor young thing, has moped herself into something—it is not consumption, I believe; but she is dying."

"She was an angel!" interrupted Ravensburg, passionately. His wife laughed a little affected laugh of irony, and the two ladies moved away. He was about to follow them, when a low, suffocating, ill-suppressed sob broke upon his ear. He took no notice of it; it was nothing to him; and at that moment the well-known equipage of Mrs. Chard bowled suddenly up to the terrace-entrance, turned, and waited. The lady on the bench arose, and tottered, rather than walked, towards it.

"Good God!" he articulated, clasping his hands. There—seated by him—that being of whom he had taken no notice, was Lucy Chard.

"Forgive me, Lucy," he murmured, springing towards her; "forgive me, but I recognised you not. You are so fearfully altered."

She was indeed. A shrunken, wasted form, white attenuated features, on which coming death had set its shadow and its colouring, were all that remained of Lucy Chard. A powerful agitation impeded her utterance, but she motioned him towards the carriage. The servants touched their hats as they recognised him; the footman held the door open, and Francis helped her in.

"Drive home quickly," she gasped to the servants: "you can return for my mother."

"Lucy, are we thus to part?"

She resigned to him the hands he would have taken, and he stood there, leaning towards her. The remembrance of former days came over him: memory leaped back to the time when he was last in that carriage, and she, his best-beloved, at his side. He recalled the vows he had then made her, so confident in the enduring faith of his own weak heart: he forgot their separation; he forgot his own marriage, or remembered it but with a passing execration, and unconsciously he addressed words of endearment to her as of old.

"I am dying, Francis," she said, "and you are shocked to see me. I can speak freely to you now, almost as I would to myself, because I know that in a few days, perhaps hours, time for me will be no more. You made me what I am."

"Lucy!"

"You know the wretched marriage I was forced into—you have heard its details?"

"Some of them."

"That was your work. Had it not been for your conduct towards me, I never should have fallen into it. You professed to love me."

"It was no profession, Lucy."

"And I worshipped *you*—I lived but in your presence—I clung to you as to life. And you left me for another. In the evening, in the morning, at noon-day you were with her; riding, walking, whispering by her side."

"Oh, Lucy, believe me I had no love for her! I did it without thought. She was an attractive woman, and I was willing to amuse away an idle hour. I never loved her."

"It may have been so," she feebly articulated. "Want of thought causes more misery than does want of heart. I could not read your secret feelings: I only knew you were ever with another."

He acknowledged it had been as she said, and would have poured forth his vain repentance. Repentance! what availeth it, when there can be no atonement?

"Forgive me, Lucy," he murmured, as he laid his cheek upon her pale young face, "forgive, forgive me. Oh that I could as readily forgive myself! Had I taken care to keep you for my own, you never would have been brought to this."

The scalding tears were coursing down her face, and lingeringly she withdrew her hands from his. "I have forgiven you long ago, Francis: may you be happy with the wife you have chosen. Farewell! Farewell!"

He closed the door; the footman sprang up behind; the carriage rolled away, and Lucy sank back in it. The excitement caused by thus suddenly meeting him had been too great. A fearful oppression, almost as of coming death, was upon her: she dreaded that life was about to depart there and then; and when she would have spoken to the coachman to drive faster, her strength suddenly failed her.

When the carriage reached the chateau-gates, there, heated and breathless, stood Francis Ravensburg. He opened the door himself, and would have lifted her out. But she remained in the corner, huddled up, it seemed, half sitting, half lying. He turned his colourless face to the servants, and there was something in it which caused them hastily to approach. She had died in the carriage.

Not in the cemetery attached to the gossiping French seaport, with its numerous groups of summer idlers, but in that of a retired country hamlet, a few miles distant, in the narrow corner of it consecrated to Protestant interments, is a plain, white-marble tomb. The inscription on it consists of only two initial letters, and the date of a year. It is the grave of Lucy Chard.

L I T E R A R Y L E A F L E T S.

BY SIR NATHANIEL.

No. XI.—SIR THOMAS NOON TALFOURD.

To win golden opinions (we speak not of fees) from all sorts of men, in and out of Westminster Hall, as Mr. Serjeant and as Mr. Justice, is good. To win renown in literature—such renown as comes not of sounding brass and tinkling cymbal—is—well, out with it!—better. To win the loving esteem of all one's associates, as a man with heart large enough for them all, is best. This good, better, best, hath Sir Thomas Noon Talfourd. His it is to enjoy at once the three degrees of comparison—the positive forensic, the comparative literary, and the superlative humane. A case in Rule of Three with a splendid quotient. To “take a rule” of that sort, is not allowed to many. But Sir Thomas has it all his own way—“rule absolute.” And probably, were his good wishes for his brethren as efficacious as they are cordial and general, there would be hardly an instance of “rule refused.” But there is no surplussage of instances of combined literary and forensic success. To him who would be at once a great lawyer and a great poet, and would bind up together in his book of life the studies of Blackstone and the dreams of Coleridge,—to him Experience, harsh monitor, whispers, or if need be screams, Divide and conquer. Eminence in both departments is of the rarest. Scott retained his clerkship at the Court of Session, but who ever heard of the Wizard of the North as a law authority? Jeffrey is one of the select inner circle to which Talfourd belongs. Wilson and Lockhart—“oh no, we never mention them” in wig and gown. Sir Archibald Alison and Professor Aytoun, Mr. Procter and Serjeant Kinglake, Lords Brougham and Campbell, Mr. Ten Thousand-a-Year Warren and a few others, are not all unexceptionable exceptions to prove the rule. And yet there has ever been, more or less, a hankering after the Muses and the Magazines on the part of Messieurs of the long robe.* Very natural, too, if only by a law of reaction. But very hazardous, notwithstanding; and alarmingly symptomatic of a fall between two stools. One thing at a time the ambiguously ambitious *avocat* may do triumphantly; but to drive Pegasus up and down an act of parliament, whatever may be done with a coach-and-six, is no everyday sight, no anybody's feat. Lord Eldon, when plain Jack Scott, keeping his terms at Oxford, obtained the prize of English composition, “On the Advantages and Disadvantages of Foreign Travel;” and it has been remarked, we believe by Mr. Justice Talfourd himself,† that since the subject of this essay was far removed from John's Newcastle experience, and alien from his studies, and must therefore have owed its

* For example (though one swallow proves not summer), the French lawyers of the sixteenth century. A biographer of Etienne Pasquier, after relating his *début as avocat* at the *barreau de Paris*, proceeds to say: “Et en même temps, pour occuper ses loisirs, il se livra à la poésie, à la composition littéraire, caractère qui distingué sa génération d'avocats, et Pasquier entre tous les autres.”

† Unless we err in attributing to his pen the very pleasant notice of the Lives of Lord Eldon and Lord Stowell, in the *Quarterly Review* for December, 1844.

success either to the ingenuity of its suggestions, or to the graces of its style; and that as, in after-life the prize essayist was never distinguished for felicity of expression or fertility of illustration, and acquired a style not only destitute of ornament, but unwieldy and ponderous; this youthful success suggests the question, "Whether, in devoting all his powers to the study of the law, he crushed the faculty of graceful composition with so violent an effort, that Nature, in revenge, made his ear dull to the music of language, and involved, though she did not darken, his wisest words?" Happily no such *quære* affects the career of the author of "Ion." *He*, indeed, is not Lord High Chancellor; which makes a difference. But neither did the great Eldon write a triumphant tragedy; and that again makes a difference in the Puisne Judge's favour. Fancy Lord Eldon editing the Reliques of Elia, or measuring Macready for blank verse; and if that is not extravagant enough, then fancy yourself reading the one, or squeezing into the pit to see the other.

Sir Thomas was not far gone in his teens when he woo'd and won publicity, it is said, by a "poem" on the liberation of Sir Francis Burdett from durance vile. While still a schoolboy at Reading, he published a volume of "poems," including a sacred drama on the "Offering of Isaac" (inspired by that admiration of Mistress Hannah More, of which lingering traces survive in the preface to "Ion"), "An Indian Tale," and some verses about the Education of the Poor, suggested by a visit to Reading of Joseph Lancaster. School-days over, he came to London, and fagged under the famous Chitty, in whose Criminal Law he aided and abetted. Then we find him fertile in the production of pamphlets, on toleration, on penal institutions, &c., and taking a gallant stand on the side of Wordsworth, at a time (1815) when to do so was to be in a scouted and flouted minority. Anon he is on the list of contributors to the periodical literature of the day—to the *Retrospective Review*, the *Encyclopædia Metropolitana*, and the *London Magazine*. This kind of work he engaged in for love and money. Himself is our authority for making lucre a part of his motive: for when old Godwin toddled into the young advocate's chambers, the very morning after an introduction at Charles Lamb's, and then and there "carelessly observed that he had a little bill for 150*l.* falling due on the morrow, which he had forgotten till that morning, and desired the loan of the necessary amount for a few weeks,"—the flattered and regretful Talfourd "was obliged, with much confusion," he tells us, "to assure my distinguished visitor how glad I should have been to serve him, but that I was only just starting as a special pleader, was obliged to write for magazines to help me on, and had not such a sum in the world."* The articles contributed to the *Encyclopædia* are the most notable of his labours at this period, and well deserved their recent republication in a compact, collected form.† Foremost among these is his history of Greek Literature. Here he contrives to press a large amount of information into very narrow limits—as they seem, at least, when compared with those defined for himself, on the same classical ground, by Colonel Mure. We are told all that is known, and of course a trifle more, about such early birds as Linus—

* Final Memorials of Charles Lamb.

† In the series of reprints by Messrs. Griffin, in crown octavo, commenced in 1849.

be he singular, dual, or *plural*—and Orpheus, who brought Wisdom into Greece, and married her to immortal verse, and by his music subdued *l'Inferno* itself, “creating a soul under the ribs of death”—and Musæus, priest of the mysteries of Orpheus, and perhaps his son. Homer is amply discussed—large place being given to what Hartley Coleridge calls the Wolfish and Heinous point of view, and due stress laid on the good old conservative creed, which believes in the strict individuality of the bard. To divide, the stanchly orthodox feel, is to destroy:—“that fame which has so long resisted time, change, and mortal accident, would crumble into ruins—an immense blank would be left to the imagination, an aching void in the heart—the greatest light, save one, shining from the depth of time, would be extinguished, and a glory pass away from the earth.” Homer, therefore, is assumed to be, not a class, but a man; not an abstract, impersonal Un-Self and Co., but our familiar childhood-honoured Homer’s own Self; the man we came to know in connexion with Donnegan’s obsolete lexicon, and Pope’s sonorous verse; the well-known blind old man of Scio’s rocky isle—who was born in *one* of the seven states hexametrically immortalised,

Smyrna, Rhodus, Colophon, Salamis, Chios, Argos, Athenæ,

and not in all seven at once, not in seventy times seven, as the German theory would imply.—Hesiod is designated the most unequal of poets; sometimes daringly and ardently imaginative, at other times insufferably low, creeping, tame, and prosaic; in his didactic poetry, rising occasionally into a high and philosophical strain of thought, but commonly giving mere trite maxims of prudence, and the most common-place worldly cunning; without any of Homer’s refined gallantry, and, indeed, something very like a misogynist and a croaker.—The three great tragic poets of Greece are ably portrayed, though without, perhaps, any very original criticism or subtle discrimination: the “intrepid and fiery” Æschylus, on whose soul mighty imaginations trooped so fast, that, in the heat of his inspiration, he stopped not to accurately define or clearly develop them—like his own Prometheus, stealing fire from heaven to inspire and vivify his characters—however mighty his theme, always bringing to it a kindred emotion, but never losing his stateliness in his passion, never denuding his terrors of an unearthly grandeur and awe. Sophocles: always perfect master of himself and his subject; conscious of the precise measure of his own capacities; maintaining, undisturbed, his majestic course, in calm and beautiful progression; in everything lucid and clear, never forgetting the harmony and proportion of the whole, in the variety and complexity of the parts—his philosophy musical as is Apollo’s lute—his wisdom made visible in the form of beauty. Euripides: appealing less to the imagination than to the sensibilities and the understanding—loving to triumph by involving us in metaphysical subtleties, or by dissolving us in tears, and scarcely ever labouring to attain the great object of the other tragedians, a representation of serene beauty;—a mind more penetrating and refined than exalted; holding up to nature a mirror rather microscopic than ennobling; intent on depicting situations the most cheerless and externally desolate, so that “Electra appears tottering not only beneath the weight of affliction, but of a huge pitcher of water; and Menelaus mourns at once the mangled honour of his wife and the tattered con-

dition of his garments." To the same *Encyclopædia*, Sir Thomas contributed the notices of the Lyric Poets of Greece, of Thucydides, sections of the history of Greece and of Rome, the Arts and Sciences of the Ancients, &c.

He stood well, too, on the once brilliant staff of the *London Magazine*, that bright-starred, thickly-starred, ill-starred rival of Old Ebony. Remembering how noble an army of coadjutors it once maintained, we may well concur in Hood's saying, that perhaps no ex-periodical might so appropriately be apostrophised with the Irish funeral question, "Arrah, honey, why did you die?" "Had you not," he continues (and as poor John Scott's successor he speaks feelingly), "an editor, and elegant prose writers, and beautiful poets, and broth's of boys for criticism and classics, and wits and humorists,—Elia, Cary, Procter, Cunningham, Bowring, Barton, Hazlitt, Elton, Hartley Coleridge, Talfourd, Soane, Horace Smith, Reynolds, Poole, Clare, and Thomas Benyon, with a power besides? Hadn't you Lions' Heads with Traditional Tales? Hadn't you an Opium-eater, and a Dwarf, and a Giant, and a learned Lamb, and a Green Man? Arrah, why did you die?"* To that longer-lived Magazine which the reader now holds in his hand, was Mr. Talfourd also a steady contributor; and he has amusingly recorded his sense of the utter unfitness of the then Editor (Campbell) for his office—alleging that he regarded a magazine as if it were a long affidavit, or a short answer in Chancery, in which the absolute truth of every sentiment and the propriety of every jest were verified by the editor's oath or solemn affirmation; that he stopped the press for a week at a comma, balanced contending epithets for a fortnight, and at last grew rash in his despair, and tossed the nearest, and often the worst article, "unwhipp'd of justice," to the impatient printer. Both the great Quarterlies, we believe, may also claim the name of Talfourd on their respective lists of critical allies.

But though periodical literature had provided his labours with a "local habitation," a "name" of prominent import and illuminated letters was first secured to him by the production of "Ion." The play was privately printed in 1834, and reviewed in the *Quarterly*; its performance at Covent Garden in 1836 was one of the *memorabilia* of the modern stage. Miss Mitford has told us of one brilliant gathering con-

* *Hood's Own* (1846). The pathetic *Why* in this inquest touching the "dear deceased" seems to find its answer in the mismanagement of new proprietors, and the falling off of old contributors. Thus we read in a letter of Lamb's to Wordsworth (1822): "Our chief reputed assistants have forsaken us. The Opium-eater crossed us once with a dazzling path, and hath as suddenly left us darkling;"—and again, to Bernard Barton (1823): "The *London*, I fear, falls off. I linger among its creaking rafters, like the last rat; it will topple down if they don't get some buttresses. They have pulled down three; Hazlitt, Procter, and their best stay, kind, light-hearted Wainright, their Janus." (Of the last mentioned [Janus Weathercock], Justice Talfourd disclosed a lamentable history in the *Final Memorials*.) Thomas Hood thus sketches the catastrophe of the declining Magazine: "Worst of all, a new editor tried to put the Belles Lettres in Utilitarian envelopes; whereupon the circulation of the Miscellany, like that of poor Le Fevre, got slower, slower, slower,—and slower still,—and then stopped for ever! It was a sorry scattering of those old Londoners! Some went out of the country; one (Clare) went into it. Lamb retreated to Colebrooke. Mr. Cary presented himself to the British Museum. Reynolds and Barry took to engrossing when they should pen a stanza; and Thomas Benyon gave up literature."

gregated to watch the fortunes of the tragedy on its opening night; and Mr. Leigh Hunt has pictured the dazzling *coup d'œil* of the theatre, where, "ever and aye, hands, stung with tear-thrilled eyes, snapping the silence,* burst in crashing thunders"—and where the proud, glad-hearted dramatist might, amid thick-clustered intellectual bevvies,

— see his high compeers,
Wordsworth and Landon—see the piled array,
The many-visaged heart, looking one way,
Come to drink beauteous truth at eyes and ears.

Of "Ion" we may say, as its author has said of the "Ion" of Euripides, that the simplicity and reverence inherent in the mind of its hero are no less distinct and lovely than the picture of the scenery with which he is surrounded. His feelings of humble gratitude to the power which has protected him—his virtue unspotted from the world—and his cleaving to the sacred seclusion which has enwrapped him from childhood, are beautifully drawn. The picture seems sky-tinctured, of an ethereal purity of colouring.† *Ion's*

— life hath flowed
From its mysterious urn a sacred stream,
In whose calm depth the beautiful and pure
Alone are mirror'd.

Love is the germ of his mild nature, and hitherto the love of others hath made his life one cloudless holiday. But a curse smites the city—pestilence stalks there by noonday, and its arrows fly by night, and there is not a house in which there's not one dead—

'εν δ' ὁ πυρφόρος θεός
Σκηψας ἐλαυνει, λοιμός ἐχθιστος, πολὺν.‡

And with this crisis in the history of Argos opens a crisis in the nature of *Ion*—his soul responding mysteriously to the public affliction, and conscious of strange connexion with it: his bearing becomes altered; his smile, gracious as ever, wears unwonted sorrow in its sweetness; "his form appears dilated; in those eyes where pleasure danced, a thoughtful sadness dwells; stern purpose knits the forehead, which till now knew not the passing wrinkle of a care." All this is touchingly and tenderly brought out; and indeed the whole tragedy is touching and tender. Beautiful passages, feelingly thoughtful, and in a dulcet strain of rhythmical expression, enrich its scenes. But that it has massive power, as some allege, or that it is an outburst of ardent genius, or that it is true, first and last, to the spirit of the ancient Greek drama, and is indeed the one solitary and peerless specimen in modern times of that wondrous composition—when we hear this sort of thing dogmatically reiterated, we are stolidly infidel. The very atmosphere of Attica, is it?—we cannot "swallow" it, then. Byron tells us how John Keats

— without Greek
Contrived to talk about the gods of late,
Much as they might have been supposed to speak.

The author of "Ion," *with* Greek, has made his Argives talk as the real "old folks" may be supposed *not* to have talked. *Medon* and *Agenor*,

* All this, by the way, is rather difficult to construe, Mr. Hunt.

† Tragic Poets of Greece.

‡ Œdip. Tyr. 27—8

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D

Ion and *Irus*, are a whit too good to be true, and a little too metrical, smooth, and polished, to be vigorously effective. We will not go so far as to assert with a recent writer (famous in the Anti-Church and State circuit, and not unknown on the "floor of The House") that ancient civilisation not only exhibits little benevolence, and wants tenderness, but also shows *none* of the healthier moral sensibilities—that "it is not humane—nor can it be pretended that the most intimate converse with it through the medium of its literature tends to elicit or to cultivate our more generous sympathies;"* but we may pretty safely ignore in the venerable Argive heathens the benevolence, tenderness, healthy moral sensibilities, humanities, and generous sympathies, which their histrionic doubles on the boards of Covent Garden displayed so winsomely. Evidently they have had the schoolmaster abroad and the missionary among them. They have been handsomely evangelised, and gone through the curriculum of a polite education. *Ion* especially is good and wise enough to deserve benefit of clergy, whatever parricidal or suicidal freak he may indulge in. He has plainly read the Bible and the Elizabethan dramatists, and moulds his manners and eloquence accordingly. But, after all, it goes against the grain to affect levity in speaking of one so finely and delicately wrought as this royal orphan of the temple, some of whose words so penetrate the soul. Witness his logic on the Immortality of man :

Cle.

O unkind !

And shall we never see each other ?

Ion (after a pause).

Yes !

I have ask'd that dreadful question of the hills
That look eternal ; of the flowing streams
That lucid flow for ever ; of the stars,
Amid whose fields of azure my raised spirit
Hath trod in glory ; all were dumb ; but now
While I thus gaze upon thy living face,
I feel the love that kindles through its beauty
Can never wholly perish ; we *shall* meet
Again, Clemanthe !

Witness, too, his description of love triumphing over death in the plague-blighted homes of Argos, and his appeal from *Adrastus* the ruthless tyrant to *Adrastus* the sportive child, and his compact with his old playmate *Phocion*, when the latter would ante-date the coming sacrifice. The framework of the tragedy is not, perhaps, very artfully constructed, nor the exigencies of stage effect carefully studied, nor the subordinate actors individualised in any memorable degree : but, on the whole, "*Ion*" is surely a fine play, and a moving—a thing of beauty, and therefore a joy for ever. Or if "for ever" will not stand as a logical sequent to such an æsthetic and Keatsian antecedent—if literary immortality be too infinite a conclusion to deduce from such a premise—let us at least give the will, which is *penes nos*, for the deed, which is *not* ; and take up our *parabole*, and say, in easternly devoutness, O *Ion*, live for ever ! and may thy shadow never be less !

"The Athenian Captive" is thought by some, in the face of that stubborn thing, fact, to be a better acting play than "*Ion*." It is generally allowed to be inferior in poetry and style. Passages and lines there are,

* *Bases of Belief*. By Edward Miall, M.P. P. 41—2.

however, of strength and beauty—more than most barristers could find brains and time to insert in the product of a Christmas vacation. The description of *Ismene's* death recalls that of *Lady Randolph* in Home's now unacted drama: the lines that tell how the frenzied queen, at the cave's mouth,

Toss'd her arms
Wildly abroad; then drew them to her breast,
As if she clasp'd a vision'd infant there—

add reflex energy and pathos to her own fine utterance,

Listen! I was pluck'd
From the small pressure of an only babe;—

and her destiny is wrought out with highly impressive art, "as fits a matron of heroic line"—her majestic form lost finally in clouds and mystery, departed like *Œdipus*, where none may follow or inquire. *Thaos* declaims with glowing rhetoric, and plays the high-soul'd warrior almost grandly—cleaving in captivity to "the loveliness, the might, the hope of Athens"—one that is "foe to Corinth—not a traitor, nor one to league with treason"—whose bearing and speech under the pressure of thralldom are shaped, "with a difference," after those of the Miltonic *Agonistes*.—"Glencoe" is more peremptorily repudiated, as a Highland tragedy, by North Britishers, than the "*Athenian Captive*" and "*Ion*," as Greek tragedies, by Hellenising Southrons. Lord Jeffrey permitted it to be inscribed to him, but his countrymen protest against the stage massacre, as "murder most foul and most unnatural" committed on their unapproachable territory; so perilous is it to meddle with the national property of a people characterised, according to *Elia*, by such "Imperfect Sympathies" with the rationale of homage *ab extrâ*. Thus, one Edinburgh critic—Professor Aytoun, was it not?—was spokesman for a phalanx of others, all armed to the teeth, when he declared that a more lamentable failure than this attempt to found a tragedy on the woful massacre of Glencoe—"a grosser jumble of nonsense about ancestry and chieftainship"—was never perpetrated. As though even in Glencoe's ashes lived their wonted fires,—*nemo me impune lacesset* being practically synonymous with *noli me tangere*—for "off at a tangent" of the tenderest quality flies the *genus irritabile*, and "take that, you pock-pudding!" (illustrated by the administration of a "conker") is the reward of any such "ordeal by touch." We fear that had this particular tragedy been a stage triumph, it would have been "damned" with something else than "faint praise," across the Tweed. But even sturdy Cis-Tweedites are constrained to own that "Glencoe" is flat and feeble, and that no mountain breeze freshens it, no mountain cataract chants a wild obligato to the stern theme, no swelling pibroch utters its wail, no heather-legged son of somebody shows us where we are, to the oblivion of an accomplished Londoner in his study, inspired by Macready as model of Celtic heroism, and content with the stage of the Little Theatre in the Haymarket, as a tolerable approximation to the romantic fastness of the Macdonalds.

Thus, by public judgment, both from the closet and from the playhouse, Sir Thomas Talfourd's second dramatic venture was pronounced a decline from the first, and still more decidedly the third from the second.

He is said to have now "on the stocks" another tragedy, which we hope to greet as an emphatic reaction from this scale of descents. May it take precedence as unquestioned of the existing trilogy, as Mr. Justice on the bench does of Mr. Serjeant at the bar.

In his "Vacation Rambles" we find the hearty glee of a fagged counsel at escaping from work, not indeed to take his ease at his inn, but to bustle about guiltless of horsehair coronal and defiant of common law—steaming from Havre to Rouen, whizzing along the St. Germain Railway, playing the gourmand at Meurice's, and the critic at the Parisian theatres and the galleries of the Louvre, pilgrimising to Geneva and the Alps—Mont Blanc reminding him, as *he* saw it, of "nothing so much in nature or art as a gigantic twelfth-cake, which a scapegrace of Titan's 'enormous brood,' or 'younger Saturn,' had cut out and slashed with wild irregularity." His frank expression of so unsentimental a thought, is one characteristic of this book of rambles; another is, the zest with which he so frequently records his appreciation of creature-comforts—such as the "we sat down to an excellent breakfast," on "a large cold roast fowl, broiled ham, eggs, excellent coffee, and a bottle of good Rhenish," followed "about two o'clock" by an "admirably dressed little dinner," made up of "a thin beefsteak, thoroughly broiled (or fried, as the case might be), with a sauce of parsley and butter, and a cold cream-chicken-salad, &c., &c.," "accompanied by a bottle of Asmanshauser wine." Even in the family bivouac at the Grands Mulets, we are conducted through the details of the dinner, joyously protracted "till it merged in supper"—though the Head of the Family feelingly says, "I regret to confess that I could not eat much myself; but I looked with a pleasure akin to that with which the French king watched the breakfast of Quentin Durward, on the activity of my younger friends"—who with Homeric intensity tore asunder the devoted chickens, and left the bones there, to be matter of speculation to aspiring geologists and scientific associations in future ages.

The "Life and Letters of Charles Lamb," and the "Final Memorials," are household treasures. Exception may be taken to occasional passages—but the net result is delightful, as every memorial of Elia must be—that "cordial old man," whose lot it was to

—leave behind him, freed from griefs and years,
Far worthier things than tears.*
The love of friends without a single foe:
Unequalled lot below!

* Addressed by Mr. Landor to "The Sister of Elia"—whom, mourning, he would fain comfort with the reminder—"yet awhile! again shall Elia's smile refresh thy heart, where heart can ache no more."

A MONTH AT VICHY.

"WHERE shall we go this autumn?" we hear some hypochondriacal head of a family say; "I am tired of Baden. Homburg did me no good. The emperor has given up his intended visit to the Eaux Bonnes and Bagnèrre. Aix-la-Chapelle and Spa are gone by!" "Try Vichy," we answer; "the efficacy of its waters, the picturesque and sanitary advantages of the site, and its resources as a water-drinking and bathing-place, are far from generally known in this country, and are still less generally appreciated."

Vichy and its neighbourhood constitute a real basin of mineral waters. There are at Vichy itself no less than seven different springs—all effervescing with an excess of carbonic acid, all more or less thermal and alkaline, and all more or less ferruginous and tonic at the same time. The medical qualities of these springs vary much with one another, but they are all exceedingly comprehensive. They contain an average of from 4 to 5 grains (4·9814 to 5·3240) of carbonate of soda to the quart, besides smaller proportions of carbonates of lime and magnesia, some common salt and sulphate of soda, and sufficient iron to tone down the whole. Hence the importance of these waters, more especially the spring of the Celestins, to the dyspeptic, the rheumatic, the gouty, and the calculous. Let such by all means try the waters of Auvergne, if only for one season. They will not repent the experiment.

A pleasanter spot than Vichy can scarcely be imagined. The town itself is, like Boulogne, composed of two distinct parts: one with great old houses and narrow, irregular streets, its long dark roofs overtopped by an old feudal tower: the other, of modern construction, light and airy, with straight, wide streets, handsome and commodious public edifices, and hotels that rival in convenience and splendour the best in the valley of the Rhine, the whole backed by a handsome park, a gift of Napoleon, made from the backwoods of Lithuania. Vichy stands on the banks of the river Allier, a tributary to the Loire—*la jolie rivière d'Allier*, as Madame de Sevigné justly designated it—close to its junction with the smaller Sichon, and not far from the old town of Cusset, celebrated in the religious wars of France.

And Vichy itself, standing as it does in advance of Auvergne, its bridge being the key to the central highlands of France, is a site not void of historical importance. It was first fortified by Louis XI., Duke of Bourbon, about 1410; but of its three gates every vestige has disappeared, and of its seven towers only one remains. That one has some chance of stability, not because the tricolored flag waves from its summit, but because it supports the municipal clock. Vichy was besieged by Charles VII. in 1440, during the civil wars called *De la Praguerie*, because the then prevalent heresy was an offset of the Hussite movement at Prague. Considering discretion the better part of valour, the Vichites surrendered without striking a blow, only bargaining that they should neither be pillaged nor murdered. The town was destined to suffer again from religious dissensions. In 1568 the Protestants took the city, and broke down the bridge on their way to the plains of Cognac, renowned for stronger waters than those of Vichy, and where they

administered a signal drubbing to their Roman Catholic brethren. The Prince Palatine, going to the help of the Protestants in 1576, also took possession of this pass on the Allier, and Vichy had to undergo a real siege, and suffer from a positive cannonade, when recaptured by the Grand Prior of France in 1590. Such are the chief events of its history, and they are quite sufficient, with the local interest of its convent, to invest the place with claims to respect from the contemplative valetudinarian.

The convent or monastery of Celestins here alluded to was founded by Louis XI. in 1410, who, it is supposed, intended to retire to this his favourite spot. As it enjoyed the privileges of an inviolable place of refuge, all the rich and noble families of the neighbourhood, as the Bourbons Carencey, the Lafayettes, and others, sought a last home within its walls. The monks had also the monopoly of the waters, and as they gave shelter to invalided clergy and abbots, they soon became immensely rich, which exposed them to the perilous honours of an occasional sacking; but still the place flourished under monkish patronage till the year 1774, when Louis XV. suppressed the convent, of which there now only remains a few insignificant fragments: the last of the Celestins is said to have died in 1802. A billiard-room and saloon now occupy a portion of the site. There was also a convent of Capuchins, who tendered to the infirmities of their brethren, and the remains of their monastery are now used as the bottling department. The other relics in old Vichy are the *Fontaine des Trois Cornets*, which bears the date of 1583, and presents to the eye a triangular column of exquisite lightness, terminated by a cross, well browned by the lapse of ages; the church of Saint Blaise, adorned with curious paintings, *chef d'œuvres* of some genius, appreciated apparently by the good people of Vichy, but incomprehensible to the rest of the world. Within the old town are also shown the rooms tenanted by Madame de Sevigné, and by Fléchier, the panegyrist of Turenne, who wrote of Vichy:

Je n'estimerais pas un chou,
Le paysage de Saint-Cloud,
Non plus que celui de Surène,
Arrosé des eaux de la Seine;
Et qui vante Montmorenci,
Se tairait s'il eût vu ceci.

The comparison of Saint-Cloud to a cabbage is not very dignified; but something must be allowed, as has been done to Gallic poets of greater renown than Fléchier, for the necessities of rhyme. Madame de Sevigné, writing to her daughter, Madame de Grignau, after extolling the beauties of the place, says: "I took the waters this morning, dearest—oh! are they not bad? People go at six in the morning to the fountain; everybody goes there. They drink away, and make wry faces; for you must know that they are boiling hot, and have a most disagreeable taste of saltpetre. Then they turn, and go and come, and attend mass *on rend ses eaux, on parle confidentiellement de la manière dont on les rend*. This is the only subject of conversation till mid-day. Then they dine; after dinner somebody receives—to-day it was my turn. Young ladies of the place come, who dance *la bourrée* in perfection. The gipseys also put forward their claims to admiration. They go through certain *manceuvres (dégognades)*, which the priests declare to be objectionable. At

five o'clock all go and walk in this delicious country, at seven a light supper, and at ten to bed."

Madame de Sevigné admired the *bourrées*, or dances of the country, very much. In another letter she wrote: "There are very pretty women here; they danced yesterday the *bourrées* of the country, which are the prettiest in the world. There was one great fellow disguised as a woman, who amused me much, for his petticoats were always up, displaying his great legs." It is to be supposed that manners have improved in New Vichy which did not exist at that time. The use of the *douche* has no doubt, at the same time, increased, as extreme hydropathic measures are the passion of the day. Madame de Sevigné tried the *douche* in her time, and declared it to be "a pretty good rehearsal of purgatory."

In 1787, Mesdames Adélaïde and Victoire de France, having repaired to Vichy for the benefit of their health, many ameliorations in the edifices connected with the baths, and in the general arrangements, took place. Napoleon added the park, but the Duchess of Angoulême laid the first stone of the existing establishment, which was erected chiefly through her exertions. In 1821, Madame Adélaïde d'Orleans, sister of Louis Philippe, purchased the neighbouring chateau of Randan, and erected the little feudal hunting-box of Maumont for her nephews, the Prince de Joinville and the Duke of Montpensier, the latter of whom inherited the property, which passed with the Revolution into the hands of a public commissary. Lastly, in 1846, M. Cunin Gridaine, at that time Minister of Commerce, and one of the most regular frequenters of Vichy, added considerably to the capabilities of the place, which he at once enlarged and embellished, and at the same time brought it more closely under the control of government.

There are now five first-rate hotels, the prices at which, for the day's board and lodging, vary from eight to twelve francs, to which must be added ten sous for attendance. There is one hotel (Montaret) at from eight to ten francs; another (Burnol) at from six to eight. There are two at the fixed price of six francs per diem, and nine at five francs. It would be thought that this was plenty of accommodation, but it is far from sufficing for the hosts that rush to a spot as much frequented for recreation as for health during the height of the season. At such times it is often difficult to obtain a bed, and as difficult to get a bath. There are, however, plenty of lodging-houses in both the old and the new town. La Rue des Thermes is the select street. A lodger is admitted to the honours of the *table d'hôte* and the saloon till successive departures shall have conferred upon him the rights and privileges of a regular member of the culinary establishment.

The stranger is expected, on arriving at Vichy, to visit Dr. Prunelle, the inspector of the waters, or Dr. Petit, assistant inspector. These official disciples of Galen are, as is generally the case, at utter variance with one another, but that, as far as we can gather, upon only one point. Both agree as to the efficacy of the Celestin source in cases of gout, and in calculous disorders, but Dr. Petit also insists upon the waters being of use in articular gout, even if hereditary. Considering the alkaline character of the said waters, there is reason to believe that Dr. Petit is in the right. He is also considered as the most scientific of the two. Be

this as it may, so great is the acrimony of the gouty question, that according as the visitor places himself under one banner, he may expect a proportionate amount of hostility from the followers of the other. Luckily all are not gouty patients at Vichy, as the perpetual succession of music and dancing will soon attest to the most determined hypochondriac.

An order for the baths having been duly obtained from one of these rival doctors, the stranger repairs to the *grand établissement thermal*, as it is called, where he is introduced, at the bottom of the corridor, to a fat and fresh-looking personage, with a happy physiognomy, whose words are listened to by candidates for bathing as if pronounced by the Delphic oracle. This is the chief bather, the amiable Mr. Prin, who after having inscribed in a register your name, surname, and qualities, announces with great regret that all the baths are preoccupied, but that in a few days your turn to have one at the hour you may wish for will inevitably come round. In the mean time you are reduced to the necessity of taking advantage of want of punctuality on the part of some titled bathers, or to get up some time before daylight—for at Vichy, phantoms light as sylphs are seen in the mysterious alleys of the parks wending their way to the baths at the very first break of day. Others repair to the springs, and the crowd of old and young men, of women and girls, some pale and sickly-looking, who go, tumbler in hand, from one spring to another, drinking every quarter of an hour the quantity that is prescribed for them, presents a curious spectacle. A lively Frenchman remarked that it would be a little more encouraging to the bibulous visitors if the dispensers of fluids, the naiads of the spot, were metamorphosed from ugly old women, as they really are, into young and fresh Bourbonnaises, whose coquettish hats are their least ornament.

At ten o'clock precisely breakfast is proclaimed by the bells of all the hotels, whose deafening peal is far from being as harmonious as those rung by the churches of Liege or of Malines. The appetite, sharpened by the waters, the morning air, and a long walk, this signal is generally anxiously waited for, and every one takes his place at the immense table d'hôtes with military precision, the rule being, as elsewhere, that the last comer occupies the end of the table. If little is said, so much the more is eaten—often, indeed, a little more than is prescribed by the doctors.

After breakfast, the *habitué fait une demi toilette*, and then adjourns to the saloon of the hotel, where ladies, politicians, and the infirm, assemble together to read the newspapers, talk of the weather, or of one another. The dealers in lace from Clermont and Puy de Dome also pay diurnal visits, and afford a subject for conversation to the ladies. There are tables for *Wisth* and Boston, and above all there is music. At Vichy there are pianos everywhere, and perpetual concerts. Violins, flute, key-bugles, pianos, and voices are always at work, and many are driven away by the din to the billiard-room or the park.

But there are other matutinal resources at Vichy, and there are picturesque excursions, which are accomplished by means of carriages which never fail to be in attendance after breakfast, and still more commonly by means of the modest steed of Balaam, which is kept in great order, and is in great requisition at Vichy.

At five o'clock the dinner-bell collects together the scattered popula-

tion as if by enchantment, and many bring from Randan, Busset, or Effiat, appetites that would throw the purveyors into despair, if it was not that they were accustomed to these daily razzias.

After dinner another *petite toilette* is made, followed by a walk in the park, and a cigar. This park is a true French garden, with straight walks and a central basin, and chairs are placed under the shady avenues as in the Tuileries. The crowd, among whom are to be observed groups from perfidious Albion, a few Spaniards, and an occasional Russian, is chiefly composed of French provincials, with a sprinkling of Parisians—*élégantes et lions*, as the latter designate themselves—and after walking, talking, and sitting till darkness comes on, they go away to another toilette previous to the ball, which takes place Sundays and Thursdays at the *grand établissement*. On other days, the band of the Strauss of Vichy plays from eight to ten o'clock. This from the 1st of June to the 1st of September. There are also frequent subscription balls given at the hotels.

The so-called *grand établissement thermal*, it is but just to say, is worthy of the renown and the prosperity of Vichy. The bathing cabinets, decorated with tiles of painted porcelain, and adorned with mirrors, are alike clean, comfortable, and ornamental. There is a façade of seventeen arches, crowned with a monumental clock, an immense corridor, billiard-room, reading and card-rooms, and a vast rotunda, which is used as the concert and ball-room. Needless to say that all this magnificence and all this luxury would still be dull and inanimate if the baton of Strauss of Vichy did not, like that of his namesake on the Danube, and of Jullien on the Thames, impart to it movement and life.

One of the most frequented and most agreeable walks near Vichy is that of the Côte Saint-Amaud. The lower part of the slope is clothed with vineyards, and a magnificent prospect is obtained from the crest. At Hauterive, about five miles from Vichy, there are alkaline springs, from which carbonate of soda is derived by a simple process. The road to these springs lies along the banks of the Allier, past the old Château d'Abret, to a ferry worthy only of Mohicans, and thence by a sandy shore to the village of Hauterive.

A peculiarly wild, rocky, and picturesque road leads from Saint Yon, a hamlet on the road to Nîmes, to the village and Château de Busset, which, in the fourteenth century, belonged to the powerful house of Vichy, then to that of Allègre, and, lastly, to that of Bourbon Busset, one of the members of which, Peter of Bourbon, married Margaret d'Allègre. This branch of the house of Bourbon had for its originator Louis of Bourbon, son of Charles, first Duke of Bourbon, who, although Bishop of Liege, was not the less induced to take a widow of the Duke of Gueldres in marriage, which irregular proceeding was afterwards legitimised by Louis XIII.

Randan is, however, the great gun of Vichy. To see Randan is a thing indispensable to every water-drinker who respects himself. In the language of the local *table d'hôtes*, to say that you have been to Vichy and not to Randan, is to say that you are a *Crétin*. An excursion to Randan is got up with great solemnity. To our lively neighbours even the picturesque is dull without company—so Randan is visited in crowds;

tilburys, chariots, omnibuses, and donkeys, are enlisted on the occasion, the water-drinkers hurry over their matutinal doses, and all Vichy is agitated and excited.

This country mansion belonged, we have before said, to Madame Adélaïde, is a modern building, modestly but elegantly furnished, with a collection of curiosities, part brought by the Prince de Joinville from the Canaries and Brazil, part by Lord Bentinck from India, and part presented by Abd al Kader and Reshid Pasha. The grounds are much broken up and diversified, and the view from the terraces and shady avenues is very striking and extensive. This modern building rose, however, upon the ruins of a feudal chateau of some historical interest, and of a still more ancient monastery, much celebrated in its time for its severe discipline, as attested by the following tradition related by Gregory of Tours :

"A young man arrived one day at the monastery, and presented himself to the abbot, with a request to be allowed to devote himself to the service of God. The abbot endeavoured to dissuade him from his purpose, telling him that the rules of the establishment were very severe, and that he would not be able to accomplish all that would be required of him. The youth promised, however, with the help of God, to accomplish all that should be asked of him, and so he was admitted. A few days afterwards, when he had already made himself remarkable for his sanctity and devotion, the monks had occasion to put out a large quantity of corn to dry in the sun, and the novice was set over it to keep watch.

"Suddenly the heavens were darkened with clouds, and a heavy rain, with the noise of a roaring wind, was heard rapidly approaching. The monk seeing this, was much embarrassed what to do, for he thought that if he ran away to call the others, there was so much corn that they could never get it safe into the barn. So giving up all chance of escape, he sat about devoutly praying to God that not a drop of rain should fall upon the monks' wheat and barley. While he was thus engaged in prayer the clouds opened, and the rain poured in torrents all around the corn, without wetting a single grain of it.

"The other monks and the abbot having hastened in great trepidation to the spot, in order to save as much of the corn as possible, they became witnesses of this miracle, and seeking for the watcher, they found him prostrate on the ground, busily engaged in prayer. The abbot seeing this, knelt behind him and joined in prayer ; but the rain having gone by, he called the novice to him, and ordered that he should be well flogged, saying, ' My son, it is fitting and proper that you should grow up humbly in the fear and reverence of God, and not glorify yourself by the performance of prodigies and miracles ; and it is further enjoined to you, that after the said wholesome discipline which has been prescribed for you, that you shall be further confined to your cell for a week, and that you shall there keep fast, so as the more effectually to prevent what has taken place engendering any vainglory in your mind, or creating other obstacles to the practices of virtue.' "

It is quite evident that the abbot did not intend that any one should perform miracles at Randan except himself. As to the medieval castle,

after being a long time in possession of the feudal lords of Randan, it passed into the hand of the Polignacs, and in 1518 into that of the Larochefoucaulds, one of whose members, François, Prince of Marcillac, wedded Anne of Polignac, widow of Count de Sancerre, killed at the battle of Marignan. It was this lady who, according to the chronicles of the day, received the nightly visits of the Chevalier Bayard.

The Château d'Effiat, in the same neighbourhood, is still richer in artistic memorials and historical reminiscences than Randan. Here a monumental gateway, bearing the arms of the Effiat family, and of the time of Louis XIV., leads the way past the now useless ditch into a vast court-yard, in the centre of which stands the chateau, a strange group of buildings in all the various styles of architecture that have succeeded to one another for the last two centuries. Within, however, are halls with painted glass; saloons with roofs diversified by exquisite carved wood-work and arabesque paintings; tapestries illustrative of the history of Don Quixote; the paladin Roland; arm-chairs and sofas of the time of Louis XIV., with pastoral scenes painted on their backs; no end of gilding, painting, medallions, sculptures, carvings, and tapestry. The principal rooms are the saloon, the *salle des gardes*, and the *chambre des évêques*; but the most curious is the bedroom of the Marshal d'Effiat, which is religiously preserved as it existed two centuries ago. There is the great square bed of the old governor, with crimson silk and velvet curtains, bordered with gold and silver, and supported by four columns surmounted by feathers; great chairs, with backs enriched with escutcheons, wrought in gold and silver; tapestry, with animated hunting scenes, in admirable preservation, yet in costumes, and painted with a disregard of perspective, that remind one only of the German Gothic school.

Although the Château d'Effiat existed in the middle of the sixteenth century, it really owes its celebrity to Antoine Coiffier, *alias* Ruzé, Marquis of Effiat, of Chilly and of Lonjumeau, Marshal of France. The grandson of this first marquis and squire to Monsieur, the brother of Louis XIV., has been strongly suspected of being concerned with the Chevalier de Lorraine in the death of the Duchess of Orleans. Paul Louis Courier, in the elections of 1823, revived this scandal against the family:

"This D'Effiat," exclaimed the demagogue, "elected deputy instead of me, is great grandson of Ruzé d'Effiat, who administered chicory-water to Madame Henrietta of England. Their fortune arose from that. Monsieur lived with the Chevalier de Lorraine, whom madame did not like; this brought trouble in the household. D'Effiat set all to rights with chicory-water; these are services which the great do not forget, and which serve to ennoble a family."

Another son of the first marquis was the unfortunate Cinq Mars, beheaded at Lyons, with his friend Thou, the 12th of September, 1642, both victims of the hatred of Richelieu. Another son, Charles d'Effiat, Abbot of Saint Sernin, Toulouse, and Trois Fontaines, also rendered himself equally familiar to the chronicles of the day by his *liaison* with Ninon de l'Enclos.

The dynasty of the D'Effiats survived the first revolution, but the property fell before that into the hands of the well-known financier Law,

was sold to his numerous creditors, and passed through various hands into those of the present proprietor, who has the reputation of being a wealthy, harmless personage, as much surprised at finding himself in the Château d'Effiat, as the emissary of the Doge of Venice was on the day of reception at Versailles.

Besides these remnants of the middle ages still inhabitable, there are more ruinous and picturesque relics around Vichy, among which Billy, with its ancient gateways, its crumbling walls, and its old castle, of which four towers still exist, stands prominent, and is well worthy of being embalmed in either artist's or amateur's album.

Then there is Cusset, once a fortified town of high repute, and, although now poverty-stricken and ruinous, the Cussetois is as proud of his birthplace as the Marseillais is of his Cannebière. If the obelisk of Luxor, as Balzac said, looks as if innocent of being a monument, Cusset, on the contrary, parades by every means in its power its fallen greatness. Crumbling ramparts, a medieval market-place, a church dedicated to St. Saturnin, of monumental aspect, and the tower of Notre Dame, now used as a prison, with narrow, irregular, silent streets, are, however, all that remain to attest this former importance.

Yet it was here that the Dauphin, afterwards Louis XI., made his submission, the 24th of July, 1440, to Charles VII., his father, which act of filial duty put an end to the war of the Praguerie. Jean Doyac, a Cussetois, and favourite of Louis XI., and who fortified the town by order of the king, was rewarded for his labours by being publicly whipped by the common executioner both at Paris and Montferrand, and having his tongue pierced and his ears cut off, by order of Anne of France.

It is a mere stroll from Vichy to Cusset, and the high road may be agreeably avoided by following the valley of the Sichon, a sparkling tributary to the Allier, which flows through pleasant meadows, decorated with an umbrageous walk of poplar-trees, planted by Mesdames Adélaïde and Victoire in 1785, and still called the *Allée de Mesdames*.

Then, again, there is the once fortified hamlet of St. Germain les Fossés, picturesquely situated on the slope of a hill, and which played a part in the religious wars; the small town of Châteldon, with mineral sources; the modern chateau of Lafont, the pretty church of Chatel Montagne, two towers of a stronghold of the Templars on the summit of Mount Perou, the only volcanic hill in the neighbourhood, and a kind of advanced sentinel of the more extensive eruptions of the Mont d'Or and the Puys de Dome and De Cantal.

To those who love the picturesque as much as works of art and ruins of olden time, there are also resources of no mean order around Vichy. Fléchier said: "Il n'y a pas dans la nature de paysage plus beau, plus riche, et plus varié que celui de Vichy." Situated, indeed, as it is, at the extremity of that district of Auvergne which is called La Limagne, whose fertility is as proverbial as Touraine—the garden of France—the bridge upon the Allier being one of the keys to the mountain district beyond; with Cusset, limitrophal fortress of Auvergne and Bourbonnais, the valleys of the Allier and the Sichon uniting between; the host of pretty villages and castellated residences that are scattered around and above, which rise in every direction; rocky, hilly districts, their slopes

covered with long expanses of light green vineyards, which again shade off in the distance into dark forests; there are contrasts and combinations that almost warrant the high-flown compliment of the old predicator.

There are amidst this profusion localities that particularly claim notice, and which yet, if not pointed out, would certainly be passed over. Such is the glen through which the road is carried from Saint Yon to Busset; such also more particularly is the valley of the Sichon beyond Cusset. Confined in a narrow rocky bed in a precipitous, and yet woody, defile, the torrent has to force its way through all kinds of impediments, the more stubborn of which force it to fall in many a turbulent cascade. At one point the rocks approach so closely as to have received the inevitable name of leap—in this case not a lover's, but a goat's leap. A poor old lady had only one goat for all her fortune. Her whole occupation all summer was to lay in grass sufficient for her pet's winter consumption. One winter, however, was cruelly long; the wolves, harassed by prolonged frost and snow, had come down from the mountains; the stock of hay was exhausted, yet the old lady did not dare to take out her goat to feed. At length its plaintive cries for food prevailed, the old dame took it out, and almost as soon a famished wolf made its appearance. The goat in its fright took the leap, and landed on the other side in safety; the wolf followed, missed its footing, and was dashed to pieces. Such is the legend of the place; to which it is added, that lovers come there, not to leap, but to throw stones across the gap; if they settle quietly on the rocky point opposite, the omen is good; but if they tumble down, good by to all ideas of marriage, and St. Catherine wins the day. Next comes the rocky defile called *Les Grivats*, where is a cotton manufacture; then *La Goure saillant*, a diamond edition of the waterfalls of Reichenbach, well wooded and very pretty; and lastly, and just beyond, a wild, slaty district, designated as *L'Ardoisière*, although put to little or no commercial use, and near to which an old hermit, known as Frère Jean, once dwelt. Between Cusset and Mont Perou is a chapel dedicated to Sainte Madeleine, who has the regulation of the weather, and is invoked accordingly for wet or dry, as the peasant particularly desires, sometimes for both at the same time. There is a still wilder district beyond Cusset called Malavaux, or the "Cursed Valley," where is a hole called the Puits du Diable, both which names attest to the bandit-like horrors of the place. To return to gay, lively Vichy, after visiting these rocky, sterile, yet picturesque scenes, is like a sudden change from nightmare and darkness to sunshine and smiles.

A NIGHT IN CALIFORNIA.

IN the furthest east of the Californian gold-mines—that is, as far as the daring miners had, in that day, penetrated towards the east and found gold, and at the spot where the waters of the southern streams, the Macalome and the Calaveras, divide—a little mountain torrent rushes through the centre of the romantic scenery beneath the leafy covering of gigantic trees, and a little further below, though always precipitous and foaming, dashes down into the southern arm of the Macalome, which follows its noisy course at a great depth beneath it.

This little creek, or “Gulch,” the Californian name which such streams have gradually acquired, though the word “Gulch” really means the ravine through which the stream rushes, had been named by its first discoverers, Germans, “Mosquito Gulch;” for, in the wildly overgrown thicket that filled the lower part of the gulch, and mainly consisting of a species of wild cherry and hazel trees, a very respectable number of these charming little creatures took up their abode during the summer, and spurred the workmen to fresh activity whenever they rested for a little while in the cool shade of the really gigantic cedars and pines, and wished to let their shovels and pikes “grow cold,” as they called it. The mosquitoes make capital overseers.

But, speaking parenthetically, they were not so bad after all; the fact was, that the people who christened the clear merry stream thus, and so gave it a bad name, had not seen any places where the mosquitoes really swarmed; they had not visited the banks of the Mississippi, for instance.

About half-way down the mountain stream, at about the same distance from its source and its mouth, and on the slope of the hill, which was bounded on three sides by deep ravines—in the north by the Macalome itself, while from the hill a glorious view could be enjoyed of its fir-clad banks, and from the depths below, its hollow roar, as it leaped over masses of rocks and trunks of trees, reached the ear of the spectator; on the east by a little, dry ravine, and on the west by the deeply-cut Mosquito Gulch—down to which a precipitous path of about 200 yards in length led—stood a small camp, as it is called in miners’ parlance, consisting of four tents, three white and one blue, nestled together closely and comfortably under tall pines and dwarf oaks, while at night a tremendous fire crackled in the centre.

These four tents were inhabited by just so many companies (as the two, three, four, or more, who work together, are called), and they were, with the exception of a single American, all Germans, the greater part of whom had come with the Bremen ships *Talisman* and *Reform*, but some from Australia and other parts of the globe, and had met together here, in true Californian fashion, on the retired, but exquisitely situated, mountain slopes.

At about a hundred yards distance stood another tent, in which a company of English and Irish miners lived; and still further back a Pole and a German, who had both come from Texas, camped under the open sky; for the rainy season had not yet set in, and the nights were generally bright.

If you have an inclination, reader, and nothing better to do, we will spend the present evening—it is Sunday—among them; we shall find a hearty lot of fellows, good company, and most assuredly a kind welcome.

It is about four in the afternoon, and the camp remarkably still: what can have become of all the men who usually make it so animated?

Yes, friend, we live here at a distance of about five English miles from the nearest store, and so at least one of each company, but usually several, goes on a Sunday on horse, mule, or donkeyback—for these three modes of transport exist here together—to “Charles’ store,” a place well known in the whole neighbourhood, to buy the necessary provisions in the shape of flour, potatoes, meat, sugar, onions, &c., for the next week, and frequently return in a remarkable state of beer on this particular evening. These usually very jolly fellows seldom come back before dusk, and it’s often ten or eleven; and if the donkeys were not more sensible—but I am getting on too fast.

In fact, till now, only a single figure had been moving about the tents, a man in a cleanly, but old and repeatedly patched red woollen shirt, and grey linen trousers, with dark brown curly hair, small but sparkling eyes, and broad hands well used to work—we might almost call them fists. He worked with another, of the name of Panning. Panning had been coachman in Germany to a Count So-and-so, and had come to California to make his fortune. Albert had driven a team of oxen over the Sierra Nevada for Uncle Sam—he was fond of talking about this journey; afterwards, I believe, he had “left of his own accord,” as deserters usually called it, or had been dismissed; in short, he was here on Mosquito Gulch, and “made good out.” Dear reader, you will have to accustom yourself to many mining expressions, and must not begin shaking your head over them already.

Albert was busily engaged in carrying his mattresses and blankets, which had been lying in the sun during the day, back into the tent, and in taking down the articles of clothing he had washed in the morning, from a line expressly fastened between two young oaks, and was now carrying in wood for the evening. He had been sewing and repairing the whole day, and was, in the bargain, a very industrious man and excellent workman.

Panning and Albert possessed a white mule as joint-stock property. In the blue tent some one was also stirring; its solitary inhabitant, to whose clothes a couple of stitches of grey cotton would have done no harm, was lying rather lazily on his blanket before the tent, and looking at the green masses of foliage above him. The tent was inhabited by three Germans—Renich, Haye, and Müller—so we will call the third man, as my own name is so preciously long. Renich and Haye had gone to the store, one upon, the other by the side of, Mosquito (as we had christened the donkey belonging to the tripartite society, in honour of the gulch), and Müller might certainly have got up and made a fire, for, when his two companions came home, they would be hungry and want something to eat. In the first place, however, there was nothing edible, for the last four potatoes and two onions—the whole remains of the previous week’s provisions, with the exception of some home-made bread—had just furnished out his last dinner; and besides, he “knew his Pappenheimer;” they would not come home so early, and when they did, would be suffer-

ing more from thirst than hunger. "Where there is a brewery, a baker's shop cannot exist," is a good old proverb.

Before the great tent, "Försterling," the only one who had remained behind, was collecting dry wood and leaves, to keep up the nearly extinguished fire; but even here selfishness seemed the predominant passion (if the apathetic calmness with which he did it may be called a passion), for he was hungry himself, and had kept a few cold potatoes from his very frugal dinner, which he intended to fry for his own delectation.

The sun was fast sinking behind the gigantic firs and cedars: it was a glorious sight. The hills across the stream were bathed in its magical rays; it sported in the dark summits of the pines, and gave its last lingering kiss to the tops of the most magnificent trees my eye had ever seen.

Holy silence lay upon the forest; the gentle evening breeze only whispered in the glistening foliage; thin, airy cloud shadows floated athwart the sky, and the hollow, distant murmur of the stream below, too far removed to disturb or interrupt the sweet calmness of the whole, sounded like the solemn peals of an organ.

"Well, confound it, Müller, you'll be lying there the whole evening," Albert at length broke out; "don't you mean to get a fire ready for Hays and Renich?"

"Bah! they will not be back for a long time," Müller said, with considerable decision, but with some moral contrition, for they might return at any moment. He soon sprang up, threw his blanket into the tent, and went to work seriously to collect some wood before it became dark, and make the other necessary preparations.

Albert had in the meanwhile finished his supper—he and Panning divided their provisions in such a way that they always had something left for Sunday—and now waited impatiently for his companions, who usually returned at this time.

"Not a drop of brandy in the bottle," Försterling at length said; and as he came out of the tent, and held it, first to the last rays of the setting sun, and then, as if he would not believe it, to the now brightly burning fire—"haven't you got any, Müller?"

"Not a drop," was the unsatisfactory reply; "brandy does not keep here, Försterling; the bottles are shaken too often."

"Oh, the shaking doesn't hurt it," said Försterling, as he took the empty bottle by the neck, and threw it as far as he could into the dry gulch, which was overstrewn with broken glass, and consequently most carefully avoided by the Indians, who frequently paid it a visit—"it's only the confounded turning bottom upwards, for brandy can't bear standing on its head. I wish, though, that Meier and the Blacksmith were come: where the deuce can they have got to so late?"

Half an hour passed, however, before the least was heard of them; in the meanwhile it had grown as dark as pitch, while the spot where they must cross the gulch, about half a mile higher up, with their laden beasts, was rendered far from pleasant travelling at night through the thick bushes and the holes that had been dug all around.

At length Försterling listened attentively.

"So leben wir, so leben wir, so leben wir alle Tage!"

"In der allerschönsten Saufcompagnie," sounded clearly and distinctly through the bushes.

"Ich bin liederlich, du bist liederlich, sind wir nicht liederliche Leute," a tenor voice was heard cheerily singing between whiles.

"That's that scamp the Blacksmith!" Försterling said, with a shake of his head; "he's come home in a nice state again."

"I only hope he's brought the donkey with him," Albert said; "and I don't hear Panning's voice among them."

"Bumsfallera, bumsfallera!" another voice struck up, which had not been heard till then.

"That's Hays!" said Müller; "we shall have a jolly evening."

"So leben wir, so leben wir, so leben wir alle Tage," was now heard, with the regularly intervening chorus of "Bumsfallera," nearer and nearer; and while the bright flame sprung up through the dry wood that had been thrown on it, and was saluted by hearty cheers by the new arrivals, the long-expected, highly-delighted group made its appearance.

In front came the donkeys, Mosquito at full trot, for he knew that he would now get rid of his load, and have bread to eat; Hans, the other donkey, at a more gentle pace behind; and, last of all, the horse—a very good-tempered animal.

The beasts did not require any further guidance, but moving quickly along the narrow path, which had till then wound through a species of wild coffee bushes and then entered the cleared field, each walked to its own tent, in order to be unloaded as quickly as possible, and then enjoy its ease for the rest of the week.

"So leben wir, so leben wir, so leben wir alle Tage!" Meier shouted.

"Yes, that would be a pretty story!" Försterling expressed his opinion; "we should feel much obliged to you."

"But where's Panning?" Albert asked, with blighted hopes. That is, he asked for Panning, but meant the white mule with the provisions.

"Isn't Panning here yet?" Hays asked, with a laugh. "Donnerwetter, he rode away with us—i. e. he was on foot, and was close behind us."

"Has he got anything?" Albert asked, with a meaning movement of his hand.

"Anything?" Hays said, merrily. "Bumsfallera! Bumsfallera!"

For a moment utter confusion seemed to prevail in the little camp. All ran and shouted together, and the only sensible beings appeared to be the donkeys, who stood motionless and patiently before their respective tents, waiting to be unloaded. While one party attended to this, another arranged the fire, and produced pots and pans; Meier and the Blacksmith fell on each other's necks, both declared that they were very good fellows, and the other confounded rogues were altogether not worth a dump, and then laid themselves on their blankets in the tent to rest for half an hour, after the *fatigues* they had undergone. Albert, in the meanwhile, asked in vain for Panning; no one knew what had become of him; and he seated himself at length to devour his supper, in solitary despair, as suddenly several voices exclaimed together:

"There's Panning!" and in truth the mule at least made his appearance in the bright light of the fire, and walked with a joyful bray towards the well-known tent.

There's the donkey then, but where's Panning? Certainly he had disappeared; and as the only being who could furnish any explanation on the subject, the mule namely, was obstinately silent, nothing more could be done in the matter.

Mosquito had, in the meanwhile, employed his time famously. The provisions he had brought with him had been taken off him and lay partly in, partly before, the tent, and Mosquito received his usual reward after every Sunday's excursion—a whole ship's biscuit, which he immediately devoured, and then slowly walked round the tent to join his companions. This, at least, was his usual behaviour, but Mosquito was perfectly well aware what he had brought with him, and had no idea of leaving the nice things that were strewed about without at least making an attempt to obtain some of them. Before the tent lay a bag with dried apples and onions—(in consequence of the paucity of sacks, we were always obliged to pack several things together, and dried apples and onions agreed famously together). Mosquito was well aware of it, and when his masters turned their backs, he brought his head gently round the side of the tent and into the sack, picked the dried apples carefully from among the onions—for he was not partial to the latter—and then noiselessly disappeared in the gloomy forest, without showing himself in the firelight.

Stewing and frying were going on at all the fires. Some of the men were cooking, others singing; no one troubled himself about his neighbour till the cry of "Work, work," which they brought into the mountains from shipboard, collected several round the rough tables. The fire was then provided with dry wood, in order to furnish a decent light, and the meal commenced.

Försterling, however, had some trouble in waking his people.

"Smith—Meier—get up, supper's ready."

The smith gave a deep grunt; Meier made no reply.

"Smith, confound it, how long do you want me to shake you; supper's ready; you can sleep afterwards."

The Blacksmith at length raised himself up, and looked round in surprise. He evidently fancied it was morning. "Confound it," he said, in his soft voice, "it's quite dark yet—what's the matter with the Landrath this morning?" Försterling was universally called by this name on board ship.

While the others laughed, Försterling made a fresh attack on Meier.

"Meier, I tell you for the last time, if you don't come directly we will not wait any longer—Meier!" and he shook the sleeper with all his strength.

"Landrath," Meier muttered, for he appeared to have some faint idea from the voice who it was that disturbed him, "take care, it's perilous to rouse the lion."

"Well!" the Landrath said, as he made a new attempt to wake him, "I can't say that precisely, but it's precious difficult."

At last they were all awake, and the table-talk commenced, which had reference mainly to the events that had occurred during the day at the "store." Meier philosophised. "Yea," he said, "such are the delights of California, the same thing has no doubt happened to Panning that occurred to me this day week. A fellow goes down in the morning to the store, drinks his glass or two—that makes him thirsty, and he sets

to work on Champagne and porter ; by the time it's evening the affair costs him his thirty dollars up to two ounces, and when he wakes in the morning he finds himself lying in the bush, and does not know where he is, much less how he got there."

"But that was a better joke of Smith's a month back," Haye said, with a laugh. "I am only sorry I'm not an artist, for it would furnish a famous picture."

"You be quiet," said the smith, as he worked away at a delicate beefsteak with fried onions; "it might have happened to any one of you."

"What was it, then?" said Wohlgemuth, a young man who had come from Calaveres to "prospect," and who was rather deaf, and held his hand to his ear.

"Ah, don't bring up an old story," the smith grumbled.

"Out with it," Meier cried, however, "that it may serve as a warning example for a careless young fellow like Wohlgemuth."

"Oh, the story is simple enough," Haye said. "Smith was coming from Charles' store and driving his donkey before him. Of course, as usual, he was the last, and half drunk in the bargain, though not so bad but that he could follow the path, or at least the donkey, which knew his road well. It was confoundedly dark in the forest, however, and about half a mile or more from Charles' store a tree lies across the path, or to speak more correctly, it fell on one side, and the roots block up the road. The donkey naturally went round the roots, struck the path again, and came home at the proper time. Smith, though, when he came to the tree, thought it was the donkey, and began pitching into it.

"Come, Hans—come, my good beast ; lazy Satan, does he mean to stop all night in the middle of the path?" and then he began hammering into the elastic roots of the tree, which, when he struck, felt very much like the rear of a patient donkey.

"In spite of Smith's well meant advice and warnings, the usually so obedient donkey would not move from the spot, and the driver, at length more fatigued by his exertions than all the previous 'drops,' sat down near his beast, as he thought, to let it rest a little, and then make a second attempt. When Smith woke again it was broad day, and he was sitting in front of the roots."

"You would not have known anything about it if I had not told you," the Blacksmith said, as the others laughed.

"And was the donkey really there the next morning?" asked Wohlgemuth, who had only heard half the story.

"Confound it, that's too bad," Meier cried, and the smith now laughed along with them.

Forsterling had bread to bake the same evening, and the dough was all ready ; before his tent the largest fire was therefore made, to produce the requisite heat, as we were forced to bake our bread in open pans in want of the necessary articles, and the whole little camp generally assembled there every evening.

The person who baked bread undertook at the same time the duty of providing the whole company with lights and fire, and as this was so arranged that two at the most baked on the same evening, and during

each week each company baked twice, every evening there was one famous fire as a meeting place, which flared up among the pines and quivering oak branches.

The evening, however, was not far enough advanced to collect all at one spot, and hence the most various groups were formed, for the most part so arranged that they all turned their faces to the ruddy flame.

Haye had now discovered, on going to remove the things he had brought, the trick which Mosquito had played us, and wanted to take the donkey to task; but where was Mosquito?

In his rage he could not be restrained from examining all the provisions and finding out what the donkey had really eaten, so he lighted one of the candles he had brought with him, and read the bill of fare.

It was intended to last three persons a week.

"25 lbs. flour, 4 dls. 25 cts., still there; 3 lbs. sugar, 1 dl. 50 cts., behind in the packet; 1 lb. coffee, 75 cts., here, the cheese must be with it—all right; 2½ lbs. cheese, 2 dls. 93½ cts., by Jove! that's careful reckoning; 6½ lbs. salt pork, 2 dls. 53 cts., that's in the bag with the potatoes—here it is; 10 lbs. potatoes, at 25 cts., 2 dls. 50 cts.; 4 lbs. dried apples, 2 dls. 50 cts., are running about somewhere in the gulch—it's only a blessing that the Satan doesn't like onions; 4 lbs. beans, 2 dls. 25 cts.—here; 2 boxes lucifers, 25 cts.—well, that's sensible, we've wanted them a long while; 2 lbs. soap, 1 dl. 25 cts.; ½ lb. candles, 1 dl. 25 cts., not there—oh, yes, they must be there, they're in with the flour—well, it will make them look nice, but still they'll burn; 4 lbs. ship biscuit, 1 dl.—the glutton is fonder of apples—here; 2 lbs. onions, 2 dls.—they're with the apples: no! God be praised, here; 18 lbs. fresh meat, 5 dls. 50 cts.—hang up in the bag: we had better have hung the apples up and left the meat; 3 bottles of brandy, 4 dls. 50 cts.—ah! some of that old famous 1792, what a respectable number that is, that makes altogether——"

"Come, give up your bothering accounts," Meier cried—"come here with it. This is Sunday evening, and the devil may fetch calculations and all. You, Landrath, what a miserable fire you've got for a fellow to see by!"

Meier was the chief person, and had even been previously appointed Alcalde in the German camp, to settle all disputes that occurred, which, however, not unfrequently originated with himself. He wore a straw hat with a narrow brim, but of what dimensions it would be difficult to decide, for on the crown it had been so pressed in, with more strength than artistic skill, that the crown had retired like a snail into his shell, almost down to the fabulously narrow brim, and formed a deep groove all around.

His Sunday clothes were, in miner's fashion, simple, but strong and clean; his week-day or working clothes, on the other hand, would have created a *furor* at any masquerade. The first pair of trousers he had worn at his certainly very laborious work in the gulch had gone the way, if not of all flesh, of all trousers; and not to be bothered with the toil of performing some very difficult repairs, he had put another pair over them, which were not torn in precisely the same places as the others. In the morning and evening he wore a wide paletôt, which looked like a broken down gentleman in very low company; the fashion of the coat

was good, but nothing further could be said about it, for material and colour belonged to such a long past season, that both had, in a measure, disappeared.

Shoes he certainly had, and they had been formerly sewn—at least the threads and holes could be seen in the seams which the cobbler's awl had produced in them—and now they only hung together by a thread, and, perhaps, to spare the soles he walked by the side of them.

This is, besides, the surest sign of a miner—that his right shoe or boot is trodden on one side, which comes from repeated stamping on the spade. On his hat Meier wore, besides, as an ornament, an old bronze brooch with four or five artificial and partially broken pearls.

The miners, by the way, are very fond of decorating themselves in this fashion; the Landrath's hat was brilliantly adorned with an old ostrich feather, which he had procured, heaven knows how; and with an *agraffe*, formed of a tin plate, most artistically set in a row of glass pearls; and those who could not procure such decorations wore at least a brooch in their hat or cap.

The rest, perhaps with the exception of Panning, Albert, and Haye, were dressed much in the same style as I have described Meier; they formed a wild, strange band.

Meier, at any rate, appeared the nerve that gave life to the whole, and whenever he had worked himself up a little, there was no thinking of sleep. When it got to twelve or one in the morning, and the rest went off one by one to roost, he would lie for two or three hours all alone by the fire and regard the flames.

"Now, Landrath," Meier said, when supper was over, and nearly all the campers were collected round the fire, "how did you spend the day, eh?—slept, of course?"

"Ne!" said Försterling, by trade a tinker, but a jolly companion and good soul, "I've been out shooting to-day."

"With the rifle?"

"Of course; it's a famous piece; the bullet's difficult enough to drive in, but it comes out again precious quick; it went off twice of its own accord."

"But the shot-barrel's no use," said Klaussen; "I wouldn't have the old thing as a present."

Meier and Klaussen had come together from Adelaide.

"The shot-barrel no use!" Försterling exclaimed; "you've never seen such a gun in your life, Klaussen. If I fire at a tree, and have got a good charge in, there's not a leaf from top to bottom that doesn't get its share."

One of the Americans and Haye had, in the meanwhile, seated themselves at the fire, and were playing a game of "sixty-six." The Pole and the German from Texas had also come to the fire, and were lying right opposite to Meier.

The Pole, whose name I believe none of us knew, was only called "the Pole" (he spoke German very well, and came from one of the German-Polish provinces, but from the lowest classes), or "the poor man," because he complained incessantly, and asserted that if a fellow was once poor, he would never have a chance of getting on in the world.

"Well, Pole," the Blacksmith cried in his gentle voice, "you weren't at Charles' store to-day; was the last week a bad one again?"

"Oh, as usual," the Pole said, with a gloomy, half-resigned countenance; "a fellow like me soon gets used to it—holes six and eight feet deep, and afterwards two or three dollars in them. But who can help it? The Almighty will not help us. God d—— it."

"Have the Americans found anything this week?" another inquired.

"I do not know—they've gone down the Creek; but there's nothing except gold dust there. I don't think it's worth the trouble."

"That's all nonsense," the Landrath said; "that's the third company that's gone down, and the other two have held on bravely; if they didn't earn their day's wage, they wouldn't stop there."

"Higher up the gold's certainly coarser," Meier expressed his opinion.

"We've found it so up to the present, but that's no reason why we should say that coarse gold has not found it's way down there; the Pole, for instance, has got a good placer now, for he complains incessantly, and that's a sure sign."

"The devil fetch me, if I earn my food!" the Pole said, who had been listening attentively, and striking his hands together.

"The two Englishmen, under the fallen tree, found a famous piece of quartz yesterday," said the German from Texas; "brown quartz, with broad veins of gold across it—a goldsmith could not have made it more regularly."

"How have you two been getting on down there, Klaussen? Are things looking up?"

"Oh, it's nothing; and we get tired at last of digging one hole after the other uselessly. We've not got quite down yet, though, and in one corner we found rocks, and some gold."

"What sort of rocks?" Meier asked.

"Strange stuff; it looks for all the world like coarse salt, and indeed I was forced to put my tongue to it, to see whether it was salt."

"Those are good rocks," the Blacksmith cried. "We found the best gold among them; but you must go a little deeper, and not merely scratch about the surface."

"Yes! it's a pretty game with the rocks, here about Mosquito Gulch," the Pole growled; "one time the gold lies on the top, and when we go deeper there's nothing—at another time we are forced to split the rocks, if we want to get at the gold."

"It's certainly very strange how the gold can have got here," said Klaussen. "At this gulch, for instance, we are all abroad; and the only thing that appears possible is, that a volcanic eruption strewed the melted metal so wildly around."

"It's very strange, too," said Meier, "how we are actually able to follow this eruption; and those very spots where no gold lies in the deep holes and chasms in the rock, are a proof of it, for we always find these places filled with firm grey volcanic scoria, so that it seems as if these ashes had been thrown out first, and carried down here by the mountain stream, then pressed firmly down by the power and weight of the water, and that the gold followed afterwards; but where it came from I should like to know; for at one moment we fancy that the vein runs from the

right, at another from the left, and yet there are no high volcanic mountains about."

"Yes, I should like to know that, too," the Pole growled; "afterwards, we should not want to dig so many holes to no purpose; but that's the misfortune."

"What do you call diamonds in German?" the American asked Hays, with whom he was busily engaged in playing sixty-six.

"Caro," was the answer.

"And spades?"

"Pique."

"Hm!" the American muttered, for he did not seem quite to comprehend it; "the Germans are a strange people, they call a spade a pick."

"Oh, give up your stupid game and join our circle," Meier now cried. "You, Klaussen, just sing us a song, that will cause some life among us."

"Oh, yes, I am just in the humour for singing," Klaussen said; "I've felt queer all the evening. If I'm not better to-morrow I shall take some medicine."

"You're only seedy," said the Landrath.

"It's a pity our old doctor at home is not here," Meier said; "he would have saved you taking medicine—he had a famous remedy."

"Well, he could not cure me without giving me medicine."

"Something of the sort," Meier said, with a laugh; "he was a doctor of the good old school, who would neither give up his old broad-tailed coat or his pigtail; and, in fact, the latter was as necessary as his right hand, for his universal remedy consisted in that."

"Don't tell us any more of your nonsense," the Blacksmith cried; "as if he gave his patients the pigtail to take!"

"Quiet, Smith—go to kennel," Meier said; "he certainly gave them his pigtail, for if any one was unwell, instead of ordering him an emetic, like our present physicians, who have retrograded in cultivation, he pushed the pigtail into his throat. Yes! you need not laugh at it, but this was not necessary in all cases, for his method was so well known—and he could, naturally, only employ one pigtail—that, in many instances, he only required to show his patient the pigtail in order to produce precisely the same effect as if he had adhered most strictly to his prescription."

"Was that the doctor with the flat nose?" Klaussen asked, while the others were laughing.

"Yes," Meier said, "and Klaussen will not believe that either. The little fellow had such a flat nose that my uncle often assured me he was obliged to use a pair of pincers instead of a pocket handkerchief."

"Is the donkey here?" a loud voice asked at this moment in the midst of the laughter.

The silence of death prevailed instantly, but at the next moment the shouts broke out afresh, for behind the circle, where he had made his appearance quite unnoticed, stood Panning, looking somewhat disconcerted at the terrible noise, and regarding one after the other in astonishment.

It was a good quarter of an hour before any one could calm his fears about the mule.

"But, confound it, you're sitting here so dry," Panning cried, when the noise had slightly ceased, and Albert got up to look for some supper for the new comer, and warm his tea—"no brandy, no grog?"

"I really believe that's the first sensible idea Panning's had to-day," Meier said.

"And where have you been this evening?" Albert asked; "and which of you two was the cleverer?"

"The donkey, most assuredly, Albert, my boy," said Panning, with a laugh, for he was in much too good a humour to quarrel about a word; "the donkey, most assuredly—as he always gets home first."

"And how are they getting on at Charles'?" Meier asked; "all jolly? The truth is, we left two hours too soon to-day."

"Yes, and I should have been home long ago," Panning said, "but I had to wait for the meat; they were slaughtering an ox."

"But our meat was on the donkey?" Albert retorted.

"Indeed," said Panning, looking very cunning; "well then, Albert, there's another proof that the donkey was in the right; but still, I waited for the meat."

"Yes, Panning's a capital fellow," said the smith; "he's been knocking about in the world since he was a lad."

"You'd better be quiet, you scamp!" said Panning; "if I like to tell something——"

"If you tell that, I'll tell the other," said the Blacksmith, tauntingly.

"Hurrah! two new stories," cried the Landrath; "out with it, Panning."

But there must have been something queer about the matter, for neither cared to begin. Meier, in the meanwhile, had placed water to boil on the fire, brandy bottles were produced from various sides, and a famous bowl of grog brewed; the anecdotes, laughing, and shouting, became constantly louder. Försterling had finished his baking, and "The Pope he leads a happy Life," "Rinaldini's haughty Robbers," and "Prince Eugenius," had echoed through the silent Californian forest, when Meier at length cried:

"Stop—empty your glasses: confound it, Smith, that's my cup. And now for my song; but you must all join in the chorus." And in a loud, hearty voice he sang

THE GOLD-DIGGER'S SONG.*

With the shovel, pick, and pan,
Diggers hurrah!
And a knapsack to each man,
Carried from afar;
Little guard for heat or cold,
Diggers hurrah!
In the mountains, men of mould,
Bring we from afar.
Where the gnomes their treasure bright,
Diggers of the gold,
Hid in chasms from the light,
Here in some dark hold,
Dig, and wash, and grope about,
Lusty and bold,
Though it's deep, we'll have it out,
Diggers of the gold.

* Translated from the German by G. W. Thornbury, Esq., author of "Ballads of the New World."

Care! Who talks of care or sorrow?
Sorrow, by my fay!
The luck may come to-morrow,
Though it's missed to-day.
Let us never cark or pine,
Good hearts and bold,
There is stuff shall soon be thine,
Diggers of the gold.

Still a whisper's in my ear,
Diggers hurrah!
Wilt thou tarry ever here,
From thy home so far?
Canst thou careless revel keep,
Lusty and free,
When thy love does sit and weep,
Digger for thee?

Heart, thy fruitless whispers cease,
Diggers hurrah!
Can I sit at home in peace,
When I should be far?
Man must labour, rend, and rive,
Stout heart and bold,
And in storm and sunshine strive,
Diggers for gold.

But there soon shall come a day,
Diggers hurrah!
When we'll bear rich spoil away
Coming from afar;
Homeward hieing, heavy laden,
Stout hearts and bold,
Then for father, mother, maiden,
Diggers for gold.

The chorus was sung with great effect, and in the last verses it became a species of Dutch melody, for they seemed to forget the tune utterly, and all sorts of possible and impossible songs were now heard. Haye even sang "Bumsfallera" once more, and the Blacksmith his "Ich bin liederlich," while the neighbouring Americans and Englishmen had come down from the hill to hear the songs. Meier now sang the serenade "I am beneath thy window, dearest," with all the proper gesticulations, and beneath an oak-tree instead of his beloved's window. Klaussen had drunk a little too much, and had become harmonious. Wohlgemuth took Albert into a corner, and told him a frightfully long story of his school-days; how they had placed a bone under the master's chair, and with what presence of mind he had extricated himself from the affair. Renich had made fast to the Landrath, who was singing, though, between whiles, and told him a story from ancient Roman history, doubtlessly very important in itself, but a matter of perfect indifference to Försterling, which he afterwards brought into connexion with later history, although his shouting victim did not pay the slightest attention to him.

In the meanwhile, fire and grog drew to an end; one after the other retired to his tent. Renich as well as Wohlgemuth had both lost their hearers, and Renich had also gone to bed. Meier and Wohlgemuth still

held out; the former, because he never retired earlier; the latter, because he felt a necessity to have his say out.

Naturally, a quarter of an hour had not elapsed before the two were up to the ears in politics. Wohlgemuth had been formerly in the United States, and defended the forty acres grant. Meier, on the other hand, abused Germany; and whether they did not understand one another, or found sufficient points of collision, I cannot say, but they became heated, and Hays looked a couple of times out of the tent to see whether they were not fighting.

As Wohlgemuth was very hard of hearing, Meier was forced to shout; and as Meier spoke very loudly, Wohlgemuth could not support his arguments in a very gentle tone; consequently, such a disturbance soon arose between the two that the sleepers were aroused, and grumbling voices heard. At length Försterling could not stand it any longer.

"Confound it, Meier," he cried from the tent, "you're both in the right; but now come to bed."

"Hold your row, Landrath; you don't understand it," Meier cried, in his zeal.

However, if the Landrath did not know how to damp the dispute, he was clever enough to do so with the fire. It had burnt to a little point, and as the night was very cool the debaters had drawn quite close to it, and the Landrath managed so cleverly to sacrifice the jug of water, which he had fetched for the morrow's coffee, that in a moment not a trace of burning wood could be seen.

The quarrellers would not allow themselves to be baulked by this, and continued their dispute in the dark; but the animus was wanting, and in half an hour all were silent, after murmuring, "Thank the Lord."

The cayotas, little wolves, or wild dogs, alone commenced howling, and now and then an owl croaked its monotonous night song.

With the break of day fresh life awaited the sleepers. Those who had "the week" got up and prepared breakfast, then woke the rest; and an hour later the several parties walked with their pans and water-buckets, for their tools had been left at the spot where they had struck work on the Saturday evening, to the different places at which they intended to try their luck during the week.

Immediately after, the machines began clattering in the ravine below, the axes removed trees and roots from their way, the pick was driven with powerful strokes into the hard ground, and the working life of the miners had recommenced.

THE TENTS OF THE TUSKI.*

"WHO are the Tuski?" we hear some kind reader inquiring. "People who dwell in the country whence Captain (now Admiral) Beechey brought home the tusks of antediluvian mammoths and elephants of colossal dimensions?" "No, the Tuski are the Tchutski of the maps, a Mongolian brotherhood who dwell at that extreme point of Asia which is separated from the American continent by Behring's Straits." "And what are the tents?" "Ay, there is the curiosity of the thing. Positively and indisputably—if kept clean—the most commodious tents in the world—tents of translucent walrus skins—stretched on gigantic whalebones, and heated by moss dipped in oil, that gives off the most pleasant and fairy-like light imaginable, and transforms an Arctic domicile into a palm-house at Kew!"

It was on the first going out of the *Plover*—a gallant little vessel, to whose doings in the Arctic Seas we have frequently had occasion to refer—in 1848, that a combination of untoward circumstances drove the vessel and forced it to winter on a coast and among a people rarely visited. Cook was the first who touched on this shore, and Behring followed him, but neither went beyond Tchutskoi or Tuski Noss; Billings, Novikof, and one or two other Russian navigators, have left an occasional notice of the Tuski themselves. Wrangell and his expedition only saw them at the fair of Ostronowie, but that was sufficient to create an intense desire for further acquaintance, which was not destined to be gratified. Lieutenant Hooper's work fills up then what has hitherto been a desideratum in the history of the human race. He had no language—at least till he made himself acquainted with a few words with which to address them or obtain information; most had to be done with signs; but still the results are as satisfactory as they are curious. A very brief acquaintanceship at the outset satisfied our author as to the general honesty of the people, and that there existed among them even a sense of honour.

I made an essay this night upon the honesty of our friends; a fine young man named Ahmoleen, belonging to a family which pleased me more than any of the rest, sold me his outer-coat of reindeer skin; but fearful that he would feel the loss of his garment during the night, I restored it to him, making signs that it was to be returned on the morrow. Busy next day with my duties I did not heed the approaching departure of my favourites, and am delighted to record that my friend, as I am proud, from after experience, to call him, sought me out and delivered up the borrowed dress with many signs of acknowledgment for the favour. This fixed him in my esteem, nor had I ever afterwards cause to alter my opinion of his probity.

When a first visit was made to the native habitations the visitors were received with joyful hospitality, being at the same time, although in November, nearly roasted, as with the Tuski the increase of heat is the increase of honour. In return, the Tuski visited the *Plover*, then housed

* Ten Months among the Tents of the Tuski, with Incidents of an Arctic Boat Expedition in Search of Sir John Franklin, as far as the Mackenzie River and Cape Bathurst. By Lieut. W. H. Hooper, R.N. With a Map and Illustrations. John Murray.

in for the winter, and became quite domesticated; they were allowed to visit the mess-room, and go from cabin to cabin, and to eat and drink with the officers and men. They behaved upon these occasions with uniform good nature, and evinced an almost invariably obliging disposition.

The dress of the Tuski is, with the wealthier sort, composed almost entirely of deer, fawn, and dogskin, beautifully dressed by the women with the hair on; the poorer people often substitute shoes and breeches of sealskin. Their country is desolate in the extreme. Ranges of hills, chiefly of volcanic origin, cross and recross each other with little variety of appearance; a few stunted twigs of andromeda, and mosses and lichens, are almost the whole flora. The Tuski, it is almost needless to say, live chiefly by fishing, and they travel in sledges drawn by dogs of different breeds and by reindeer. And now for one of the first visits paid by our author to the natives:

We started from the ship on a splendid morning, with the temperature at 20 deg. below zero, nearly calm. I had the honour of conducting the really pretty wife of Mahkatzan, who seated herself astride behind me on the sledge! while my companion was placed with our worthy host. I was of course desirous of acquitting myself creditably as a Jehu; but the first essay in dog-driving will scarcely be a successful one. Reins there are none; the animals are to be guided almost entirely by the whip, particularly with strangers, their masters alone having power by the voice; and herein great management and watchfulness are necessary, and an unpractised hand will be quite unable to run the dogs off a beaten track, or prevent their returning to their homes. Fortunately for my escape from total discomfiture, Mahkatzan led the way, and our canine steeds were going homeward, so we dashed along without any more than an occasional overturn, my fair companion holding me in a vigorous grasp in any such case of danger; consequently a double effort of clinging to our sledge was of course necessary on my part. After a rapid drive of four hours, during which my companion had his face slightly frost-nipped, we arrived at Kaygwan, where our conductor resided, and were scarcely permitted to look round, so eager was he to press upon us the hospitable shelter of his roof. Kaygwan is a very small place; I cannot even call it a hamlet, since it consisted only, if my memory serve me right, of five huts, of which that of our entertainer, though greatly larger than the others, was not of extraordinary dimensions.

And then for the tents, or huts:

As the huts of the Tuski are all of similar form and materials, and differ only in size, cleanliness, and convenience, I shall here describe them generally, noting peculiarities in their proper places. Around, and resting upon one or two props, are ranged at equal distances ribs of the whale, their number and the area of the hut or tent, which is mostly circular or oblong spheroidal in shape, depending upon the dimensions. Over these, tightly stretched and neatly sewn, is drawn a covering of walrus skin, so beautifully cured and prepared as to retain its elasticity, and to be semiluculent. Some of these skins are of an enormous size; I saw one in the roof of Metra's tent at Wootair, which could not have contained less than between seventy and eighty square feet, and the whole clear as parchment. So much light being admitted by the roof, no windows are necessary; an aperture on the most sheltered side serves as a door, over which, when not in use, a screen of walrus skin is drawn; snow is heaped to the height of about eighteen inches round the tent, to keep wind or drift from penetrating beneath, and the outer shell is complete, with the addition of cords of hide sometimes passed over and across the roof to secure the skin.

The yaranga (plural of yarang), as these huts are called, are constructed of a

rounded form, to prevent snowdrift from collecting at the gables, and to oppose few points to the fierce winds which sweep remorselessly over these treeless regions; the same rule is not observed with regard to the interior. As the yaranga vary so much in size, some being only ten or a dozen feet in diameter, while the largest measure from thirty to forty, the internal arrangements also differ much. In the smaller, a single apartment—frequently scarce large enough for two persons—runs across the hut opposite to the door, while in the habitations of chiefs, who have generally three or four generations living under their roofs, the sleeping places extend in a front and two sides nearly round the walls of the dwelling. These extraordinary chambers are formed by posts let into the soil at a distance from each other, and from six to eight feet from the exterior walls, on which, at heights varying from three to five feet, a roof of skins and laths is supported; thick layers of dried grass are placed over all to exclude the cold; deerskins dressed with the hair on, and closely sewn together, hang from the edge of this roof on the inside, and can be drawn aside or closed at will; when shut they entirely exclude the external air. On the ground are stretched more well-cured walrus' skins, over which, when repose is taken, those of the reindeer and Siberian sheep, beautifully prepared, are laid; above, close under the roof, against the sides of the hut, small lattice shelves are slung, on which mocassins, fur socks, and the dried grass, which the more prudent place in the soles of their boots to absorb moisture, are put to dry. A species of dish, oval and shallow, manufactured, as I understood, by themselves, of a plastic material and afterwards hardened, but from its appearance possibly cut out of stone, serves as a lamp; against a ridge, running along the middle, and nearly an inch high, fibres of weet-o-weet, or moss, are neatly arranged, only their points showing above the stone edge: the dish is filled with train oil, often hard frozen, and a light of peculiar beauty produced, giving enormous heat, without, when well trimmed, either smoke or smell, and certainly one of the softest lights I ever saw, not the slightest glare distressing the eyes; around the outer wall are ranged any trifling articles of ornament which may be possessed. Wooden vessels scooped from drift-wood are placed in the corners: they contain ice and snow, of which the Tuski consume vast quantities; indeed, snow-munching appears to occupy the principal part of their time between the important periods of food and repose. The area of the yarang not occupied by the salons is used quite as an antechamber or hall of entrance; here food is deposited previous to preparation for cooking, much of which is also done here over larger lamps than those inside. Here are unloaded sledges, and the porters of ice and snow; the former being afterwards placed on the roof of the sleeping apartment. Here too the dogs feed and sleep, the faithful creatures ever seeking to lie close to their masters at the edge of the inner rooms, and even thrusting their noses into the heated atmosphere.

The atmosphere was, indeed, to the feelings of our countrymen, overheated, and is described as being painfully oppressive after the pure, cold air outside. "I cannot understand," says the author elsewhere, "how the natives can endure these great extremes of heat and cold; I have quitted an outward temperature of -20° (that is to say, fifty-two degrees below freezing point) to enter yarangas where the thermometer registered $+100^{\circ}$. A change of 120 degrees in one day seems almost enough to kill one; but this is experienced by the Tuski pretty well during their entire lives, and they are certainly hardy and robust enough." The last circumstance is partly accounted for by the information received by Wrangell, that all weakly and deformed children are destroyed, and although Mr. Hooper did not see anything to corroborate this statement, and, on the contrary, a parent's love for his offspring is more than usually exemplified among the Tuski, still he says it is probable that

Wrangell's information was correct, as he never remembers having seen a deformity, nor children of a sickly constitution. On the other hand, matricide, where the parent has become so old and weak as to be helpless, is an event, we are told, of frequent, indeed habitual, occurrence.

There is one more point connected with the tents of the Tuski that cannot be passed over. It is the reverse side of the picture, but essential to its completeness:

The persons, clothes, habitations, and even dogs of the Tuski, were covered with vermin, not in a slight degree, but absolutely swarming; and it is doubtless from this cause that they clip the hair on the head. The first days of our journey brought the horrible conviction that it was hopeless to avoid the plague while in contact with the people. In vain our clothes were changed and washed repeatedly; in vain we attempted to isolate ourselves as much as possible; the evil increased each day; and at last our condition became insupportably tormenting; those of excitable temperament being denied sleep or rest by the constant irritation, and reaching a state bordering upon madness. It was particularly when repose was courted that our torment was greatest. When travelling out of doors the cold checked the attacks of the foe, which only resumed their onslaught with new vigour when reanimated by the great heat of the yarangas. This was the most fearful infliction experienced during our stay in Tuski land, and far surpassed anything I ever suffered; producing in me an agitation of the nerves, like St. Vitus' dance.

The Tuski, living chiefly on fish, seal, whale, blubber, a little reindeer flesh, and pemmican, despised the edibles of their visitors; the spices employed in the preparation of the preserved meats being particularly disagreeable to their palates. Their passion for sugar, and indeed anything sweet, was, on the other hand, general; and they were equally partial to the use of tobacco and of strong drinks when they could get them. The best idea of the food of the Tuski, and of their culinary attainments, is to be obtained from an account of a feast given to the officers of the *Plover*.

I propose now to set before you in detail the history of a Tuski repast of the most sumptuous nature, as myself and companions partook of it, and trust you may find it as much to your taste as they do to theirs. It is, I believe, with nearly all people in a primitive condition, the first and paramount duty of hospitality to provide the visitor with food immediately on his entrance; and such was the rule in Tuski customs. First was brought in on a huge wooden tray a number of small fish, uncooked, but intensely frozen. At these all the natives set to work, and we essayed, somewhat ruefully, it must be confessed, to follow their example, but, being all unused to such gastronomic process, found ourselves, as might be expected, rather at a loss how to commence. From this dilemma, however, our host speedily extricated us, by practical demonstration of the correct mode of action, and under his certainly very able tuition we shortly became more expert. But, alas! a new difficulty was soon presented; our native companions, we presume, either made a hasty bolt of each morsel, or had perhaps a relish for the flavour of the viands now under consideration. Not so ourselves; it was sadly repugnant to our palates, for, aided by the newly-acquired knowledge that the fish were in the same condition as when taken from the water, uncleaned and unembowelled, we speedily discovered that we could neither bolt nor retain the fragments which, by the primitive aid of teeth and nails, we had rashly detached from our piscatorial share.

It was to no purpose that our host pressed us to "fall to;" we could not manage the consumption of this favourite preparation (or rather lack thereof), and succeeded with difficulty in evading his earnest solicitations.

The next course was a mess of green stuff, looking as if carefully chopped up, and this was also hard frozen. To it was added a lump of blubber, which the lady presiding, who did all the carving, dexterously cut into slices with a knife like a cheesemonger's, and apportioned out, at different quarters of the huge tray before mentioned, which was used throughout the meal, together with a modicum of the grass-like stuff, to the company; the only distinction in favour of the strangers and guests of high degree being that their slices were cut much thinner than for the rest. We tasted this compound, and . . . we didn't like it; at this no one will wonder; the blubber speaks for itself, and the other stuff, which really was not very unpalatable, we discovered in after-times to be *the unruminated food of reindeer* which had been slaughtered; at least so we were told, but I am not quite clear on this point. Our dislike to the dish had no offensive effect upon our host, who only seemed to be astonished at our strange want of taste, and, with the rest of the guests, soon cleared the board, the managing dame putting the finishing stroke by a rapid sweep of her not too scrupulously clean fingers over the dish, by way of clearing off the fragments, to prepare for the reception of the next delicacy. After this interesting operation she conveyed her digits to her mouth, and, engulfing them for a brief period, withdrew them quite in apple-pie order once more.

The board was now again replenished, this time with viands less repellent to our unnurtured tastes. Boiled seal and walrus flesh appeared, and our hospitable friends were greatly relieved when they beheld us assist in the consumption of these items, which, being utterly devoid of flavour, were distasteful only from their extreme toughness and mode of presentation, but we did not, of course, desire to appear too singular or squeamish. Next came a portion of whale's flesh, or rather whale's skin; this was perfect ebony in hue, and we discovered some apprehensions respecting its fitness as an article of food; but our fears were groundless. It was cut and recut crosswise into diminutive cubes; venturing upon one of which we were agreeably surprised to find it possessing a cocoa-nut flavour, like which also it ate, "very short;" indeed, so much astonished were we on this occasion that we had consumed a very considerable number of these cubes, and with great relish too, before we recovered from our wonder. This dish was ever afterwards a favourite with me. On its disappearance a very limited quantity of boiled reindeer meat, fresh and fat, was served up, to which we did ample justice; then came portions of the gum of the whale, in which the ends of the bone lay still embedded, and I do not hesitate to declare that this was perfectly delicious, its flavour being, as nearly as I can find a parallel, like that of cream cheese. This, which the Tuski call their sugar, was the wind-up to the repast and ourselves, and we were fain to admit that, after the rather unpleasant auspices with which our feast commenced, the finale was by no means to be contemned.

The Tuski, in reality no better than untutored savages, are still not deficient in ingenuity and skill, even as applied to the arts. Their inventive genius is particularly displayed in the manufacture of frocks and breeches of reindeer, fawn, seal, and dogskin; also of eider-duck, okonches or over-shirts, caps, mocassins, mitts, and such like. They embroider very prettily, and to a great extent, with the hair of the reindeer and pieces of leather cut out in the required form and sewn on. They also join many parti-coloured pieces of skin together, which have frequently a very pretty effect. It was curious to notice how, with them as in more civilised communities, certain persons were famed for their skill in particular branches of manufacture. Some women were remarkable for dressing skins in a superior manner; others were noted for employing better dyes than usual. One man made whip-handles well; another produced the best thongs. Their skill in cutting ivory was also considerable. Models of sledges and of household furniture, pipes, and

toys of ivory, among which were ducks, seals, dogs, &c., evidenced great taste and variety; fishing-lines of whalebone, with hooks and sinkers of ivory, sealskin bags, coils of rope, of walrus, or seal-hide, cut without a join for full fifty fathoms, and of all thicknesses; sledges and harness were also among the products of their industry. There was one artist a very Tuski Cellini, whose skill in sculpturing ivory was the theme of praise throughout the country.

It appears that even dandies are not unknown in Tuski land:

I suppose it is an inevitable provision of all societies that some few among their components are doomed to act the popinjay, and seek to be esteemed by their outward show. The votary of Bond-street, the *petit-maitre* of the Boulevards, were here fitly represented by our Tuski friend; his dress was cut and donned in a manner entirely differing from the mode adopted by his fellows; pendant tags of leather, each strip having a bead, and scraps of dyed fur aptly mimicked the frogs and braids of his more advanced brother in fashion; nor was he blind to the indispensable qualifications of the fop; his cap and moccasins were as carefully selected as hat and boots elsewhere. Thus bedecked and bedizened, he strutted on the scene with an air of self-satisfaction and of admiration, which, while it provoked a smile, incited rather melancholy reflections on the likeness of man here and elsewhere. Our guests were as much diverted as we could desire, and night was far encroached upon ere they were all disposed in slumber.

The Tuski are naturally a very courageous people, and full of endurance. They attack the fierce polar bear singly without hesitation, and sanguinary contests are often the result.

"We met one man," Mr. Hooper relates, "who was said to have encountered a huge and savage bear with only a species of large dagger-knife, and to have succeeded in despatching it. He was frightfully injured in the contest in his breast: five huge scars, caused by the claws of his adversary, were visible; a terrible seam appeared on one side of his face, and he was, moreover, crippled for life."

It is quite manifest, from Lieutenant Hooper's narrative, that the officers and men of the *Plover* were solely indebted for the hospitality and kind treatment they received at the hands of these people to their own exceeding civility and forbearance. The whole work is, in this respect, a lesson of the good that can be obtained by kindly intercourse with semi-savages. Mr. Hooper is himself a most remarkable example of the combination of a tender, susceptible temperament, with daring courage and endurance. These peculiarities are nowhere made more manifest than on the journey to East Cape, performed on snow-shoes, with dog-sledges for provisions.

Lieutenant Hooper, accompanied by Messrs. Martin and W. H. Moore, and some friendly natives for guides, started on the morning of February 8th—a clear and beautiful day, with the temperature ranging from 20 deg. to 23 deg. below zero (that is, 52 to 55 below freezing-point). The first night they reached tents where only a few fish were set before them both frozen and boiled. A blinding snowdrift detained them the 9th, but getting impatient, they set off, notwithstanding, on the 10th. With such discomfort, the fine fiercely driven snow blowing directly in their faces and nearly blinding them, they only got to Noowook, a miserable fishing-station, but where hospitality, according to the means of the poor people, was at once shown them. Here one of

their dogs departed from them, but they bought another the next day for six ounces of tobacco. The 11th was still misty, with dazzling snow; and passing Tchaytcheen—five small huts upon a splendid harbour—they crossed to the opposite shore, and struck off to the westward of a ridge of hills, where they stopped to refresh themselves:

The day had been misty throughout, and while we thus tarried for a space, fine snow commenced to fall thickly, and obscure our path; increasing heavily as we continued on our way. All surrounding country was now completely hidden from view; it was even difficult for myself, who always brought up the rear, to distinguish with clearness the form of our guide, Mooldooyah, who notwithstanding pursued his way unhesitatingly until the brief daylight began to decrease, when he showed ominous signs of wavering and doubt, stopping at times to consult with his wife, and peering anxiously into the fast thickening gloom. At last, after descending a hill, and proceeding for a short time along a level surface, Mooldooyah came to a determined halt, and realised our fears of his having been misled by telling us that we were now on salt-water ice, probably only an inlet of the sea, but he did not know what or where—in fact, that he had lost his way in the snowfall and darkness, and that we must wait until moonrise for light and guidance. This would not happen for four or five hours, so we sat ourselves down contentedly to wait for the advent of the queen of night to relieve us from our difficulties. We proposed, indeed, to show the direction of the land by compass; but Mooldooyah rejected the offer as of little use, as even then he would be unable to find the road. Fortunately the fall of snow had brought a moderation of the cold, from which, therefore, we suffered little: and so slightly did the condition of affairs depress our spirits, that several favourite songs were sung in chorus, and Martin and myself had a dance in the snow, which deserves the name of the Tuski Polka. It was, however, rather too laborious an amusement to be long continued, as we were heavily encumbered with our clothes, and the snow was three feet deep: recourse was then had to smoking, and sure I am that the severest condemnners of this practice would withhold their strictures in our case, where its indulgence was so great a solace.

The rising of the moon brought no alteration in their condition; the heavy snow-flakes fell so thickly that they could barely tell, by a faint glimmering, in which direction she lay, and they were perforce induced to arrange their sledges for repose, following in that the movements of their Tuski friend Mooldooyah, and aided by the suggestions of his good wife Yaneenga, who was ever watchful for their comforts—not more anxious perhaps than her husband, but more alive to their wants.

Mooldooyah and his wife were evidently in a state of terrible anxiety for our safety; for themselves they could have little fear, inured as they were to the rigour of the climate, although even the natives occasionally suffer dreadful, and even fatal injuries by such accidents as the present. But the case was different as concerned the strangers, whose power to resist the cold they were unacquainted with. In this extremity, recourse was had to thy powers, dread Shamanism! and whatever people may think of it, I freely confess, that although by no means a man of weak nerves, the manner of conducting the ceremony, notwithstanding the simplicity of its details, struck me with a sensation of awe, and first opened my eyes to the real danger we were in. Quitting their sledge with slow and measured step, the pair removed to a distance from us, where Yaneenga prostrated herself in the snow, her hands upraised above her buried face; the man, turning first to the west, then to the north and south, omitting—I know not why, perhaps accidentally—the fourth point, bowed himself to each repeatedly; like Yaneenga's, his hands and arms were upraised above his head, and he gave forth a succession of cries, which still

sound in my ears as I write of them—long, wailing shouts, loud, unearthly, and despairing, each exhausting the lungs in their emission, like a thunder-roll at first, and sinking by degrees to a melancholy faintness. In all my life I never heard any sounds to equal these for horrible impressiveness; the death-wail of the Irish, the shout of the Red Indian, both of which I have heard in force, fall far short of Mooldooyah's appeal to his fates. They presently returned to their sledge, where I joined them, and found Yancenga weeping profusely, but quietly, while her husband sat in moody silence, and replied only briefly to my questions. Ere long I regained my own sledge, and reclined against it until morning, but sleep came tardily, and then only in broken, fitful portions.

Glimmering daylight brought no relief, the snow still falling in enormous flakes, and they only made a little progress along shore, the view being circumscribed to a few yards' extent. At night the wind rose and the temperature fell considerably, so they were glad to dig holes in the snow and to lay therein in a crouching position. Thus a little, very little, miserable slumber was obtained, although two days' weariness courted repose. Mr. Moore was unfortunately at the same time attacked with violent diarrhoea.

This was a miserable night; darkness surrounded us without relief, for we had neither fuel nor means of obtaining light; the snow, penetrating our outer garments, thawed upon the under clothing; gauntlets and caps, frequently dropped or mislaid, were full of snow when recovered, and little round crystal balls fringing our inner caps and hair, greatly increased our discomfort. It may thus be imagined how truly wretched was our situation, that of our poor messmate particularly, aggravated as it was by illness and extra exposure.

Another day dawned, but brought no comfort to our now chilled souls as well as bodies. Think, dear friends, of the utter desolation and dreariness of uninterrupted snow; the livelong day, the weary night, snow, only snow, now falling perpendicularly in broad and massive flakes, now driven by the freezing blast in slanting sheets which sought each nook and cranny for a resting-place. In scenes of stirring excitement there is much to blind one to possible contingencies, or at least they are congenial to the spirit, but this our miserable condition, desolate and monotonous, called for all the quicksilver in one's veins.

A partial clearance towards noon stimulated to new efforts, but the sledges broke down or turned over.

The snowfall decreased slightly towards evening, and this trifling improvement favoured an illusion, whose dissipation was a cruel disappointment to us in our jaded and dispirited state. We were, unconsciously, again approaching the sea, and suddenly hailed with transports of delight what we took to be a collection of yarangas. Strange to say, the dogs manifested equally joyous symptoms of recognition, and needed little persuasion to make them quicken their speed towards the so welcome objects. Alas, we might have spared our glad hurrahs; the fancied yarangas were but the bare abrupt faces of the sea cliffs, and, as we neared them, seemed to grin derisively at our bitter delusions.

So great a fall of snow had rendered travelling exceedingly difficult, particularly with such heavily laden sledges; the dogs could scarcely flounder along, and we were constantly obliged to lift one or the other runner from its deep furrow. These continued efforts were, in our exhausted plight, painfully laborious; and the entire helplessness of Mr. Moore, who still suffered from his complaint, added greatly to our fatigue.

We stopped at last, from sheer inability to proceed, in the mouth of a small inlet, bordered by steep banks, and passed a night of misery and suspense, far worse than any of the preceding. The wind, sweeping remorselessly through

the gorge, covered us with snow-drift, and sought to freeze the very marrow in our bones, the temperature having again fallen considerably.

That night is imprinted indelibly upon my memory: never do I recal its tardily passing moments without shuddering at the thought of what might have been our state next morning. That we were not all frozen to death will ever be a matter of wonder to me, for our under garments had been completely saturated with melted snow, and our outer dresses were rigid as boards. The morning of the 14th presented little to justify more than a faint hope of relief. A heavy mist hung around, obscuring the scene as much as ever; and although we journeyed on, it was in a circle, for we crossed our old track. Between nine and ten, however, the mist cleared off, and gave us a considerable view, by which fortunate chance both Martin and Mooldooyah recognised a headland afar, and then knew that we were in Oong-wy-sac Coy-ee-mak, or Oongwysac harbour, and consequently could reach the village of Oongwysac ere night. We directly took bearings, in case the weather should again thicken, but it cleared as the day wore on; and using all the very moderate despatch we could exert, Oongwysac was reached after a laborious travel of ten hours. We arrived at the yarangas in a condition of complete exhaustion; and here our first cry was for water. For water! with snow in such profusion around! Even so, good friends. Thirst was one of our greatest sufferings, which eating snow only increased, from its inflammatory effect. Our poor dogs were almost famished.

The okonch of the natives is invaluable as a protection against snow. It is made of the intestines of whales and other marine animals, slit open and sewn very neatly together on a double edge. This species of shirt is, when good, quite impervious to water, and exceedingly light, weighing only a few ounces. It is manifest what a boon such a protection must be in snow, particularly heavy drift, the fine particles of which will penetrate into the smallest crevice, and so completely fill the hair of this dress that its weight becomes unbearable.

We have limited ourselves in this notice to the Tuski and their tents, as the more novel subject; but Mr. Hooper's work contains also a very interesting narrative of a boat expedition along the Arctic shores of North America; of interviews with Esquimaux by no means of so pleasant a character as those with the Tuski; of an ascent up the Mackenzie and Peel Rivers, and of winterings at the forts of the Hudson Bay Company; which narrative is further enlivened by sundry tales of starvation in those desolate regions of a truly appalling character, comprehending as they do notices of an old Indian who devoured eleven or thirteen persons, among whom (charity begins at home) were his parents, one wife, and the children of two; and another rather worked-up story of an European who perished from a surfeit over the liver of his friend in distress. These painful episodes of Arctic wintering are further diversified by accounts of cowardly fights between the Indians and the Esquimaux. Both narratives are illustrated by a map, in which Mr. Hooper carries out Wrangell's land to Wollaston's—a totally improbable view of the case—and by several prettily tinted lithographs, which give a good idea of the tents of the Tuski, of their interiors, and of the people themselves; as also by a very animated picture of the winter-quarters of the *Plover* in the same regions, and a characteristic view of Cape Bathurst, with Esquimaux, tents, and boats, and of the ice pressing down on that most remote and inhospitable shore.

THE DOOMED HOUSE.

A TALE.

FROM THE DANISH OF B. S. INGEMANN.

BY MRS. BUSHBY.

"THE house near Christianshavn's canal is again for sale—your worthy uncle's house, Johanna! And now upon very reasonable terms," said the young joiner and cabinet-maker, Frants, one morning to his pretty wife, as he laid the advertisement sheet of the newspaper upon the cradle, and glanced at his little boy, an infant of about three months old, who was sleeping sweetly, and seemed to be sporting with heavenly cherubs in his innocent dreams.

"Let us on no account think of the dear old house," replied his wife, taking up the newspaper and placing it on the table, without even looking at the advertisement. "We have a roof over our heads as long as Mr. Stork will have patience about the rent. If we have bread enough for ourselves, and for yon little angel, who will soon begin to want some, we may well rest contented. Notwithstanding our poverty, we are, perhaps, the happiest married couple in the whole town," she added gently, and with an affectionate smile, "and we ought to thank our God that he did not let the wide world separate us from each other, but permitted you to return from your distant journey healthy and cheerful, and that he has granted us love and strength to bear our little cross with patience."

"You are ever the same amiable and pious Johanna," said Frants, embracing the lovely young mother, who reminded him of an exquisite picture of the Madonna he had seen abroad, "and you have made me better and more patient than I was, either by nature or habit. But I really cannot remain longer in this miserable garret; I have neither room nor spirits to work here; and if I am to make anything by my handicraft, I must have a proper workshop and space to breathe and move in. Your good uncle's house, near the canal, is just the place for me; how many jovial songs my old master and I have sung there together over our joiner's bench! Ah! *there* I shall feel comfortable and at home. It was there, also, that I first saw you; there that I used to sit every evening with you in the nice little parlour with the cheerful green wainscoting, when I came from the workshop with old Mr. Flok. I remember how, on Sundays and on holidays, he used to take his silver goblet from the cupboard in the alcove, and drink with me in such a sociable way. And when my piece of trial-work as a journeyman was finished, and the large handsome coffin was put out in state in the workshop, do you remember how glad the old man was, and how you sank into my arms when he placed your hand in mine over the coffin, and said: 'Take her, Frants, and be worthy of her! My house shall be your home and hers, and everything it contains shall be your property when I am sleeping in this coffin, awaiting a blessed resurrection.'"

"Ah! but all that never came to pass," sighed Johanna. "The coffin

lies empty up in yonder loft, and frightens children in the dark; the dear old house is under the ban of evil report, and no one will buy it, or even hire it now, so many strange, unfortunate deaths have taken place there."

"These very circumstances are in our favour, Johanna; on account of this state of things Mr. Stork will sell it a great bargain, and give a half-year's credit for the purchase-money. In the course of six months, surely, the long-protracted settlement of your uncle's affairs will be brought to a close, and we shall at least have as much as will pay what we owe. The house will then be our own, and you will see how happy and prosperous we shall be. Surely it is not the fault of the poor house that three children died there of measles, and two people of old age, in the course of a few months; and none but silly old women can be frightened because the idle children in the street choose to scratch upon the walls 'THE DOOMED HOUSE.' The house is, and always will be, liked by me, and if Mr. Stork will accept of my offer for it, without any other security than my own word, that dwelling shall be mine to-day, and we can move into it to-morrow."

"Oh! my dear Frants! you cannot think how reluctant I am to increase our debt to this Mr. Stork; believe me, he is not a good man, however friendly and courteous he may seem to be. Even my uncle could not always tolerate him, though it was not in his nature to dislike any of God's creatures. Whenever Mr. Stork came and began to talk about business and bills, my uncle became silent and gloomy, and always gave me a wink to retire to my chamber."

"I knew very well Mr. Stork was looking after you then," said Frants, with a smile of self-satisfaction, "but I was a more fortunate suitor. It was a piece of folly on the part of the old bachelor; all that, however, is forgotten now, and he has transferred the regard he once had for you to me. He never duns me for my rent; he lent me money at the time of the child's baptism, and he shows me more kindness than any one else does."

"But I cannot endure the way in which he looks at me, Frants, and I put no faith either in his friendship or his rectitude. The very house that he is now about to sell he scarcely came so honestly by as he gives out; and I cannot understand how he has so large a claim upon the property my uncle left. I never heard my uncle speak of it. God only knows what will remain for us when all these heavy claims that have been brought forward are satisfied; yet my uncle was considered a rich man."

"The lawyers and the proper court must settle that," replied Frants. "I only know this, that I should be a fool if I did not buy the house now."

"But, to say the truth, dear Frants," urged Johanna, in a supplicating tone, "I am almost afraid to go back to that house, dear as every corner of it has been to me from my childhood. I cannot reconcile myself to the reality of the painful circumstances said to have attended my poor uncle's death. And whenever I pass over *Long Bridge*, and near the dead-house for the drowned, with its low windows, I always feel an irresistible impulse to look in and see if he is not there still, waiting to be placed in his proper coffin, and decently buried in a churchyard."

"Ah! your brain is conjuring up a parcel of old nursery tales, my Johanna! We have nothing to fear from your good, kind uncle. If,

indeed, his spirit could be near us here on earth, it would only bring us blessings and happiness. I am quite easy on that score; he was a pious, God-fearing man, and there was nothing in *his* life to disturb his repose after death. Report said that he had drowned himself; but I am quite convinced that was not true. If I had not unluckily been away on my travels as a journeyman, and you with your dying aunt—your mother's sister—we would most likely have had him with us now. How often I have warned him against sailing about alone in Kalleboe Bay. But he would go every Sunday. As long as I was in his employ I always made a point of accompanying him; and when I went away, he promised me never to go without a boatman."

"Alas! that was an unfortunate Christmas!" sighed Johanna. "It was not until he had been advertised in the newspapers as missing, and Mr. Stork had recognised his corpse at the dead-house for the drowned, and had caused him to be secretly buried as a suicide,—it was not until all this was over, that I knew he had not been put into his own coffin, and laid in consecrated ground."

"Let us not grieve longer, dear Johanna, for what it was not in our power to prevent. But let us rather, in respect to the memory of our kind benefactor, put the house which he occupied, and where he worked for us, in order, inhabit it cheerfully, and rescue it from mysterious accusations and evil reports. *Our* welfare was all he thought of and laboured for."

"As you will, then, dear Frants," said Johanna, yielding to his arguments. She hastened at the same moment to take up from its cradle the child who had just awoke, and holding it out to its young father, she added, "May God protect this innocent infant, and spare it to us!"

Frants kissed the mother and the child, smoothed his brown hair, and taking his hat down from its peg, he hurried off to conclude the purchase on which he had set his heart. He returned in great spirits; and the next day the little family removed to the house which had belonged to Mr. Flok. Frants was rejoiced to see his old master's furniture, which he had bought at an auction, restored to its former place; and he felt almost as if the easy-chair and the bureau, formerly in the immediate use of the old man, must share in his gladness.

But the baker's wife at the corner of the street shrugged her shoulders and pitied the handsome young couple, whom she considered doomed to sickness and misfortune, because five corpses within the last six months had been carried out of that house, and because there was an inscription on its walls, that, however often it had been effaced, had always re-appeared: "THE DOOMED HOUSE" stood there, written in red characters, and all the old crones in the neighbourhood affirmed that the words were *written in blood*.

"Mark my words," said the baker's wife at the corner of the street to her daughter, "before the year is at an end we shall have another coffin carried out of that house."

Frants the joiner had bestirred himself to set all to rights in the long-neglected workshop, and Johanna had put the house in nice order, and arranged everything as it used to be in days gone by. The little parlour

with the green wainscoting, and the old-fashioned alcove, had its former chairs and tables replaced in it. The bureau occupied its ancient corner, and the easy-chair again stood near the stove, and seemed to await its master's return. Often, as the young couple sat together in the twilight, whilst the blaze of the fire in the stove cast a cheerful glare through its little grated door on the hearth beneath, they missed the old man, and talked of him with sadness and affection. But Johanna would sometimes glance timidly at the empty leather arm-chair; and when the moon shone in through the small window-panes, she would at times even fancy that she saw her uncle sitting there, but pale and bloody, and with dripping wet hair. She would then exclaim, "Let us have lights—the baby seems restless; I must see what is the matter with it."

One evening there were no candles down stairs—she had to go for them up to the storeroom in the garret. She lighted a small taper that was in the lantern, and went out of the room, while Frants rocked the infant's cradle to lull it to sleep. But she had only been a few minutes gone when he heard a noise as if of some one having fallen down in the loft above, and he also thought he heard Johanna scream. He quitted the cradle instantly, and rushing up-stairs after her he found her lying in a swoon near the coffin, with the lantern in her hand, though its light was extinguished. Exceedingly alarmed, he carried her down stairs, relighted the taper, and used every effort to recover her from her fainting fit. When she was better, and somewhat composed, he asked, in much anxiety, what had happened.

"Oh, I am as timid as a foolish child," said Johanna. "It was only my poor uncle's coffin up yonder that frightened me. I would have begged you to go and fetch the candles, but I was ashamed to own my silly fears, and when the current of air blew out the light in my lantern up there, it seemed to me as if a spectre's death-cold breathing passed over my face, and I fancied that I saw amidst the gloom the lid of the coffin rising—so I fainted away in my childish terror."

"That coffin shall not frighten you again," said Frants; "I will advertise it to-morrow for sale."

He did so, but ineffectually, for no one bought it. One day Mr. Stork made his appearance, bringing with him the contract and deed of sale. He was a tall, strongly-built man, with a countenance by no means pleasant, though it almost always wore a smile; but this smile, if narrowly scrutinised, had a sinister expression, and seemed to convulse his features. He sported a gaudy waistcoat, and was dressed like an old bachelor who was going on some matrimonial expedition, and wished to conceal his age. This day he was even more complaisant than usual; praised the beauty of the infant, remarked its likeness to its lovely mother, and offered Frants a loan of money to purchase new furniture, and make any improvements he might wish in the interior of the house.

Frants thanked him, but declined the offer, assuring him that he was quite satisfied with the house and furniture as they were, and wished everything about him to wear its former aspect. However, he said, he certainly would like to enlarge the workshop by adding to it the old lumber-room at the back of the house, the entrance to which he found was closed.

Mr. Stork then informed him that there was a door on the opposite

side of the lumber-room which opened into the house *he* occupied, and that he had lately been using this empty place as a cellar for his firewood ; but he readily promised to have it cleared out as speedily as possible, and to have the entrance into his own house stopped up. " Yet," he added, in a very gracious manner, " it is hardly necessary to have any separation between the two houses, when I have such respectable and agreeable neighbours as yourselves."

" What made you look so crossly at that excellent Mr. Stork, Johanna ?" asked her husband, when their visitor was gone. " I am sure he is kindness itself. He cannot really help that he has that unfortunate contortion of the mouth, which gives a peculiar expression to his countenance."

" I sincerely wish we had some other person as our neighbour, and had nothing to do with him !" exclaimed Johanna ; " I do not feel safe with such a man near us."

Frants now worked with equal diligence and pleasure, and often remained until a late hour in the workshop, especially if he had any order to finish. He preferred cabinet-making to the more common branches of his trade, and was always delighted when he had any pretty piece of furniture to construct from one of the finer sorts of wood. But he was best known as a coffin-maker, and necessity compelled him to undertake more of this gloomy kind of work than he liked. Often, when he was finishing a coffin, he would reflect upon all the sorrow, and perhaps calamity, which the work that provided him and his with bread would bring into the house into which it was destined to enter. And when he met people in high health and spirits on the public promenades, he frequently sighed to think how soon he might be engaged in nailing together the last earthly resting-places of these animated forms.

One night he was so much occupied in finishing a large coffin, that he did not remark how late it had become, until he heard the watchman call out " Twelve."

At that moment he fancied he heard a hollow voice behind him say, " Still hammering ! and for whom is that coffin ?" He started, dropped the hammer from his hand, and looked round in terror, but no one was to be seen. " It is the old gloomy thoughts creeping back into my mind and affecting my brain, now, at this ghostly hour of midnight," said he ; but he put away the hammer and nails, and took up his light to go to his bedroom. Before he reached the door of the workshop, however, the candle, which had burned down very low, quite in the socket of the candlestick, suddenly went out. He was left in the dark, and in vain he groped about to find the door ; at any other time he would have laughed at the circumstance, but now, it rather added to his annoyance that *three* times he found himself at the door of the lumber-room instead of getting hold of the one which opened into his house. The third time he came to it he stopped and listened, for he fancied he heard something moving within the empty room ; a light also glimmered through a chink in the door, which was fastened ; and on listening more attentively he thought he distinctly heard a sound as of buckets of water being dashed over the floor, and some one scrubbing it with a brush. " It is an odd time to scour the floor," he thought ; and then knocking at the door, and raising his voice, he called out loudly to ask who was there, and what they were

doing at so late an hour. At that moment the light disappeared, and all became as still as death.

"I must have been mistaken," thought Frants, as he again tried to find the door he had at first sought. In spite of himself, a dread of some evil, or of something supernatural, seemed to haunt him, and the image of his old master, who was drowned, appeared before him in that dark workshop where they had spent so many cheerful hours together. At last he found the door, and retired as quickly as possible to his chamber, where his wife and child were both fast asleep. He, too, at length fell asleep, but he was restless in his slumbers, and disturbed by strange dreams. In the course of the night he dreamed that his wife's uncle, Mr. Flok, stood before him, and said, "Why was I not placed in my coffin?—why was I not laid in a Christian burying-ground? Seek and you will find. Destroy the curse before it destroys you also!"

In the morning, when he awoke, he looked so pale and ill that Johanna was quite alarmed; but he did not like to frighten her by telling her his dreams; and, indeed, he was ashamed at the impression they had made upon himself, for notwithstanding all the confidence he had expressed in coming to the house, he could not help feeling nervous and uncomfortable.

Nor did the unpleasant sensation wear off; his gay spirits vanished, and he was also unhappy because the time was approaching when the purchase-money for the house would become due, and the settlement of the old man's affairs, to which he had looked forward in expectation of obtaining his wife's inheritance, seemed to be as far off as ever. He found it difficult to meet the small daily expenses of his family, and he feared the threatening future. "'Seek and you will find!'" he repeated to himself. "'Destroy the curse before it destroys you!' What curse? I begin to fear that there really is some evil doom connected with this house."

It was also a very unaccountable circumstance, that however often he scratched out the mysterious inscription from the wall, "*The Doomed House*," it appeared again next day in characters as fresh and as red as ever. His health began to give way under all his anxiety, and the child also became ill. One evening he had been taking a solitary walk to a spot which had now a kind of morbid fascination for him—the dead-house for the drowned—and when he returned home he found Johanna weeping by the cradle of her suffering infant.

"You were right," he exclaimed. "We were happier in our humble garret than in this ill-fated house. Would that we had remained there! Tell me, Johanna, of what are you thinking? Has the doctor been here? What does he say of our dear little one?"

"If it should get worse towards night, yonder lies our last hope," she replied, pointing towards the table.

Frants took up the prescription, and gazed on the incomprehensible Latin words as if therein he would have read his fate. The tears stood in his eyes.

"And to-morrow," said Johanna—"to-morrow will be a day of misery. Have you any means of paying Mr. Stork?"

"None whatever! But *that* is a small evil compared to *this*," he

answered, as he pointed to the feverish and moaning infant. "Have you been to the workshop?" he continued, after a pause; "the large coffin is finished; perhaps it may be our own last home—it would hold us all."

"Oh! if that could only be!" exclaimed Johanna, as she threw her arms round him—"could we only all three be removed together to a better world, there would be no more sorrow for us! But the hour of separation is close at hand; to-morrow, if you cannot pay Mr. Stork, you will be cast into prison, and I shall sit alone here with that dying child."

"What do you say? Cast into prison! How do you know that? Has that man been here frightening you? He has not hinted a syllable of such a threat to me."

Johanna then related to him how Mr. Stork had latterly often called under pretence of wishing to see Frants, but always when he was out. He had made himself very much at home, and had overwhelmed her with compliments and flattering speeches; he had also declared frequently that he would not trouble Frants for the money he owed him if *she* would pay the debt in another manner. At first, she said, she did not understand him, and when she *did* comprehend his meaning she did not like to mention it to Frants for fear of his taking the matter up warmly, and quarrelling with Stork, which would bring ruin on himself. Mr. Stork, however, had become more bold and presuming; and that very evening, on her repelling his advances and desiring him to quit her presence, he had threatened, that if she mentioned a syllable of what had passed to her husband—nay, further, if she were not prepared to change her behaviour towards himself—before another sun had set Frants should be thrown into prison for debt, and might congratulate himself, in that pleasant abode, on the fidelity of his wife.

"Well!" said Frants, with forced composure, "he has got me in his toils, but his pitiful baseness shall not crush me. I have indeed been blind not to detect the villany that lay behind that satanic smile, and improvident to let myself be deluded by his pretended friendship. But if the Almighty will only spare and protect you and that dear child, I shall not lose courage. Be comforted, my Johanna!"

It was now growing late—the child awoke from the restless sleep of fever—it seemed worse, and Frants ran to an apothecary's with the prescription. "The last hope!" sighed he, as he hurried along; "and if it should fail, who will console poor Johanna to-morrow evening, when I am in a prison, and she has to clad her child in its grave-clothes! Oh! how we shall miss you, sweet little angel! Was *this* the happiness I dreamt of in the old house? Yes, people are right—it *is* accursed!" The apothecary's shop was closed, but the prescription had been taken in through a little aperture in the door, and Frants sat down on the stone steps to wait until the medicine was ready. It was a clear, starry, December night, but the sorrowing father sat shivering in the cold, and gazing gloomily on the frozen pavement—he was not thinking of the stars or the skies. The watchman passed, and bade him good morning.

"It will be a good morning indeed for me," thought poor Frants—"a morning fraught with despair." At that moment the clock of a neigh-

bouring church struck *one*, and the watchman sang in a full bass voice these simple words:

"Help us, oh Jesus dear!
Our earthly cross to bear;
Oh grant us patience *here*,
And be our Saviour *there*!"

Frants heard the pious song, and a change seemed to come over his spirit; he raised his saddened eye to the magnificent heavens above, gazed at the calm stars which studded the deep blue vault, clasped his hands, and joined in the watchman's concluding words:

"Redeemer, grant thy blessed help
To make our burden light!"

A small phial with the medicine was just then handed out to him through the little sliding window; he paid his last coin for it, and full of hope that *his* burden would be lightened, hastened to his home.

"Did you hear what the watchman was singing, Johanna?" asked Frants, when he entered the little green parlour, where the young mother was watching by her child.

"Hush, hush!" she whispered; "he has fallen into an easy and quiet sleep. God will have pity upon us—our child will do well now."

"Why, Johanna, you look as happy as if an angel from Heaven had been with you telling you blessed truths."

"Yes, blessed truths have been communicated to me from Heaven!" replied Johanna, pointing to an old Bible which lay open upon the table. "Look! this is my good uncle's Bible, that I have not seen since he died; and, God forgive me! I have thought too little lately about any Bible. I found this one to-night far back on the highest shelf of the alcove, and its holy words have given me strength and comfort. Read this passage, Frants, about putting our whole trust in the Lord, whatever evils may befall us."

Frants read the portion pointed out to him, and then began to turn over the leaves of the well-worn, silver-clasped book. He found a number of pieces of paper here and there, but as he saw at a glance that they were only accounts and receipts, he did not care to examine them; but his attention was suddenly caught by a paper which appeared to be part of a journal kept by the old man the last year of his life. He looked through it eagerly, and Johanna observed with surprise that his countenance was darkening. At length he started up, and exclaimed:

"It is horrible—horrible, Johanna! Some one must have sought to take your uncle's life. See, here it is in his own handwriting—listen!" And he read aloud:

"God grant that my enemy's wicked plot may not succeed!—Why did I let my gold get into such iniquitous hands, and place my life at the mercy of one more ferocious than a wild beast? He has cunningly plundered me of my wealth—he has bound my tongue by an oath—and now he seeks to take my life in secret. But my money will not prosper in his unworthy hands; and accursed be the house over whose threshold his foot passes. There are human beings who can ruin others in all worldly matters; but mortal man has no power over the spirit when death sets it free."

"What can this mean?" cried Frants, almost wild with excitement. "Who is the mortal enemy to whom he alludes, but whom he does not name? Who has got possession of his house and means? The same person, no doubt, who bound him by an oath to silence, and threatened his life in secret—who proclaimed to the world that he had drowned himself, and caused him to be buried like a suicide. Why was no other acquaintance called to recognise the body? We have no certainty that the drowned man was he. Perhaps his bones lie nearer to us than we imagine. Ha! old master, in my dream I heard you say, 'Seek, and you shall find.' Why was I not put into consecrated ground?" Johanna, what do you think about that old lumber-room? There have been some mysterious doings there at midnight; there are some still. That floor is washed while we are sleeping. Before to-morrow's sun can rise, I shall have searched that den of murder from one end to the other."

"Oh, dearest Frants, how wildly you talk! You make me tremble."

But as Frants was determined to go, she sat down by the cradle to watch her sleeping child, while he took a light and proceeded to the workshop. There he seized a hatchet and crowbar, and thus provided with implements he approached the door of the locked chamber. "The room belongs to me," said he to himself; "who has a right to prevent me from entering it?" To force the door by the aid of the iron crowbar was the work of an instant, and without the slightest hesitation he went in, though it must be confessed he felt a momentary panic. But that wore off immediately, and he began at once to examine the place. Nothing appeared, however, to excite suspicion; there were some sacks of wood in a corner, and he emptied these, almost expecting to see one of them filled with the bones of dead men. But there was no appearance of anything of the kind. The floor appeared to have been recently washed, for it was yet scarcely dry. He then began to take up the boards.

At that moment he heard the handle of the door which led into the neighbouring house turning; holding the hatchet in one hand, and the light high above his head in the other, he put himself in an attitude of defence, while he called out, "Has any one a desire to assist me?"

Presently all was still. Frants put down his light and began hammering at the boards; almost unconsciously he also began to hum aloud an air which his old master used always to sing when he was engaged in finishing any piece of work. But he had not hammered or hummed long before the handle of the door was again turned. This time the door opened, and a tall white figure slowly entered, with an expression of countenance as hellish as if its owner had just come from the abode of evil spirits.

"What, at it again, old man? Will you go on hammering and nailing till doomsday? Must that song be heard to all eternity?" said a hollow but well-known voice; and Frants recognised with horror the ghastly pale and wild-looking sleep-walker, who, with eyes open, but fixed and glazed, and hair standing on end, had come in his night-gear from his sleeping-chamber.

"Where didst thou lay my bones?" said Frants, as if he had become suddenly insane. "Why was I not placed in my coffin? Why did I not enter a Christian burying-ground?"

"Your bones are safe enough," replied the pallid, terrible-looking dreamer. "No one will harm them under my pear-tree."

"But whom didst thou bury under my name, when, as a self-murderer, thou didst fasten on me the stain of guilt in death?" asked Frants, astonished and frightened at the sound of his own voice, for it seemed to him as if a spirit from the other world were speaking through his lips.

"It was the beggar," replied the wretched somnambulist, with a frightful contortion of his fiendish face, a sort of triumphant grin. "It was only the foreign beggar, to whom you gave your old grey cloak—but whom I—I—drove from my door that Christmas-eve."

"Where *he* lies, shalt thou rot—by *his* side shalt thou meet me on the great day of doom!" cried Frants, who hardly knew what he was saying. He had scarcely uttered these words when he heard a fearful sound—something between a shriek and a groan—and he stood alone with his light and his hatchet, for the howling figure had disappeared.

"Was it a dream?" gasped Frants, "or am I mad? Away, away from this scene of murder! But I know *now* where I shall find that which I seek."

He returned to Johanna, who was sitting quietly by the still sleeping child, and was reading the Holy Scriptures. Frants did not tell her what had taken place, and she was afraid to ask; he persuaded her to retire to rest, while he himself sat up all night to examine farther the papers in the old Bible. The next day he carried them to a magistrate, and the whole case was brought before a court of justice for legal inquiry and judgment.

"Was I not right when I said that a coffin would come out of that house before the end of the year?" exclaimed the baker's wife at the corner of the street to her daughter, when, some time after, a richly-ornamented coffin was borne out of Frants' house. The funeral procession, headed by Frants himself, was composed of all the joiners and most respectable artisans in the town, dressed in black.

"It is the coffin of old Mr. Flok," said the baker's daughter; "he is now going to be *really* buried, they say. I wonder if it be true that his bones were found under a tree in Mr. Stork's garden?"

"Quite true," responded a fishwoman, setting down her creel while she looked at the funeral procession. "Young Mr. Frants had everything proved before the judge, and that avaricious old Stork will have to give up his ill-gotten goods."

"Ay, and his ill-conducted life too, perhaps," said the man who kept the little tavern near, "if all be true that folks say—he murdered the worthy Mr. Flok."

"I always thought that fellow would be hanged some day or other; he tried to cheat me whenever he could," added the baker's wife.

"But they must catch him first," said another; "nothing has been seen of him these last three or four days."

On Christmas eve there sat a cheerful family in the late Mr. Flok's house near the canal. The child had quite recovered, and Frants, filling the old silver goblet with wine, drank many happy returns of the season to his dear Johanna.

"How little we expected a short time ago to be so comfortable now!" he exclaimed. "Here we are in our own house, which was intended for us by your kind uncle. I am no longer compelled to nail away alone at coffins until midnight, but can undertake more pleasant work, and keep apprentices and journeymen to assist me. My good old master's name is freed from reproach, and his remains now rest in consecrated ground, awaiting a blessed and joyful resurrection."

The lumber-room, with its fearful recollections, was shut up, the outside of the house was painted anew, and the mysterious inscription on the wall, thus obliterated, never reappeared.

One day, shortly after this favourable turn in their affairs, Frants had occasion to cross the Long Bridge, and as he passed near the dead-house for the drowned, he went up to the little window, saying to himself, "Now I can look in without any superstitious fears, for I know that my old master never drowned himself. *That* foul stain is no longer attached to his memory, and his remains have at length obtained Christian burial."

But when he glanced through the window he started back in horror, for the discoloured and swollen features of a dead man met his view; and in the dreadful-looking countenance before him he recognised that of the murderer Stork, who had been missing for some time.

"Miserable being!" he exclaimed, "and you have ended your guilty career by the same crime with which you charged an innocent man! None will miss you in this world, except the executioner, whose office you have taken on yourself. I know that you had planned my death; but, enemy as you were, I shall have you laid decently in the grave, and may the Almighty have mercy on your soul!"

Prosperity continued to attend the young couple; but the lessons of the past had taught them how unstable is all earthly good. The old family Bible—now a frequent and favourite study—became the guide of their conduct; and when their happiness was clouded by any misfortune, as all the happiness of this passing life must sometimes be, they resigned themselves without a murmur to the will of Providence, reminding each other of the watchman's song on the memorable night when all hope seemed to have abandoned them:

Redeemer, grant thy blessed help
To make our burden light!

AMERICAN AUTHORSHIP.

BY SIR NATHANIEL.

No. VI.—OLIVER WENDELL HOLMES.

PROFESSOR HOLMES is distinguished in *materia medica* as well as in lays and lyrics. He is familiar with the highways and byways of those

Realms unperfumed by the breath of song,
Where flowers ill-flavoured shed their sweets around,
And bitterest roots invade the ungenial ground,
Whose gems are crystals from the Epsom mine,
Whose vineyards flow with antimonial wine,
Whose gates admit no mirthful feature in,
Save one gaunt mocker, the Sardonic grin*—

and with rare devotion he pursues the sternly prosaic calls of the healing art—unable as his poetic temperament sometimes may be to repress a sigh for the beautiful, or a sonnet on the sublime, and, in passing disgust at the restraints of professional study, to ask himself,

Why dream I here within these caging walls,
Deaf to her voice while blooming Nature calls ;
Peering and gazing with insatiate looks
Through blinding lenses, or in wearying books ? †

But, resisting temptation, and cleaving with full purpose of heart to M.D. mysteries, with leech-like tenacity to the leech's functions, he secures a more stable place in medical annals than many a distinguished medico-literary brother, such as Goldsmith, or Smollett, or Akenside. Nor can the temptation have been slight, to one with so kindly a *penchant* towards the graces of good fellowship, and who can analyse with such sympathetic gusto what he calls "the warm, champagne, old-particular, brandy-punchy feeling"—and who may arrogate a special mastery of the

Quaint trick to cram the pithy line
That cracks so crisply over bubbling wine.

Evidently, too, he is perfectly alive to the pleasure and pride of social applause, and accepts the "three times three" of round-table glorification as rightly bestowed. Indeed, in more than one of his *morceaux*, he plumes himself on a certain irresistible power of waggyery, and even thinks it expedient to vow never to give his jocosity the full length of its tether, lest its side-shaking violence implicate him in unjustifiable homicide.

His versification is smooth and finished, without being tame or strait-laced. He takes pains with it, because to the poet's paintings 'tis

Verse bestows the varnish and the frame—

and study, and a naturally musical ear, have taught him that

* Urania.

† Astræa.

Our grating English, whose Teutonic jar
Shakes the racked axle of Art's rattling car,
Fits like mosaic in the lines that gird
Fast in its place each many-angled word.

In his own "Poetry: a Metrical Essay," he marks how

The proud heroic, with its pulse-like beat,
Rings like the cymbals clashing as they meet ;
The sweet Spenserian, gathering as it flows,
Sweeps gently onward to its dying close,
Where waves on waves in long succession pour,
Till the ninth billow melts along the shore.

His management of the "proud heroic," in serious and sustained effect reminds us more of Campbell than any other poet we can name. It is in that school of graceful *badinage* and piquant satire, represented among ourselves by such writers as Frere, and Spencer, and Mackintosh, that Dr. Holmes is most efficient. Too earnest not to be at times a grave censor, too thoughtful not to introduce occasionally didactic passages, too humane and genial a spirit to indulge in the satirist's sneer, and snappish moroseness, he has the power to be pure and mordant in sarcasm to an alarming degree, while his will temper his irony with so much good-humour, fun, mercurial fancy and generous feeling, that the more gentle hearts of the more gentle sex pronounce him excellent, and wish only he would leave physic for song.

In some of his poems the Doctor is not without considerable pomp and pretension—we use the terms in no slighting tone. "Poetry: a Metrical Essay," parts of "Terpsichore," "Urania," and "Astræa," "Pitt Cemetery," "The Ploughman," and various pieces among the lighter effusions, are marked by a dignity, precision, and sonorous elevation often highly effective. The diction occasionally becomes almost ambitious—verging on the efflorescence of a certain English Dialect—Erasmus Darwin—so that we now and then pause to make sure that it is not the satirist in his *bravura*, instead of the bard in his solemnity, that we hear. Such passages as the following come with a stint:

If passion's hectic in thy stanzas glow,
Thy heart's best life-blood ebbing as they flow ;
If with thy verse thy strength and bloom distil,
Drained by the pulses of the fevered thrill ;
If sound's sweet effluence polarise thy brain,
And thoughts turn crystals in thy fluid strain—
Nor rolling ocean, nor the prairie's bloom,
Nor streaming cliffs, nor rayless cavern's gloom,
Need'st thou, young poet, to inform thy line ;
Thy own broad signet stamps thy song divine !*

Fragments of the Lichfield physician's "Botanic Garden," and "I of the Plants," seem recalled—revised and corrected, if you will—in where the Boston physician so picturesquely discriminates

The scythe's broad meadow with its dusky blush ;
The sickle's harvest with its velvet flush ;

* Urania.

The green-haired maize, her silken tresses laid,
In soft luxuriance, on her harsh brocade ;
The gourd that swells beneath her tossing plume ;
The coarser wheat that rolls in lakes of bloom—
Its coral stems and milk-white flowers alive
With the wide murmurs of the scattered hive ;
The glossy apple with the pencilled streak
Of morning painted on its southern cheek ;
The pear's long necklace, strung with golden drops,
Arched, like the banyan, o'er its hasty props ; &c.*

Many of the more laboured efforts of his Muse have an imposing eloquence—rather crude and unchastened, however, and to be ranked perhaps with what himself now calls his “questionable extravagances.” To the class distinguished by tenderness of feeling, or a quietly pervading pathos, belong—with varying orders of merit—the touching stanzas entitled “Departed Days,” the pensive record of “An Evening Thought,” “From a Bachelor's Private Journal,” “La Grisette,” “The Last Reader,” and “A Souvenir.” How natural the exclamation in one for the first time conscious of a growing chill in the blood and calmness in the brain, and an ebbing of what *was* the sunny tide of youth :

Oh, when love's first, sweet, stolen kiss
Burned on my boyish brow,
Was that young forehead worn as this ?
Was that flushed cheek as now ?
Were that wild pulse and throbbing heart
Like these, which vainly strive,
In thankless strains of soulless art,
To dream themselves alive ?†

And again this mournful recognition of life's inexorable onward march, and the “dislimning” of what memory most cherishes :

But, like a child in ocean's arms,
We strive against the stream,
Each moment farther from the shore,
Where life's young fountains gleam ;
Each moment fainter wave the fields,
And wider rolls the sea ;
The mist grows dark—the sun goes down—
Day breaks—and where are we ?‡

An interfusion of this pathetic vein with quaint humour is one of Dr. Holmes's most notable “qualities :” as in the stanzas called “The Last Leaf,” where childhood depicts old age tottering through the streets—contrasting the shrivelled weakness of the decrepit man with the well-vouched tradition of his past comeliness and vigour :

But now he walks the streets,
And he looks at all he meets
Sad and wan ;
And he shakes his feeble head,
That it seems as if he said,
“They are gone.”

* Pittsfield Cemetery.
Sept.—VOL. XCIX. NO. CCCXIII.

† An Evening Thought.

‡ Departed Days.

The mossy marbles rest
On the lips that he has prest
In their bloom,
And the names he loved to hear
Have been carved for many a year
On the tomb.

My grandmamma has said,—
Poor old lady, she is dead
Long ago,—
That he had a Roman nose,
And his cheek was like a rose
In the snow.

But now his nose is thin,
And it rests upon his chin
Like a staff,
And a crook is in his back,
And a melancholy crack
In his laugh.

I know it is a sin
For me to sit and grin
At him here ;
But the old three-cornered hat,
And the breeches, and all that,
Are so queer !

And if I should live to be
The last leaf upon the tree
In the spring,—
Let them smile, as I do now,
At the old forsaken bough
Where I cling.

These admirable verses—set in so aptly framed a metre too—would alone suffice to make a reputation. In a like spirit, dashed with a few drops of the Thackeray essence, are the lines headed “Questions and Answers,”—among the queries and responses being these sarcastic sentimentalisms :

Where, O where are the visions of morning,
Fresh as the dew of our prime ?
Gone, like tenants that quit without warning,
Down the back entry of time.

Where, O where are life's lilies and roses,
Nursed in the golden dawn's smile ?
Dead as the bulrushes round little Moses,
On the old banks of the Nile.

Where are the Marys, and Anns, and Elisas,
Loving and lovely of yore ?
Look in the columns of old Advertisers,—
Married and dead by the score.

In such alliance of the humorous and fanciful lies a main charm in this writer's productions. Fancy he has in abundance, as he proves on all occasions, grave and gay. Sometimes, indeed, he indulges in similes that may be thought rather curious than felicitous : as where he speaks of the “half-built tower,” which, thanks to Howe's artillery,

Wears on its bosom, as a bride might do,
The iron breast-pin which the "Rebels" threw.*

A steam-boat is likened to a wild nymph, now veiling her shadowy form, while through the storm sounds the beating of her restless heart — now answering,

— like a courtly dame,
The reddening surges o'er,
With flying scarf of spangled flame,
The Pharos of the shore.†

Gazing into a lady's eyes, he sees a matter of

Ten thousand angels spread their wings
Within those little azure rings.‡

The Spirit of Beauty he bids

Come from the bowers where summer's life-blood flows
Through the red lips of June's half-open rose.§

In his summary of metrical forms :

The glittering lyric bounds elastic by,
With flashing ringlets and exulting eye,
While every image, in her airy whirl,
Gleams like a diamond on a dancing girl.||

We are told how

Health flows in the rills,
As their ribands of silver unwind from the hills.¶

And again, of a

Stream whose silver-braided rills|
Fling their unclasping bracelets from the hills.**

In such guise moves the Ariel fancy of the poet. In its more Puck-like, tricky, mirthful mood, it is correspondingly sportive. A comet wanders

Where darkness might be bottled up and sold for "Tyrian dye."††
Of itinerant musicians—the

Discords sting through Burns and Moore, like hedgehogs dressed in lace.‡‡

A post-prandial orator of a *prononcé* facetious turn, is warned that—

All the Jack Horners of metrical buns,
Are prying and fingering to pick out the puns.§§

A strayed rustic stares through the wedged crowd,

Where in one cake a throng of faces runs,
All stuck together like a sheet of buns.||||

But we are getting Jack-Hornerish, and must forbear ; *not* for lack of puns, though.

The wit and humour, the *vers de société* and the *jeux-d'esprit* of Dr. Holmes, bespeak the gentleman. Not that he is prim or particular, by

* Urania. † The Steam-boat. ‡ Stanzas. § Pittsfield Cemetery.

¶ Poetry.

¶ Song for a Temperance Dinner.

** Pittsfield Cemetery.

†† The Comet.

‡‡ The Music-grinders.

§§ Verses for After Dinner.

|||| Terpsichore.

any means; on the contrary, he loves a bit of racy diction, and has no objection to a sally of slang. Thus, in a lecture on the toilet, he is strict about the article of gloves :

Shave like the goat, if so your fancy bids,
But be a parent,—don't neglect your kids. *

A superlative Mr. Jolly Green is shown up,

Whom schoolboys question if his walk transcends
The last advices of maternal friends†—

which polite periphrasis is discarded where Achilles' death is mourned,

Accursed heel that killed a hero stout !
O, had your mother known that you were out,
Death had not entered at the trifling part
That still defies the small surgeon's art
With corns and bunions.‡

The last passage is from a protracted play upon words, in which poor Hood is emulated—though the author owns that

Hard is the job to launch the desperate pun,
A pun-job dangerous as the Indian one"—

in unskilful hands turned back on one's self "by the current of some stronger wit," so that,

Like the strange missile which the Australian throws,
Your verbal boomerang slaps you on the nose.

A punster, however, Dr. Holmes will be—and already we have had a taste of his quality in the kid-glove case ; so again, the "bunions" annexed to the Achilles catastrophe reminds him to explain, that he refers not to

The glorious John
Who wrote the book we all have pondered on,—
But other bunions, bound in fleecy hose,
To "Pilgrim's Progress" unrelenting foes !§

A gourmand, sublimely contemptuous of feasts of reason, argues that

Milton to Stilton must give in, and Solomon to Salmon,
And Roger Bacon be a bore, and Francis Bacon gammon.¶

And the irresistible influence of collegiate convivial associations is thus illustrated :

We're all alike ;—Vesuvius flings the scoræ from his fountain,
But down they come in volleying rain back to the burning mountain;
We leave, like those volcanic stones, our precious Alma Mater,
But will keep dropping in again to see the dear old crater.¶

As a satirist, to shoot Folly as it flies, Dr. Holmes bends a bow of strength. His arrows are polished, neatly pointed, gaily feathered, and whirr through the air with cutting emphasis. And he hath his quiver full of them. But, to his honour be it recorded, he knows how and when to stay his hand, and checks himself if about to use a shaft of undue size and weight, or dipped in gall of bitterness. Then he pauses, and says :

Come, let us breathe ; a something not divine
Has mingled, bitter, with the flowing line—

* Urania.

† Astræa.

‡ A Modest Request.

§ Ibid.

¶ Nux Postcœnatica.

¶ Ibid.

for if he might lash and lacerate with Swift, he prefers to tickle and titillate with Addison, and therefore adds, in such a case,

If the last target took a round of grape
To knock its beauty something out of shape,
The next asks only, if the listener please,
A schoolboy's blowpipe and a gill of pease.*

Genial and good-natured, accordingly, he appears throughout—using his victims as old Izaak did his bait, as though he loved them—yet taking care that the hook shall do its work. Among the irksome shams of the day, he is “smart” upon those cant-mongers who

With uncouth phrases tire their tender lungs,
The same bald phrases on their hundred tongues ;
“Ever” “The Ages” in their page appear,
“Alway” the bedlamite is called a “Seer;”
On every leaf the “earnest” sage may scan,
Portentous bore ! their “many-sided” man,—
A weak eclectic, groping vague and dim,
Whose every angle is a half-starved whim,
Blind as a mole and curious as a lynx,
Who rides a beetle, which he calls a “Sphinx.”†

Here is another home-thrust :

The pseudo-critic-editorial race
Owns no allegiance but the law of place ;
Each to his region sticks through thick and thin,
Stiff as a beetle spiked upon a pin.
Plant him in Boston, and his sheet he fills
With all the slipslop of his threefold hills,
Talks as if Nature kept her choicest smiles
Within his radius of a dozen miles,
And nations waited till his next Review
Had made it plain what Providence must do.
Would you believe him, water is not damp
Except in buckets with the Hingham stamp,
And Heaven should build the walls of Paradise
Of Quincy granite lined with Wenham ice.‡

Elsewhere he counsels thus, *festina lente*, his impetuous compatriots :

Don't catch the fidgets ; you have found your place
Just in the focus of a nervous race,
Fretful to change, and rabid to discuss,
Full of excitements, always in a fuss ;—
Think of the patriarchs ; then compare as men
These lean-cheeked maniacs of the tongue and pen !
Run, if you like, but try to keep your breath ;
Work like a man, but don't be worked to death ;
And with new notions,—let me change the rule,—
Don't strike the iron till it's slightly cool.§

Once more : there is pithy description in a list he furnishes of

Poems that shuffle with superfluous legs
A blindfold minuet over addled eggs,

* Astræa.

† Terpsichore.

‡ Astræa.

§ Urania.

Where all the syllables that end in *ed*,
 Like old dragons, have cuts across the head;—
 Essays so dark Champollion might despair
 To guess what mummy of a thought was there,
 Where our poor English, striped with foreign phrase,
 Looks like a Zebra in a parson's chaise. . . .
 Mesmeric pamphlets, which to facts appeal,
 Each fact as slippery as a fresh-caught eel; &c., &c.*

There is pleasant and piquant raillery in the stanzas to "My Aunt," who, mediæval as she is, good soul! still "strains the aching clasp that binds her virgin zone:"

I know it hurts her,—though she looks as cheerful as she can;
 Her waist is ampler than her life, for life is but a span.

My aunt! my poor deluded aunt! her hair is almost grey:
 Why will she train that winter curl in such a spring-like way?
 How can she lay her glasses down, and say she reads as well,
 When, through a double convex lens, she just makes out to spell?

Que de jolis vers, et de spirituelles malices!

And so again in "The Parting Word," which maliciously predicts, stage by stage, in gradual but rapid succession, the feelings of a shallow-hearted damsel after parting with her most devoted—from tearing of jetty locks and waking with inflamed eyes, to complacent audience of a new swain, three weeks after date. We like Dr. Holmes better in this style of graceful banter than when he essays the more broadly comic—as in "The Spectre Pig," or "The Stethoscope Song." The lines "On Lending a Punch-bowl" are already widely-known and highly-esteemed by British readers—and of others which deserve to be so, let us add those entitled "Nux Postcœnatica," "The Music-grinders," "The Dorchester Giant," and "Daily Trials,"—which chronicles the acoustic afflictions of a sensitive man, beginning at daybreak with yelping pug-dog's Memnonian sun-ode, closing at night with the lonely caterwaul,

Tart solo, sour duet, and general squall,

of feline miscreants, and including during the day the accumulated eloquence of women's tongues, "like polar needles, ever on the jar," and drum-beating children, and peripatetic hurdy-gurdies, and child-crying bell-men—an ascending series of torments, a sorites of woes!

On the whole, here we have, in the words of a French critic, "un poète d'élite et qui comte: c'est une nature individuelle très-fine et très-marquée"—one to whom we owe "des vers gracieux et aimables, vifs et légers, d'une gaieté nuancée de sentiment." And one that we hope to meet again and again.

* Terpsichore.

STORY OF THE CADI AND THE ROBBER.

FROM THE ARABIC. BY A. H. BLEECK, ESQ.

It is related that there was in the time of Haroun ar-Raschid, a cadi named Mohammed bin Mokatil, who was celebrated for his learning and good breeding, and well skilled in divinity and jurisprudence.

And on a certain night he was reading on his couch, and he read till he alighted on the *surat** in which the Prophet† (The blessing and peace of Allah be upon him) saith, "Most acceptable is prayer in the green places and in the gardens." And the cadi said in his soul, "It will not be proper unless in this very night I mount my mule and ride to my garden, and pray in it." And the distance between him and the garden was a league.

And the cadi arose and put on his clothes, and mounted his mule, and set out. And as he was on the road, behold a robber shouted out to him and said, "Halt in thy place."

And the cadi stopped, and lo! a man who was a thief and a highwayman; and he called to the cadi with a loud voice to terrify him. And the cadi said, "Art thou not ashamed before me, and I a cadi of the Mussulmans?"

And the robber replied, "Are not you afraid of me, and I a robber of the Mussulmans? Oh, wonderful cadi! wherefore have you come forth alone, clothed in this rich apparel, and mounted on such a beautiful mule, and have set out on the road without a companion? This arises from your small sense and great ignorance."

And the cadi said, "Wullahy! I thought that certainly the dawn approached."

And the robber answered, "This is wonderful again; how can you be a cadi and not know the hours of the night-watches, nor the constellations, nor the planets, nor the position of the moon, and have no knowledge of the stars?"

And the cadi replied, "Have you not heard the saying of the Prophet, 'Whoso believeth in the stars is an infidel?'"

And the robber answered, "The Prophet hath spoken truly; but as for you, oh cadi, you have taken one saying of the Prophet, and have omitted the words of the most high Allah in his holy book, 'Verily we have placed the stars in the heavens, and adorned them before the eyes of the beholders.' And in another verse, 'And signs, and they have believed in the Pleiades.' And again, 'We have placed the stars for you to guide you in the darkness both by land and by sea.' In short, there are other well-known passages respecting the knowledge of this science, and you pretend to be a cadi of the Mussulmans, and do not know the hours of prayer! Cease to display your ignorance, nor with your small wit attempt to dispute with me, but dismount from your mule, strip off your garments, and cut short your discourse, for I am in a hurry."

* A verse of the Koran.

† The Mussulmans never mention their Prophet without immediately subjoining the above formula, which occurs so often in the text that I have for the most part omitted it, to avoid endless repetitions.

And the cadi was astonished at his words, and at the eloquence of his tongue, and said to him, "By Allah the most high, what hour of the night is this in which our meeting has taken place?"

And the robber answered, "It is the hour when the moon is in Scorpion, and the planet Jupiter in the cusp of Mars, and this hour is suitable only for theft; and if, oh worshipful cadi, you desired to rob, you could not have chosen a more favourable time than this, but if you wished to travel, you should not have started till the third hour of the day was past, and should not have set out to your garden till the sun had risen."

And the cadi laughed, and said, "Wullahy! I should not have set out in this hour but for the words of the Prophet, 'Most acceptable is prayer in the green places and in the gardens.'"

And the robber returned, "Alas for you! you have taken one text and left another."

And the cadi asked, "What text is that which I have left?"

And he replied, "Have you not heard His saying, 'Seek a companion before journeying?' If there had been a companion with you I should not have approached you or spoken to you; but, because of your forsaking this holy text, Allah has cast you into my net. But come, descend from your mule, strip off your clothes, and cut short your words, for day draws near, and I must be gone."

The cadi said to him, "Do you possess any learning?"*

The robber said "Yes."

The cadi continued, "Have you not heard the saying of the Prophet, upon whom be the blessing of Allah?"

"What saying?" returned the thief.

The cadi said, "'The true believer is he from whose hands and tongue all men are safe.'"

And the robber answered, "The Prophet has spoken truly, but as for you, you pretend, oh cadi, to be a doctor of theology, yet have no learning."†

The cadi said, "How is this?"

And the thief replied, "You imagined that prayer would be acceptable without alms, though Allah has said, 'Pray, and bestow alms.' And again the Prophet says, 'He who prays and bestows not alms is like a tree without fruit.' Now, you have wealth, and give no alms, wherefore I desire to take away your clothes and your mule for the sake of charity. You are an avaricious man, and some day you will die, and be raised again, and God will call you to account. Have you not heard the words of Allah, 'In that day we will seal their mouths, and their hands shall confess, and their feet shall bear witness of what they have amassed?' But come, strip, and descend from the back of thy mule, and cut short thy words, for I am in haste."

And the cadi said, "For the sake of Allah injure me not, since of a truth he who does harm to the Mussulmans is a devil."

And the robber made answer, "If I am a devil, thou art an infidel."

And the cadi said, "Where is the proof of my infidelity?"

* By learning (علم) the cadi means especially *theological* knowledge.

† *V. supra.*

The robber answered, "Allah hath said, 'Verily we have sent devils against the infidels to torment them with torments.'"

And the cadi said, "Are you not ashamed before me, who am cadi of the Mussulmans?"

The robber answered, "Are not you, rather, ashamed before me, who am a thief of the Mussulmans?"

And the cadi said to him, "Woe to you! have you not heard the saying of the Prophet, 'Shame is a part of faith?'"

The robber replied, "Oh, marvel of marvels! Oh, cadi without knowledge and without learning! Do you not know that 'Shame is a hindrance to gaining a livelihood?' and are not you, a learned man, ashamed in the presence of one as learned as yourself? Truly the Prophet has declared, 'The learned are the heirs of the prophets, and the people of the Koran are the people of God;' and I am of the people of God, for I have read the Koran according to the seven readings and the seven editions."

The cadi said, "Tell me the seven editions."

And the thief replied to him, "I will; but I will by no means forbear to take thy clothes and thy mule. The seven editions are those of Nafa', Ibn Katheer, Abu 'Omr bin el-Ala, Abu 'Amir es-Shafi, Hamzah, and Al-Kasai."*

And the cadi was astonished at the robber when he found him to be the most learned of his age. Then the cadi said to him, "Dost thou know all this, and yet knowest not the fear of God? You wish to despoil me of my clothes and my mule unjustly; but God has said, 'The curse of Allah is on the unjust;' do thou take heed to thy soul, lest thou be of the accursed."

The robber answered, "Allah has spoken truth; but tell me which of us is unjust, you or I?"

And the cadi said to him, "Thou art unjust in thy soul;" and he continued, "Fear God, and put away covetousness, for Allah has said, 'Oh, man, reverence thy Lord;' and again, 'Fear Allah, for Allah is with them that fear him.'"

And the thief replied, "Allah hath said truly; but in another verse He saith, 'Say, oh my servants, who have incurred guilt upon your souls, do not despair of the mercy of Allah, for He pardons all sins, because He is merciful and forgiving;' and I will not let thee go till I have taken away thy clothes and thy mule; and after that I will turn to Allah, and He will accept my repentance. Have you not heard the saying, 'It is He who receives the repentance of his servants, and pardons their crimes?' And again the Prophet hath said, 'He who repents of his misdeeds is as one in whom is no sin;' so strip off your clothes, alight from your mule, and cut short idle words, otherwise I will kill thee, for day draws near."

And the cadi said to him, "Have you not read the saying of the Most High, 'Whosoever shall kill a Mussulman designedly, hell shall be his portion for ever, and the wrath and the curse of Allah shall be upon him, and I will punish him with a mighty punishment?'"

And the robber answered, "The words of Allah are true; but in another verse He saith, 'He who turns from his injustice and amends,

* The seventh name is omitted in the Arabic text.

behold Allah will turn to him, for He is merciful and compassionate.' And He saith, 'Verily, whoso repents and believes and does good works, God will change his (former) evil deeds into good ones, for He is merciful and gracious;' and I will not alter my purpose of taking away thy clothes and thy mule."

And the cadi said to him, "Have you not heard the words of the Prophet, 'Allah has forbidden to touch the property of Mussulmans even as He has forbidden to touch their lives?' and again He saith, 'It is not lawful to take the goods of a Moslem, save with his consent.'"

And the robber answered, "We two are brethren, and is it lawful for you to heap up wealth and costly garments while I am poor and naked; weary and hungry? But dismount and strip, and cut short your talk."

And the cadi replied, "Allah does not change the condition of men till they have changed their hearts."

The thief said, "Allah hath spoken truly, but you changed your heart when you were lying on your couch, and came out in the night, and Allah has been wrath with you, and has thrown you into my net, so alight and strip, and hold your tongue, and don't blame me, but blame yourself."

And the cadi said to him, "Fear God—have you not heard that the wrath of God is terrible?"

The robber answered, "He hath said true; but do not you fear Allah, who devour the property of orphans? Have you not heard respecting those who devour the substance of orphans, that the fire of hell shall consume their entrails, and they shall pray to their own hurt? And you, oh cadi, devour the goods of orphans, wherefore Allah has cast thee into my net; but I will not slay thee, only I will take away thy clothes, and thy mule, and will not leave them to thee."

And the cadi said, "Wherefore wilt thou not be merciful towards me? The Prophet hath said, 'Be merciful and you shall obtain mercy;' and Allah inspired David (the blessing and peace of God be upon him) to say 'Be merciful to the dweller upon earth, and He who dwelleth in the heavens will be merciful to you;' wherefore, oh robber, have compassion on me, and Allah will have compassion on thee."

The thief replied, "Allah and his prophet have spoken truly, but I will not show mercy to thee, for no one has shown mercy to me, save Allah; and I, oh worshipful cadi, have need of your clothes and your mule, and you are rich."

And the cadi said, "What is there between me and between thee? I am a cadi and you are a robber, *notorious* for your thefts: but listen to the words of the Most High, 'Your riches are in heaven, and all that has been promised you.'"

And the robber answered, "Allah has spoken truly; but have you not read in another verse, 'We have divided the means of subsistence in the life of this world among them, and we have placed some in a higher rank than others?' and as for me, oh venerable cadi, God has given me no portion save theft, wherefore dismount and strip, and cut short your conversation."

And the cadi said, "Let me go, and incur not this blame and this reproach, for by Allah thou art near to perdition, and this arises solely from thy small reverence for Allah, and for me who am cadi of the Faithful, wherefore you desire to strip me unjustly of my clothes and mule."

And the robber made answer, "I have never met with a more foolish person than you; nor since I have been a thief have I seen any one travelling with such (fine) clothes, at such an hour of the night; but this arises from your small sense and great ignorance, so dismount and strip, and escape with your life in safety. Have you not heard the saying of the Prophet, 'Whoso explains the Koran without understanding it, truly his abode shall be in the fire of hell?' and know that theft is a means of subsistence, and if I abandon it, know that I shall be more foolish than you, for truly the blessed Prophet has said, 'He who does not turn his knowledge to account reaps loss from his ignorance.' And He saith, 'The sleep of the wise is a pious action;' and again, 'The sleep of the learned is better than the good works of the ignorant,' and if you, oh worshipful cadi, had slept in your bed and prayed on your *musjid*, or in your closet, it would have been better for you; but come, dismount and strip, and cease talking, for time presses."

And the cadi was unable to reply, so he said, "There is nothing good in theft."

And the robber laughed, and said, "Oh venerable magistrate, how can you pretend to be a cadi, who are so defective in wisdom as to know nothing? If you had said, 'The blessing of Allah is not with theft, you would have spoken truly;' but how, oh cadi, am I not to steal, when every year I need thirty-six yards of cloth? If I had any money to purchase it, I would never steal."

The cadi replied, "Allah does not bless the deeds of the wicked."

And the robber said, "It is you who are a sinner, and a great one, for coming out alone in the night and injuring your own self, and Allah has thrown you into my net, and were you to repeat to me a thousand sayings and a thousand verses, from the Koran, the Pentateuch, the Gospel, and the Psalms, I would not leave you your clothes or your mule."

And when the cadi saw his vehemence, he knew that he would infallibly take his clothes and his mule, so he said to him, "Well then, by the blessing of Allah, come with me."

And the robber said, "Where do you wish me to go?"

The cadi replied, "I wish you to come with me to the garden-gate, that I may give you my clothes and my mule."

And the robber said, "Cut short such language to me, oh reverend cadi, for you desire to make game of me by leading me to the garden-gate, since you would call out to your slaves and domestics to seize me and guard me till the morning, and then you would sit down on your seat of judgment, and would pronounce sentence against me, according to the words of Allah, 'And as for thieves, both male and female, thou shalt cut off their hands;' for I, oh cadi, have read the Koran, and have sat in the assemblies of the learned. Have you not heard the saying of the Most High, 'Do not go to meet your own destruction?'"

"I swear to you," said the cadi, "that I will give you a solemn pledge and make a faithful compact, and never break it."

The robber answered, "My father told me that my grandfather told him, on the authority of Abu Horairah (may Allah be pleased with him), that the Prophet said, 'Whoso changeth my commandments, my curse and the curse of Allah shall be upon him, and I will not answer for him.'"

on the day of resurrection.' Now I, oh venerable cadi, do not desire to be of the company of the accursed."

"I swear to you," said the cadi, "an inviolable oath, that I will not act treacherously to you."

And the robber said to him, "I have heard from my father, who had it from my grandfather, who had it from Ali bin Abu Talib (may Allah be gracious to him), who had it from our blessed Prophet, that to break an improper (*i. e.* extorted) oath is no crime—but come, dismount and strip."

And the cadi was unable to find an answer, so he dismounted from the back of his mule, and stripped off his clothes, and delivered them to the robber, and there remained to him only his shirt.

And the robber asked him, "Have you another shirt at home?"

And he said, "Yes."

The robber said, "My father told me that my grandfather told him that Abu Horairah (may Allah reward him) related, that the blessed Prophet has said, 'The prayer of a naked man is good.'"

And the cadi said to him, "How? Must I strip, and pray naked?"

The robber answered, "This arises from your ignorance. What do you say of a man who has been shipwrecked, and who escapes from the sea naked: - is his prayer good or not?"

He replied, "It is good."

The thief rejoined, "Your condition is the same as his."

And the cadi took off his shirt, and gave it to the robber.

Then the robber saw on his hand a signet-ring worth five *mithkals*, and he said to him, "Oh reverend cadi, give me the signet-ring, that I may remember you gratefully, according to the saying of the Prophet, 'Verily let deeds be sealed.'"*

And the cadi replied, "This is the ring of prayer."

The thief rejoined, "This is not correct—and how can a cadi dare to lie? The ring is on your right hand, whereas if it were the ring of prayer it would be on your left hand."

And the cadi was unable to make any reply; but after a moment's thought he said, "Can you play chess?"

The robber answered, "Yes."

And the cadi said, "Let us make a match, and if you beat me the ring is yours, but if I beat you it remains mine."

The thief replied, "I am content."

And they played, and the robber won; so the cadi took off his ring, and said to the thief, "Thou art the doctor of law, and I (only) a learned man; thou art the reader of the Koran and I the questioner, and it is you who are the (better) player." And he threw him the ring, and said, "May the blessing of Allah not go with it."

And the robber took it, and said, "May Allah not accept the sacrifice from thee."

Then the cadi went to his house, naked and vexed in mind, and he

* It is difficult to give the Arabic pun any force in English, but it will render it more intelligible to observe that, in the East, every man of property has his name engraved on a signet-ring; and no document can be authenticated by him unless he seal it with this: a signature in his own handwriting merely, not being valid.

entered his house, and slept till the day appeared. And he said to his wife, "Bring me some clothes," and she brought them. And he made the morning prayer, and when he had finished his prayer he sat down on his seat of judgment grieved at heart.

And his wife said to him, "Why art thou sorrowful, oh my lord?"

And he related unto her the story from the beginning to the end, and said to her, "If this robber had disputed with Malik, or Abu Hanyfeh, or Es-Shafai, or the Imam Ahmed bin Hambel, he would have overcome them, and taken away their clothes, with his arguments and traditions."

And while they were talking, behold a knock at the gate; and he said, "Oh, wife! see who is there."

And she said to him, "A man riding on a mule with some clothes."

And he said, "Shut the door, that the robber may not enter into us."

And he had not finished speaking when the robber entered, and sat down in the seat of honour without giving the salam.

And the cadi said, "Why have you not given the salam? Do you not know that the proof of a true believer is the salam?"

The robber answered, "The salam presents one of two aspects, either fear or covetousness; now I neither fear or covet."

And the cadi said, "Why have you come to me, and what do you want with me?"

"I am come, oh worshipful cadi," replied the thief, "on account of something which you have forgotten."

"What is that?" said the cadi.

And the robber answered, "When I parted from you and returned to my house I lit a lamp, and turned over some of my books, and I found, oh reverend sir, that a cadi is a slave." (A Mamluk.)

And the cadi said, "Refrain your tongue from these words, and tell me what you want of me, and what is your intention."

And the robber answered, "After I had left you last night I bought a house for fifty dinars, and your ring was only worth five dinars, so I am come to you that you may give me the remainder; and if you will give them to me I will write you a quittance with my own hand, that there shall be no lawsuit, and no demand between me and thee."

And the cadi said, "With all my heart."

And he gave him the money, and the robber went out and left him and departed.

And the cadi's wife came to him and said, "Was it not sufficient what he did to you yesterday, but he must come again to-day?"

And the cadi said, "Be silent, lest he hear your words and return, and claim you as his wife, and prove it by demonstrations and arguments from the traditions and the Koran."

And this is what has reached us of the story of the cadi and the robber.

Praise be to Allah, the Lord of the universe!

KING WENZEL'S ESCAPE.

FROM THE GERMAN OF MORITZ HARTMANN.

BY JOHN OXENFORD.

[According to history, Wenzel VI., King of Bohemia, better known as the Emperor Wenceslas, having been imprisoned for his misdeeds by the insurgent citizens of Prague, effected his escape through the assistance of a woman of low origin, named Susan, who took him into a fishing-boat while he was bathing, and rowed him across the Moldau. The version of the story given in the following poem differs from the common account, inasmuch as Wenzel is represented, not as a prisoner, but as in peril from a mob while he is taking a bath.]

EXTENDED in his bath King Wenzel lies ;
 About his limbs the tepid water plays,
 As soothing as the sound of am'rous lays,
 Or sleep that follows drunken revelries.
 King Wenzel is so wrapp'd in tranquil joy,
 That with the flood he sports like any boy ;
 The fluid o'er his back and neck he flings,
 And yields himself to thoughts of pleasant things,
 As softly sweet, as though all strife were past,
 And endless peace had come to reign at last,
 As though the holy Empire was no more
 One spacious field of battle, stain'd with gore ;
 As though the citizen was free from dread,
 And blood of Hebrews was no longer shed ;*
 As though the trav'ler could receive no wrong,
 From force unbridled, wielded by the strong ;
 As though the stream of life no more was flowing
 From hearts of brave Bohemians, wildly glowing ;
 As though wan, pale-faced hunger no more stood
 In Prague's throng'd streets, and shriek'd aloud for food.

'Tis only such a King can have such dreams,
 When rocking like a boat his kingdom seems ;
 A king, who often plung'd in inebriety,
 Looks on a hangman as the best society ;†
 A king who to the dogs his queen can fling,‡
 And then a dulcet strain of love can sing.

Yes, Wenzel's a musician, and he oft—
 Luxurious wight—can tell a tale full soft,
 Which falls persuasively upon the ear,—
 No holy bell's more soothing or more clear ;
 While thus in pleasant slumber he reposes,
 Perhaps a song he fashions as he dozes.

A noise arouses him—a distant cry—
 Now voices, wildly menacing, draw nigh ;
 Then comes a thump of clubs—a clash of swords,
 A shout triumphant—angry mutter'd words,

* A massacre of Jews was one of the horrors of this horrible period of Bohemian history.—J. O.

† This favourite executioner, whom Wenzel called his gossip, he afterwards beheaded with his own hand.—J. O.

‡ This is probably an exaggeration, though Wenzel's queen, Johanna, was attacked and killed by one of his dogs.—J. O.

Blended together in a tempest dread.
King Wenzel, much amaz'd, lifts up his head,
And from the bath thrusts forth his potent beard.
"Were those the Moldau's billows that I heard?
The storm against the planks makes such a din,
It seems as if resolv'd to break them in."

The words grew plainer as the sound increas'd:
"Long live John Huss, and down with ev'ry priest!"
"Nay; is that all?—pray take the priests," quoth he;
"John Huss for ever!—there we both agree."
"Down with the king's advisers!" says a shout,
"They starve our bodies till the soul flies out."
"With all my heart, if such is your fond pleasure,"
Says Wenzel, "I detest them beyond measure."

Forth now the storm with greater fury breaks,
The house beneath the people's anger shakes;
One voice cries—"Lazy Wenzel, give us bread!"
Another—"Men be free, and strike him dead!"

The pond'rous clubs against the portals knock,
And words of death the monarch's senses shock.
King Wenzel trembles—no escape he hath,
Here is the Moldau—there the people's wrath.

A strapping servant-girl darts in and brings
A cloth, which round the royal form she flings;
Then firmly seizes him—then drags him out—
Then thrusts him in a boat (her arm is stout).
"Off and away," the damsel cries, "before,
To shed your blood, these wretches burst the door."

She takes the oar, which readily she plies,
Across the stormy waves the vessel flies;
Till the harsh voices of the rebel rout
Fade in the distance, and at last die out.
Their way lies up the stream, and as they go,
The billows rock the vessel to and fro,
As though it were a pleasure with them all
To play with royal life as 'twere a ball.

But stout Susanna, with her steady oar,
Batters the wat'ry traitors as they roar;
Making a sound with her incessant splashing,
As when a sword with helm or shield is clashing.

Quick by the islands, edg'd with verdant grass,
And by the rocks of Wissebad they pass;
With hand of pow'r the fragile bark she drives,
And in the open country soon arrives.

King Wenzel on his bench, with all his care,
Scarce keeps the water from his shoulders bare.
The waves press near, and as he wards them off,
Appear to stretch out human hands and scoff.
Yet, though the billows toss him to and fro,
But little can they of King Wenzel know,
Who think that mobs or floods his soul engage;
He eyes the maid, who braves the water's rage,

King Wenzel's Escape.

With love-sick glance, and thinks her passing fair,
While she stands proudly with her flowing hair,
Which in rude sport the breezes wildly fling—
The sight, in short, has quite bewitch'd the king.

The royal face grows brighter with a smile
As still she rows, and moves her limbs the while ;
Wave-like herself ; and as the crimson plays
Over her cheeks, at last the monarch says :

" Maiden, who art so lovely, brave, and stout,
Within whose veins flows Wlasta's* blood, no doubt,
I thank thee, and I will in velvet dress
And ermine robe that form of loveliness ;
Henceforward at my court thou shalt be seen,
The glory of thy sex—nay, more—the queen.
With gold, and pearls, and diamonds, I'll deck,
As fitting ornaments that charming neck.
Among my raptur'd songsters thou shalt shine,
And live immortalis'd by verse divine."

Susanna's face with wrath is reddened o'er,
And with a shock she brings the boat ashore ;
Then leaning on her oar, with flashing eyes,
Thus to the monarch's offer she replies :

" The people's child I am, and will remain,
What by thy gems and ermines should I gain ?
To thee I leave thy curse-encumber'd court,
Thy subjects' cries of misery for sport ;
I could not live upon thy people's blood,
And sweat, and marrow, as a dainty food,
Seated at one of thy right-royal feasts
Among thy songsters and thy lordly guests.
Hearest thou not thy nation's miseries,
How for a scanty crust it groans and cries—
Nay, for the crumbs thou scatter'st from thy table ?
Thinkst thou to join such feasts I should be able ?
I curse thee—ay, as deeply as the rest,
And something like repentance fills my breast,
That I so weak, so womanish could feel,
As from their hands their lawful spoil to steal.
Now quickly fly, or I perchance may rue,
That to my brethren I have prov'd untrue ;
And once more wielding this, my trusty oar,
Across the billows, which now wildly roar,
That I have let the people rage in vain,
May bear thee to their vengeance back again."

Into the open country flies the king,
The scanty cloth his limbs scarce covering ;
While floating down the river, like a queen,
To join the rebel band, is Susan seen.

* Wlasta is an important personage in the old mythic history of Bohemia.

A GERMAN'S IMPRESSIONS OF ENGLAND.*

It is a melancholy though true fact, that our Teutonic brethren, whom we might call our cousins-German, did we not disdain making so execrable a pun, ever take a peculiar delight in picking out English foibles, and resolutely close their eyes against any merits inherent in John Bull's character. The "Fliegende Blätter" take the lead in holding him up to ridicule, and try to smash him with the ponderous hammer of their wit. Whenever "Fra' Diavolo" is performed, *Lord Allcash* is made the cynosure of admiring eyes. Be the singing ever so bad, the acting ever so miserable, all this is redeemed if his lordship is held up to laughter. *En règle* he must be dressed in a long great coat, an extraordinary hat, something like the one placarded "the stunner" in the vicinity of Leicester-square, wear green spectacles, and have round his neck a nondescript sort of cushion, formerly employed in leaning against the corner of a creaking diligence, but long since forgotten. This is the more absurd, as the Germans are now-a-days well acquainted with the "English as they are," and ought to entertain better feelings with regard to them, were it only through gratitude for the impulse given to their industry by the countless swarms who flock to their country.

We do not, however, find this feeling so commonly displayed against the French, who, by position and character, are their national enemies. This may be accounted for on two grounds. In the first place, the pseudo-republicanism of France possesses an irresistible charm in the eyes of the liberty-desiring Germans; and, secondly, they are apt to decline a contest in which they are sure to get the worst. A wordy battle between French and German is remarkably like the struggle between a bull and a matador. While the first is lowering his head to rip up his opponent, the latter, with a few graceful *entrechats*, runs him through with his small sword.

Such being the case, we are delighted to find a German literat doing the *amende honorable*, in a handbook for travellers to England. Dr. Gambihler is apparently a man of education and sense, and a residence in England has enabled him to appreciate the many sterling qualities of our national character. He has broken through the crust of reserve that usually covers John Bull as with a mantle when he has to do with foreigners, and has found beneath it the true-hearted, generous Briton. He has for the nonce assumed English spectacles to view us through, and does not appear to have been injured by the exchange. While finding much to approve, he is sufficiently open-hearted "not to damn with faint praise" when occasion required censure, and we have to thank him sincerely for the fair and honest way he has faced his subject.

Our paper must, necessarily, be a series of extracts, as we desire to give the cream of this straightforward German's remarks, and recommend him to our readers as one who has deserved well at our hands, and, not like other writers, stung the bosom that nursed him. With these preli-

* Dr. Gambihler, *Gemälde von London*. München, 1850. Zweite verbesserte Ausgabe.

minary remarks we introduce the Doctor on the scene in *propria personâ*.

"As a preparative for a journey, let me recommend that prejudice be, as far as possible, laid on one side. This prejudice is very frequently found entertained against England and the English. Why the French are given to such a fallacy we may easily comprehend: history furnishes us the key. The French and English are neighbours who do not feel comfortable in one another's presence: prejudice is very natural between such neighbours. In this respect, however, the Briton stands in a freer position towards the German. The latter has no reason, with the exception of a few trade questions, to entertain such a feeling towards the English; but, spite of this, prejudice has hardened the hearts of many Germans against them. It is the mother of injustice. It is true, every man tries to justify it—speaks against the egotism, obstinacy, pride, avarice, spleen, and rudeness of the English, although their judgment is based on no more valid grounds than those of tradition. Many condemn all Englishmen through the individual specimens they have seen on their travels in Germany. It has almost become the fashion in Germany to abuse everything English. One exclaims, 'See how they treat the operatives;' 'Look at the distinction between the aristocracy and the bourgeoisie,' says a second; a third refers to the conduct of the English towards Ireland; a fourth, finally, through a certain cosmopolitan sympathy, abused the whole British nation on account of the war against China. The most universal exponent of prejudice lies in Napoleon's remark, 'a nation of shopkeepers.' It is not necessary for me here to confute these opinions singly: the question must stand on a broader basis. Let the German nation, by some magic, be suddenly placed in the situation of the English, and the best thing they could probably do would be to act precisely like the English now act. Such prejudices call to mind the fable of the 'Fox and the Grapes.' If we cannot reach our neighbour's pre-eminence, we are apt to criticise it, or thrust it on one side, to bring his faults into a prominent position. It is not absolutely necessary to see the light side everywhere; but to wish purposely only to look on the dark, is unjust. Let, then, every traveller to England be endued with the humane principle, to think well of everything till he be convinced of the contrary. Through the unbounded liberty in England, the evil element displays itself more than in any other country; but the good, the excellent, the opportune, not less so. This truth must be clearly understood before treading on British soil—at least let the traveller declare an amnesty with his prejudice for an undetermined space of time; perhaps then he may arrive at a perfect truce, after the first aspect of men and things."

These be brave words, my masters, and may furnish a valuable lesson to others besides Germans. We as a nation are not entirely free from the same failing, though the many lessons we have lately received have knocked a good deal of conceit out of us, and shown us it is never too late to learn. But let the doctor proceed with his discourse.

"The next best advice I can give is to accommodate oneself to circumstances. The traveller in England must do as the English do. The Englishman is not so much mistrustful as circumspect. He lets the stranger follow his own road; he gives free play to his fellow-man. He

does not address him when not acquainted with him, or when not introduced to him. This trait astonishes the German, who is so fond of making acquaintances. The latter is open-hearted with any man whom he has reason to consider respectable; he talks with him, forms eternal friendship with him; in short, gives full scope to his bonhommie. He expects the same in return, but this expectation is usually deceived in England. He finds coldness, repelling behaviour, a really painful, or what appears more insolent still—no reply at all. The shock given to the feelings by such a reception easily changes to bitterness, the simplest consequences of which are to regard everything in a false light, and pour out the most unjust and frequently ridiculous abuse on things excellent in themselves.

"The Englishman must not be bored. When once gained, he is worth preserving. He does not affect the rapid phrases of ceremony or politesse. Whoever is accustomed to these—and unluckily nearly every German belonging to the educated classes is so—is badly off in England: the commonest phrase of this nature is repugnant to the Briton: he can scarce put up with it *once*. If necessary, on the first visit he is about one-half as polite and friendly as the German is accustomed to expect from his countryman or a Frenchman. On a second visit, when he expects to find himself quite at home, the plainness of his reception terrifies him. The Englishman receives the stranger as a countryman, for whom he has no occasion to put himself out of his way, and from whom he expects the same service. The German desires to be received with, 'I am immeasurably pleased to see you,' and a long et cetera of polite formulae which the Englishman considers absolute nonsense. The German is astounded at his plain reception, and cuts a comical figure before the Englishman, who cannot understand the meaning of it. The estranged person, if I may use the phrase, often stays away altogether, and a probably very valuable acquaintance is broken off in consequence. Let each gird on simplicity before venturing to England, and leave his stock of polite phrases at home."

Apropos de bottes, we remember hearing or reading somewhere a somewhat laughable anecdote, which deserves repeating. An Englishman and a German were travelling together in a diligence, and both smoking. The German did all in his power to draw his companion into conversation, but to no purpose; at one moment he would, with a superabundance of politeness, apologise for drawing his attention to the fact that the ash of his cigar had fallen on his waistcoat, or a spark was endangering his neck-handkerchief. At length the exhausted Englishman exclaimed, "Why the deuce can't you leave me alone? your coat-tail has been burning for the last ten minutes, but I didn't bother you about it."

In truth, our coldness is something too bad. We cannot condescend to step down from the pedestal on which popular vanity has planted us, even when by doing so we might do a stranger a kindness. We trust, however, this is wearing off, thanks to the great fraternal festival held in Hyde Park. A Frenchman may now walk through our streets unmolested, be he bearded like the pard; he no longer need fear having a "queue" of ragged boys at his heels, honouring him with the epithets of "scaly mounseer," and the other flowers of eloquence appertaining to our

street phraseology. We are decidedly becoming daily more cosmopolitan. We must not for our own credit omit relating an anecdote mentioned by our author in the course of his amusing work. He was one day outside the Observatory at Greenwich, and expressed his regret to a gentleman he met there, at not being able to enter it. The gentleman told him he was not acquainted with Professor Airey, but knew Faraday, who was friend of the professor's. A few hurried words written on a leaf of his note-book procured the German a meeting with Faraday, and through him, admittance to the Observatory. We wish, for our own sakes, such anecdotes were more common, but are afraid the rule lies in the exception.

Let us now see the opinion Dr. Gambihler entertains of that splendid jargon, as some one termed it, the English language :

"Many learn English only through the desire of once visiting England. These must be instructed in a very different method from that usually practised ; they cannot succeed in the customary philological schoolmaster fashion, or at least will not gain the end they assigned themselves. It is very easy to form a perfect philological acquaintance with a language ; many may be able to understand the English classics, read Shakspeare and Byron, Scott and Bulwer, readily, and in consequence of the studies they have made, speak English fluently ; but the greatest mistake lies in this very fact. They speak in a way they should not do : in common conversation they are irresistibly repugnant to a native ear through their Byronising. They can scarce address the Boots at an inn in anything but high-flown language. The conversational language is a very peculiar one ; it is marked and stereotyped ; the Englishman expects in the course of conversation this or that, but no other form of expression : he is more ready to pardon vulgarity than classicality. (?) A man taught philologically, out of twenty phrases or words will apply all, or the greater part of them, falsely or ridiculously. The most perfect acquaintance with English is displayed in the proper selection of words : without this all grammar and all fluency is half lost. The English language, in consequence of its historical origin and formation, for it contains all the elements of German and French, is very copious—I may say, in comparison with monetary wealth, rich as an Englishman. It possesses a whole group of synonymes, the application of which is the result of great practice ; they are usually, not as in other languages, sentences approximately contained in themselves : no, they absolutely bear the same significance through their historical descent. Let us take any word : it is originally found among the Britons : then the same word was introduced from Germany by the Anglo-Saxons : afterwards by the Norman under William the Conqueror : at another time the same word was brought in by the Danes : last of all it springs from good Latin soil, for instance, through the theologians, jurists, or physicians : in no case is the word dead ; it lives everywhere, but cannot be applied arbitrarily. One style demands the word in the early English shape ; another in the German ; a third in the French, and so on. Any one, therefore, who does not attend to these variations, speaks incorrectly. Under such circumstances, what an amount of accuracy is required in speaking, and how few have been taught under the supposition of this necessity.

"A great portion of our philogians have to do penance for a great

in regard of the above circumstance. They furnish a very improper example in their method of teaching languages. Did Cicero, who spoke Greek so gloriously in Athens that the most distinguished Athenians, it is said, almost wept because a stranger excelled them in eloquence, learn the language in the same manner as our philologists wish to teach it? He must have acquired it practically. This practical method does not, however, exclude grammar; merely the manner and circumstances differ. In modern languages a certain *copia verborum* must be acquired before grammatical elegances need be thought of. These are not wanting in the English language. However simple grammatical etymology may be, just so difficult is the syntactical portion, when a person wishes to speak or write like an educated Englishman, especially as the English language contains so many classical elements, and in later years has brought them so prominently forward. I may mention the difficult and artistical construction of the accusative and infinitive, verbs governing a double accusative, the absolute case resembling the Latin ablative absolute, and finally the elegant elision of sentences through the use of the participle. The greatest and last difficulty in the English language is the variety of absolutely logical thinking, in which the English excel every nation in the world. To this I may add the most severe demand of clearness in ideas. In English it would be considered a great fault if it were necessary to ask oneself, in prose or verse, what is the meaning of this? The word furnishes the meaning, and reasoning consequence has given the word this and no other meaning. These are certainly honourable distinctions for the English language, which give grammar and logic full employment. How many Germans could employ such a style of language who have formed themselves on the model of certain native writers, who to be understood must be translated into conventional German?"

Our author, as is natural for a German, speaks in high terms of our liberty of the press, and even finds praise for our law of libel, evidencing the case of the *Times* when prosecuted by a gang of sharpers, whom it had exposed when trying to pass forged letters of credit on the Continent. We, however, cannot quite agree with him in finding our English law of libel faultless; it affords too many facilities for a scamp to display his litigiousness; and even if unsuccessful, he puts his victim to great and unnecessary expense.

One of the occupations a German in London may usefully indulge himself in, is to try and find the end of London: this is to be accomplished by taking an omnibus to Shoreditch Church, and thence walking on through Hackney. We fancy this would be no bad amusement for Englishmen as well; for our own part, we cannot tell where London begins or where it ends, and did not even know it was thirty-two miles in circumference, or six more than the city of Peking.

Dr. Gambihler speaks also in very high terms of Murray's "Handbook for Travellers." He says:

"What accuracy, what fidelity, and what historical treasures! Through this travelling literature our way of living has been revealed to the English in the most minute details; and we must not be angry if they tell us the truth a little, do not take everything for gold that glitters, point out our want of comfort, our uncleanness, our disgusting use of tobacco, our literary phantasms, want of union, and other unamiable weaknesses. If

they are now and then unjust, have we not been so to them? We will not believe that the injustice is intentional and 'errare est humanum.' "

He speaks, too, with all becoming admiration of our domestic arrangements; and among them none seem to please him more than the portion concealed beneath the pavement, namely, the water, gas, and sewer pipes. He recommends no traveller to leave unnoticed any repairs that are going on in the streets, which shows our customary abuse of them is somewhat too widely extended. We knew there were sermons in stones, but must confess we never thought of this application of the apothegm. The doctor calls it anatomising, for veins and arteries are laid bare during the work.

We have known many Germans in London, and our great delight has been to ask them what caused the most vivid impression upon them among the countless objects of interest they witnessed for the first time? With one, it was the bridges; with another, the splendid horses and carriages; with a third—gently be it spoken—the extraordinary number of beggars; in short, we seldom found two struck by the same thing, except in the matter of comfort. This we believe is conceded to us by every nation in the world. So much is this the case, that the French, to express a feeling they could not by any possibility understand, were obliged to coin the word *confortable*. But in what does the secret consist? We agree with our author in allowing it to arise from our extraordinary domesticity, and that inherent feeling of religious respect that fortunately distinguishes us. A French or German is never happy *chez lui*; his first wish is to rush off to the *estaminet* as soon as he has swallowed a hurried meal. He does not understand the feeling that animates an Englishman when he sees his olive-branches round about his table. This it is that makes Dr. Gambihler write as follows, when alluding to the diversions to be found in London:

"In St. James's Park, in the centre of a pleasant landscape, nature is more fully revealed, especially on Sunday afternoons. The healthy children roll about on the velvety grass, under the eye of their affectionate parents and friends. The imagination cannot form a more pleasing picture. The Englishman, surrounded by his children, represents domestic virtue and unspeakable happiness—it is a sight that fills the heart with joy. A stroll through such groups is surely balsam to a mentally suffering stranger; for the sound-minded, perfect delight. Let no stranger, then, neglect visiting this park, if he wish to form the acquaintance of the English. Here too it is easy for him to induce the usually most unbending Englishman to commence a friendly and voluntary conversation. Nature and feelings expand the heart and loosen the tongue."

The author strongly advises his compatriots to be diligent in their visits to our theatres for the sake of learning the language. This we consider sage counsel, and have ourselves found the benefit of it in learning foreign tongues. His remarks about our stage are worth quoting:

"It seems that generally the French are greater friends to theatres than the English. A visit to the seven playhouses in Paris is more frequently made than in London. The Sunday holiday furnishes an occasion in the former city for visiting a theatre. Many thousands during the week have no time in England for theatres, and on Sunday they are closed. It is true, half-price furnishes some help, for plenty may be seen

from nine to twelve; but that is not all, labour in Paris is not so widely extended. Besides, in the latter town, there is a great population of do-noughts, whose evening occupation is the theatre. The London idlers are usually too high to enter a theatre when at certain seasons unvisited by the nobility. Only the extraordinary population of London fills the theatres; more than we might imagine under the circumstances we have mentioned. The managers must frequently have recourse to extraordinary measures to get full houses. Something especially good must be presented, either pleasing the eye or ear, or else full of spectacle. In this last the English are inexhaustible; everything is there exaggerated, and even caricature is caricatured. All the elements and the animal kingdom must come to the aid of the spectacle. Menagerie heroes display themselves in some grandly-terrible fashion; the police do not interfere with such things; their task is to prevent public immorality. It would be ridiculous to lay down an æsthetic standard; if you do not like it you can stay away, is the word here. It would be pure sentimentality to speak of degrading the stage by allowing animals to appear upon it. The expression that a theatre is a temple that should not be desecrated, is ignored. The Englishman only sees a temple in his church, and in the playhouse what it really is—a place where life should be represented as closely as possible; to-day Carter and his animals quit the theatre—to-morrow other artistes make their appearance. This is English. Who would wish to quarrel with the fashion of the country?"

We must really close the book, or our extracts from it will go on *ad infinitum*. There is something immeasurably refreshing in reading a stranger's impressions of our glorious country, for glorious it is, spite of all the snarling attacks of would-be Liberals. Let them talk as they please about our foreign policy degrading us in the eyes of strangers, or swear that unless the five points are conceded a terrible revolution is impending. A fico for such trash! It is the greatest nation in the world, and the more it is abused, the more we love it. Hurrah for Old England!

MACLUBA.

A LEGENDARY TALE OF MALTA.

BY A WINTER RESIDENT.

It was very early in the year 1852 that the hope of finding in Malta a friend whom I had not seen for years, together with a kind of "cacoëthes" for travelling, and the non-existence of any positive obstacle to its indulgence, incited me to leave England, traverse France, following the most ordinary route to Marseilles, and thence to Malta, where I arrived on the 25th of January. The climate there was very enjoyable to one who came from northern latitudes, even though the season had been mild in England, and was considered a somewhat stormy and windy one in Malta. The peculiarities of the island—its beauties and defects—its history and inhabitants—its curiosities and productions—have been so often and so well described and painted both by pen and by pencil, that I will not here enlarge upon them, but proceed to give an account of some events that occurred to me there.

On the 25th of January we anchored in the Great Harbour, and gladly did we quit our vessel for the stone-land. We soon found lodgings (mine were in the Strada Vescovo), and I proceeded to seek my friend.

He had, I was informed, passed on to Greece a fortnight before, and would return in March or April. Uncertain what might be his future career, I resolved to wait for him, and to occupy and amuse myself as I best might during his absence.

There was no great difficulty in doing this in Malta, where everything supplies pictures of Eastern life, even to the bright eyes that peep out from the faldetta, reminding one of the glances that form the witchery of the Mahometan Yashmak, more than of those that laugh brightly and fearlessly under an European bonnet, hat, or wide-awake. The language, too—last link in the chain of Arabic dialects, though harsh and exclamatory, and wanting the soft cadences of the Persian, or the sparkling fluency of the Frank languages—would awaken many a train of thought, and give birth to many a fancy sketch, as, lying back in a boat, and crossing to Pietà or Sliema from Sa Maison, or from the Marsa Muscetta stairs across the still bosom of the Quarantine Harbour, we shot past a native boat, or one laden with the produce of Gozo, and heard the busy tongues of its crowded occupants; or, when riding listlessly through the streets of Valetta, I watched an eager colloquy between two or more Maltese, each appearing in a state of extreme surprise, expressed in unconnected sounds, aided by lively gesticulations. But to him who loves the Arabic unmixed with European words, the villages offer more attractions than the town.

In one of these villages, not very far from Valetta, there exists a population so very remarkable in appearance that they could not be unnoticed. The peculiar *blue* of their eyes, and pleasant expression of their countenances, particularly excited my observation; the more so, that the whole village appeared infected with a most violent desire to laugh as soon as an Englishman looked at them. The children playing with melon-rinds looked up at the sound of a hoof-tread, and ran away laughing. The old crone at the fountain watering her mule, and the man washing his feet there, gave the same inquisitive look, and burst into fits of laughter. The pretty girls (for a Maltese girl is pretty, and a coquette also), picking garlic and opening pomegranates, glanced up, and hiding their faces all but the roguish eyes, started away, making the air ring with their merriment; and this not on my account only, but on that of every Englishman—every Frank I believe—passing through Crendi. And every one *does* pass through Crendi. After seeing Citta Vecchia, the ancient capital sitting so proudly on the heights in the centre of the island, and one or two other great sights, they pass through Crendi, for it is on the road to a very curious scene. Every one visits Hagiar Chem and its remarkable ruins, and every one visits also that very extraordinary place, “Macluba:” an almost circular area, supporting ruins of which tradition relates that they were once part of a stately palace, wherein dark deeds were committed—deeds of so deep a dye that the palace was cursed, and suddenly sunk fifty feet lower than the level of the surrounding surface, leaving its former site like the crater of a volcano yawning over it.

Certain it is that you descend by many steps to visit ruins, among which trees have grown up, whose heads are lower than the rent banks standing around this fallen tract, presenting a very striking scene, and

really looking like a spot visited by some sore judgment. I came often to see it, and was always greeted by women and children with handfuls of the perfumed narcissus that grows wild there, and which carried back my thoughts, by one breath of its sweetness, to the April-face of England in spring-time. To the credit of these guides be it said, that whether I gave them reward or not, they were always courteous, and ready to welcome me the next time; never making any demand, but appearing quite pleased with a "grazie, tajjeb, tajjeb" (thank you, very much, very much), in my Anglo-Maltese.

Having visited this curious place often on one side, I began to be a little curious to approach it on the other, and to examine it more closely. Accordingly, one day I made a circuit, so as to approach it unobserved by my usual entertainers, who all lived in wretched huts on the entrance-side of Macluba. Dismounting from my little Arab horse, and tying him to a carob (or locust-tree), I sat down upon a loose fragment of stone, and pondered awhile upon the scene before me. I had climbed up the rugged and stony bank, and now looked down into the abyss—the island of ruin that had sunk so singularly. It was in vain to attempt descending on this side, and I had therefore nought to do but to give my thoughts way, and yielding myself to the bent of my nature—ever prone to seek or to seize upon an opportunity for a quiet reverie—let it lead me into some fanciful speculations as to the history of the place. I had a volume of Goethe with me, and on sitting down had taken it out to read. But I found myself wandering even from "*Faust*" among speculations more wild, and far less concentric than the mystic gambols of the fearful black dog.

How had that house been peopled? How decorated? How, oh how destroyed? By what fearful crimes had its white stone floors been polluted? Horrors greater than those of which the Capella, the Medici, the Borgia palaces might tell, rose before my imagination; and the voices, the footsteps, and the cries of other days, were sounding in mine ears, when I suddenly perceived a small crevice in the rock, a little way below where I sat, and by a kind of fascination was compelled to look at it.

I tried to look elsewhere, to think of returning home, to occupy myself with the tangible, but neither would my eyes rest upon any other object, nor my mind suggest anything but my own visions of the past, strangely combined with a shuddering idea of the Spirit of Evil and his spells. In vain did I endeavour to look at the brilliant sky, or the sea; my eyes still turned towards this crevice, and to my horror I saw it open—gradually—very gradually; and out of its first faint outline was shaped a door—a low door. I felt it was no marvel that this side should be inhabited as well as the other. But I own my heart did bound with a wild throb when I saw the little door open, and a black dog escape from it!

Folly!—and yet it was one of those follies which spring from the deep source of imagination, and therefore of superstition, in almost every human heart; and perhaps a general who has faced Affghan or Caffre warfare unalarmed, might yet feel as I did under precisely similar circumstances. But to proceed: I was firmly convinced that this was all mere fancy, heated by the vivid imagery of Goethe. I still gazed like one possessed, and saw that the door was truly a door, and that a hand, a head, a figure, were protruding from it! And I heard a long, low wail,

ending in a shriek. Fascinated, I still gazed on, while from the opening door there emerged a wild-looking, aged being, clad in wondrous robes of every imaginable hue, yet hanging somewhat picturesquely around its limbs. It stared at me, uttered a savage growl, followed by many heart-rending shrieks, and tossed with frantic arms the covering that concealed its head from side to side, but without getting rid of it. Utter silence reigned around, until a scream from my horse suddenly attracted my attention. Apparently, he had been bitten by the black dog, for he struggled violently until his bridle broke, and he bounded away. My knees trembled, and my senses seemed to leave me. I snatched up my stick and flung it down (a mad thing to do, for I had no other means of defence if attacked); it broke with the fall a few paces short of the malevolent being, who, however, took no notice of it. Still further dismayed, I now saw the black dog ready to attack me, and unable to distinguish between the real and the unreal—unable, too, to keep my footing on the slippery ground without more attention than I could now pay to it—I fell down the precipice.

When I recovered my senses, I found myself lying in a thicket of prickly pear-trees, supported by the thick and fleshy leaves that constitute the stem, branch, and foliage of this great cactus. And I was calm enough to observe this long before I recollected how I came there, and before any sound, except the sweeping of the wind down the hollow, had fallen upon my ear.

Presently, however, I heard a voice near me. I could not recognise the tongue in which the words were spoken, but they carried my thoughts to the events preceding my fall.

Methought I heard a gentle voice say, somewhat in a low mysterious tone, words that sounded like—"X'handek, x'handek" (in English—"Shandeck, shandeck"), as if in reply to the former harsh accents of one who had spoken faster in an unintelligible dialect. To my horror I now heard something move as if approaching me, and rustle among bushes; but I was far from having a clear idea of anything being real or actual, except my being in the dominion of some power of evil. I cast my eyes helplessly upwards as I lay, and beheld a dog—the dog—black as Erebus, and with piercing eyes, moving nimbly, and with strong, elastic, rapid step, along the high ridge of ground above me. I now saw that I had fallen many feet on the *inside* of the high bank whereon I had been standing, and, consequently, I must be lying among the ruins, though my position prevented me from looking around beyond the cactus leaves.

The dog at length perceived me, and uttered a howl of rage. This was answered by a long, peculiar, shrieking whistle, which chilled me to the very soul. The animal bounded forwards; I made a spasmodic spring, and lost at once my balance and my consciousness. The last sounds I heard were those of the dog's howl and the wild shriek; the last sensation I recollected was that of falling; my next was one of alarm, as I opened my eyes and found myself in almost total darkness. A huge outline, dimly distinguished at a short distance, moved, and I groaned as I recognised the shape of the aged being I had seen before. It approached me—I tried to start up; the agony of the attempt made me groan again, and I felt a hand upon my arm, small and light, and a ray of light beamed in from some opening behind me, so that when I looked towards it, it lighted up a lovely apparition by my side.

Fair and youthful, in a Hadji dress of white, it seemed to me that my good genius had suddenly come to defend me. An ineffable calm stole over me as I looked upon those wondrously beautiful features and ethereal mien.

I dared to ask no questions. The Hadji lighted a lamp, and I saw that I was in a cave. I knew that in the centre of the island, at Citta Vecchia, there were catacombs, said to extend fifteen miles, but I knew of no other caves, except upon the coast, not even in the unequal strata of the rocky valley which transects the island from north-west to south-east (and which is called by geologists a *fault*), and Macluba was not in the line of this valley, but to the west of it. I could pursue this train of thought with some calmness since the arrival of my good genius the Hadji, so that even with my eyes fixed upon the movements of the aged shape, I could also notice those of the pilgrim; and could perceive that I was incessantly watched by both.

The younger eyes expressed kindly protection, and though I knew such appearances might be deceitful, I could not fail to find their glances a relief from the gleaming fire of the mysterious being's eyes. And this inexplicable figure which had been so quiet in one corner, now began to move. A sort of agitation seemed to pervade its whole frame; it uttered a long, low shriek, and the dog came bounding in. Both rushed upon me, but the Hadji interposed, waved a wand in front of me several times, making a mesmerico circle, which seemed to overpower the fiendlike dog: he slunk aside, and after a few low growls dropped down, while the aged shape, as if baffled, mingled extraordinary evolutions with horrid shrieks, and at length crouched near us, and sunk into a kind of stupor. This, however, did not last long, and it now began to speak in broken Spanish, with some Maltese words. My earliest days having been spent among the peasants of the Sierra Nevada, and my youth in travel in the East, I did not find the language an obstacle to the comprehension of the words, but listened to the following narrative.

THE LEGEND.

"Ah! it was splendid once! The beautiful flowers grew fairly, the trees waved majestically, the locust and the palm, the pepper and the Roman pine, the orange and the medlar, waved their perfumed tresses like the lovely young girls glancing among the proud and glorious galleries, or like sunbirds in a bower.

"Generation after generation passed away. In every one were many sons and daughters, with treasures of gold, and gems, friends and followers, and looks of gladness.

"Generation after generation. In each, prosperous births, marriage feasts, all joyous—but sad and sudden deaths.

"Frequently, the hurried burial by the clear moonlight. No mourning, no sadness. No journeys to the home for the dead. No gifts to the brotherhood of death.

"Generation after generation. At last Ix'hulie* came. Fair Ix'hulie, oh why did thine hour come so soon? Why was thy bright face sent

* Pronounced like Ischia in Italian.

here?—*Here* to a household steeped in crime of every hue. A house where shame was glory, and glory shame. Where the sudden self-murder, or the knife plunged into woman's breast, or infant's heart, wore no startling horrors. A house where there were no grey old men!

"Generation after generation, until fair Ix'hulie came.

"Ix'hulie was beautiful as the day, bright as the sea in the morning light, soft and gentle as the breeze at noon. Her mother's first-born, and dearly loved. Little children clung to her like small bananas round the riper ones. Her love encompassed them like the delicate network of the Malta berry. She was a very pomegranate blossom.

"At fifteen she was betrothed to a gallant and splendid bridegroom—a relation of her house. But another was there, the daughter of a different mother, equally young, but not equally innocent, not equally beautiful. Jealous of the towering heights of Ix'hulie's fortunes, she resolved to blight the light and graceful bamboo in its springing growth.

"Ix'hulie was gone with her mother into the town to choose the bridal dress, the silks for her faldettas, and the whole of her new lace wardrobe. Meantime, a knight of the Spanish house, who had desperately loved her, but in vain, came to Macluba, met Zoraiba, and made her swear to help him to seize Ix'hulie, by persuading her to go to Valetta the next day. Zoraiba swore the more willingly that it suited her to get Ix'hulie far from her splendid and gift-giving bridegroom, though her jealous heart yet kindled anew to see how Ix'hulie was on all sides beloved.

"Ix'hulie returned from Citta Vecchia weary and dispirited. The pale gold and crimson fillets for her hair could not be found. And her hair, of the hue of the pisatelli grape, would be so beautiful in pale gold!

"Zoraiba consoled her. 'Go then to Valetta, where the Turkey merchant's hidden stores are held. He will have the true pale gold—pale as thy cheek, sister!'

"On the morrow, forth they went, Ix'hulie and her mother, but the bridegroom would not go; and Zoraiba rejoiced that there would be fewer to protect Ix'hulie.

"She sat long in anxious thought. At last the mother and her maidens alone returned, and said, 'They have stolen away my child.'

"Great was the anger of Zoraiba and her mother. The mother of Ix'hulie could only speak the before-mentioned words. The maidens, however, said that a monk had come near and begged of Ix'hulie, but they being of no church, gave, as usual, nought; whereupon the monk did seem to plead, and Ix'hulie to listen, when, in a moment, at the corner of a street, Santa Ursola, they both vanished, and were seen no more!

"The mother of Ix'hulie was frantic, her father desperate. In vain did he daily ride forth around to seek her—he found her not. In vain did he seek the, by his house, oft-contemned rule of the knights, and obtain orders to have the port watched—he found her not.

"At last one told him that his child was in the depths of the earth, and that if he would swear her conqueror should possess her and her dowry, he should embrace her again. He spoke to the bridegroom, and by his counsel they besieged the entrance to the subterranean way in Citta Vecchia; but the defences were strong, and they, fearful of injuring her, gave way. Then their hearts throbbed, for they saw that she must be for ever lost to them, and they mourned over her as one doomed; for

the knight's vow against marriage would not let her live in sight. So they mourned over her bitterly.

"But whilst they mourned, a messenger came to demand her dowry, or, said he, 'Your house shall burn! To-morrow night give me the money, or your house shall perish. I leave you this time to decide.'

"Full well knowing his power, for he was high in favour with the grand master, the father of Ix'hulie was overwhelmed with dismay. The chiefs of his family, except the bridegroom, would not aid him in any wild attempt at resistance. While they sat in council, a noise was heard in the subterranean passages of the house, and the fair Ix'hulie stood before them.

"'Father,' cried she, 'save me from the power of the knight. Oh! I have passed through fearful caves and darkness. I knew not that the passages extended thus far, but——'

"'Speak!' said her father; 'who revealed it unto thee?'

"'It was told me,' said Ix'hulie; 'and I resolved to try if the hidden passages of the rock were indeed open to the foot of man. The way was difficult, but I am here! Oh, my father, send me not away—send me not back again!'

"'And knowest thou at what price we shall retain thee?' said Zoraiba.

"'She is worth any price,' quoth her father, and the rest of the assembled.

"'She is worth Paradise,' said her betrothed, springing towards her.

"Zoraiba saw that there was no way to get rid of her; but she knew of a maddening poison, and she presently brought Ix'hulie coffee, and wine, and fruit to refresh her; the coffee and the wine were not poisoned, but she pressed upon her sister a glorious, bursting, custard-apple, and in its fair semblance was death concealed. Ix'hulie, heated and excited, would soon feel its power, and this her wicked sister well knew. Her purposes were not complete, however. When her father was reposing after the banquet, she worked upon his drunken senses, and revived his fears of an attack, until he swore Ix'hulie should not linger and destroy them all. Then she passed on to a harder task, that of persuading the betrothed. By cruel art, pretending pity, she made him doubt that Ix'hulie was still his own—she hinted that she had not resisted the captor. In vain did he strive to confute her. Skilled, skilled indeed, taught such acts long before by her mother, did she loosen his belief in Ix'hulie, and lure him on to adore herself, until he was well prepared to hear and enter into her father's fears. He was again addressing his council, when Ix'hulie fell into convulsions, and in her delirium called upon her captor, the knight, to 'let her out.' These ravings confirmed the evil work of Zoraiba, and the wavering of her bridegroom's heart. He gave his vote against her, and she was condemned by all. Forced back into the narrow entrance, in spite of her cries and struggles, Zoraiba standing by, and witnessing her agony unmoved; she was firmly fastened in, and her faithless sister and betrothed sought their guilty bower, and gave themselves joy of their fancied security.

"But not for long this wicked joy. A long, loud shriek rent the air, then all was silent as the grave.

"It was Ix'hulie's last shriek, and at the sound her frantic mother died, and Zoraiba's mother rushed from the house.

"There came a roar like thunder, and the mighty house—mighty and wretched—went down into the earth many, many feet, with a shock that crumbled it to ruins, burying every inhabitant, and blocking up the entrance to the subterranean passages for a mile.

"When the knight came to seek the dowry, he found ruins in a deep pit with one miserable being wandering round it, instead of the magnificent and populous house he had sworn to burn down. The miserable one was Zoraiba's mother, who only lived to tell the tale, and then stricken with intolerable agony, fell convulsed into the dread chasm, and expired.

"O, beautiful Ix'hulie, snatched by death from living sorrow! O, fair bride, cruelly torn from thy bridegroom—yea, condemned even by himself—guileless and beautiful Ix'hulie! Star of thy home, moon of the stormy night, sunshine of the morning, all lovely things in one, thou art overwhelmed with the blackness of night for ever!

"And ye cruel and unnatural parents! Ye that delighted in blood and murder! Zoraiba, steeped to the lips in malice, child of a wretched mother, thou, too, and all, are included in the miserable overthrow of a guilty household! But did none survive? Did none escape? Did none transmit to futurity the evil knowledge, the store of wicked and cunning arts, the transcendent talents for crime?

"Yea, young as Zoraiba was, she had a babe in Valetta.

"This babe was born in a chapel of St. John's Church. Its mother had gone thither to look upon one of the priests, who was the father of her child. Strange! she was suddenly taken ill, and her babe was born there. She never brought it to be baptised. This child, fated inheritor of the stain of her race—this wretched offspring of unseen powers—ah, woe is me! ah, woe is me!—why was she not trampled under foot by the worshippers rather than carried out tenderly from a temple she was never more to enter? Child of a fated line! Who dares to enter here and ask her history?—the tale of her horrible end? Away! away! cursed Christian spy, away!"

The tone of the aged being had gradually become more and more excited. She reeled and tottered, yet rushed angrily towards me, and I gave myself up for lost. I tried to move, but a cry of agony burst from me as I made the futile attempt. Suddenly a light step sounded, a strong and aromatic perfume reached even my oppressed senses, and my fearful foe lay unconscious upon the ground, while my good genius stood between me and it, waving a long moist plume before its face. The Hadji mourned the consequences of a moment's absence, inquired tenderly of my wounds, and said that I must have suffered terribly in that last encounter. The pilgrim spoke in soft and varied inflexions, touched my fluttering pulse with a light finger, and placed upon my lips a rose-coloured crystal of cordial virtue to restore me.

"Tell me where I am," I exclaimed. "What is this place? And who is that fearful being?"

"Ask not," replied my Hadji, "where thou art; the tale thou hast heard tells thee that thou art upon the condemned spot!"

These words made me shudder. "And what then was the Hadji? The priest of an avenging spirit," thought I. Though I spoke not, my guardian read my thoughts: "Ask no more—anon thou shalt know all

—now sleep, I command thee!” And sleep I did, in obedience to certain mystic signs, and knew not even that I existed, during many, many hours. On my awaking, the Hadji felt my pulse, assured me that I was better, and seemed disposed to allow me to converse. I was, indeed, more than ever anxious to hear somewhat of my real position and probable fate.

“For mercy’s sake, tell me why I am here?” I inquired.

The Hadji coldly replied, “You must surely know that. Why, however, do you speak of mercy here?”

“Because I have received mercy from you. I came hither to view the ruins of the fated house. Further I know not.”

“Did you not *fall*?” asked my friendly genius.

“I did,” replied I, “both in courage and in fact;” and I felt ashamed to confess this to a superior being, for such I doubted not my seeming Hadji to be, and the more so as I felt myself strangely moved by his speech.

“Be not disturbed,” was the reply; “you were assailed by extraordinary difficulties. No one but yourself ever trod the ridge whence you must have fallen. From the prickly pear-tree to the ground was not, indeed, an awful descent, but the first fall was enough to destroy most men of your people.”

This was said somewhat disparagingly, but every word of the speaker formed an echo in my heart.

“Ah!” replied I, “no doubt you despise our race, but though we cannot cope with supernatural powers, we are not easily daunted by tangible foes.”

A long, low laugh followed this speech, and my guardian seemed to be quite unable to subdue the temptation to derision which my words had afforded, and I must own that the sounds fell not unmusically upon my ear, though I was somewhat vexed to have my vauntings thus received.

“Supernatural!—tangible foes!—when you have recovered,” said my deriding Hadji, “I will tell you all.”

“Nay, may I not hear it now? I am well, and must depart. I could walk abroad with ease.”

“Say you so? then try your powers.”

I tried to rise, and found I could do so without pain, though trembling with weakness. My good genius put forth a hand to help me; I took it with an eager grasp, whereat it was half plucked away, and a flush mounted to the brow of the Hadji.

“A mortal hand, and a mortal flush,” thought I, and my own heart beat faster, and an indefinite sensation glided pleasantly into my soul. I felt as if I might make more inquiries in the free air, and urged my faltering steps towards the arch that served as a door. The air gave me fresh vigour, and I found myself in a wilderness of plants, among which rocks and ruins were profusely scattered. The uneven ground made my steps uncertain, and a hand was immediately ready to support me. As I took it I grew courageous, or rather desperate, and, anxiously looking at the Hadji, our eyes met, and I saw a deep confusion rise upon the countenance. I still clung to the hand, and asked once more,

“In pity, say, who are you?—*what* are you?”

The benign eyes were lowered, the hand actually trembled, but no angry flush as before, no sudden movement checked my inquiries.

"I am Cinxica."

The voice was low and melodious, but what of that? It was the soft and gentle sigh with which the words were uttered that told me that the Hadji, my good genius, was—a woman!

Now, her disguise dropped, my fair genius was, indeed, shy and startled to find herself confessed.

Recovering herself, she explained that her strange companion had been kind to her family before her birth, that her father was now in Spain, had left this poor being to her good offices; that a sudden desire on the part of this companion to flee to this lonely spot, with only the fiend-like dog as a protector, had induced Cinxica to accompany her friend, notwithstanding the objections of her relatives; and that the Hadji dress had been adopted to avoid molestation, as it is well known to be a kind of safe conduct.

"And you submit to this banishment?"

"No one has such claims upon me as Ayesha," replied Cinxica, in a low voice.

"I thought her superhuman," replied I; "and you a good spirit sent by Allah."

Cinxica looked grave.

"I do not bow to Allah, but to your God," said she.

"And Ayesha?"

"She worships no god—but Allah sometimes. To none for the most part does she bow," said she, sadly.

"What was the wild tale she told me?"

"One generally believed to be true. She is descended from the wicked Zoraiba. Sometimes, she thinks herself her actual daughter, but that is impossible."

"How long has she been mad—for so I suppose she is?"

"She is *mad*, and has been so some months. She dreads pursuit, and is furious if she sees a stranger. When the fit is on her she tells the tale you heard, then springs upon her victim. I had great difficulty in keeping her from killing you the moment you began to recover, and only by strong opiates succeeded."

"Has she ever committed a crime?"

"Ask me not," said Cinxica, turning pale.

I looked at her earnestly, and she blushed. I have already said she was beautiful and very young—her English prettily mixed with Spanish and Maltese, exhibiting evidently a cultivated tone of thought and expression. Is it wonderful that I should draw her hand closely within mine, and upon seeing the blush that said so much, I should kiss it vehemently?

When my friend arrived in March, he found me just married, perfectly happy with my lovely and gifted Cinxica, and one of our first rides together was to visit Ayesha in her home near the now doubly-interesting ruins of Macluba.

CHRONICLES OF A COUNTRY TOWN.

I

AGNES OAKLAND was the daughter of a respectable tradesman at St. Bennett's, a town in Cornwall; but, though she was an only child, her father found it impossible to make any pecuniary provision for her future support: sickness, losses in business, and competition in the line in which he was engaged, kept him throughout his life a poor and broken-spirited man. All that he could do for his darling he did: he gave her a good education, that she might be enabled to support herself as a governess; but scarcely had it been completed, when, before a situation could be procured for her, the poor man was called on to lay down the heavy burden of his earthly cares, and to pass to that world where care shall be no more.

Poor Agnes was now alone, for she had lost her mother while an infant, and yet she did not feel entirely desolate—there still existed for her a hope, and even in her first agony of grief the voice of one whom she had known from childhood whispered gently words of sympathy and kindness, which brought comfort in their every tone. Henry Selby was also an orphan: he had been educated for the Church by a distant relative, who died almost suddenly before Henry's college duties could be completed; and the selfish heirs refused to carry out the rich and good man's well-known intentions. Without money and without friends, Henry Selby gladly accepted the situation of third master in the grammar school of his native town, at a salary of eighty pounds a year. On this income the young man would not have ventured to offer marriage to Agnes had her father lived; but now—what could he do? Portionless, friendless, houseless, whither could poor Agnes turn, but to him? It were needless to repeat a lover's reasoning, suffice it to say—they were married. They took a pretty little cottage a short distance out of the town; one little girl was born to them; and for four years they enjoyed all the happiness possible to people situated as they were. They were careful, self-denying, industrious; but eighty pounds a year will not keep the most deserving from enduring many of the harassing cares of poverty. Cares are they which never can be forgotten, which follow us wherever we go, walk with us, dream with us, whisper when we talk, stare at us when we laugh, and tug at our heart strings when we weep. Henry Selby did not endure them very long; sickness came upon him—not a sharp sickness which must be met by active measures, but a slow, consuming, blighting sense of depression. He did not seek relief from medicine—a doctor's bill must be, if possible, avoided; already he owed seven pounds for indispensable aid for his wife and child, and how should he ever be able to pay that? School duties, too, could not be neglected; for where, if he lost his situation, could his loved ones find a home? So he struggled on, hoping that when the vacation came he should find a cure in the rest which it would bring. Agnes saw that her husband was far from well, but there really did not seem to be any alarming symptoms, and she hoped that he would soon recover.

One day, as he returned from the school, where some unusual excite-

The benign eyes were lowered, the hand actually trembled, but no angry flush as before, no sudden movement checked my inquiries.

"I am Cinxica."

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Now, her disguise dropped, my fair genius was, indeed, shy and startled to find herself confessed.

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ment had agitated him beyond his wont, Agnes was waiting for him with her child, at their little garden-gate. Her first exclamation was one of pleasure.

"Dear Henry," she said, "you are looking *so* well! What a brilliant colour you have on your cheek! Why really," she continued, laughingly "little Nelly's newly-blown China-rose, of which she is so proud, would look pale beside it!"

Little Nelly was now about three or four years old, and a more perfect picture of childish beauty has seldom been seen. There she stood stretching her round dimpled arms up to her father, and pursing up her pretty cherry lips to be kissed.

"Kiss me, dear, *good* papa," she said. "Kiss your own little Nelly!" But the kiss was scarcely given before, catching her mother's words, she darted away with joyous laughter, exclaiming, "Papa's cheeks like my beautiful rose! I will go and see."

"And I will go and see whether Jane has your tea ready, dear Henry," said his wife; "already I fancy you are growing pale."

"God bless you both," he said, "*my darlings!*" and turned into the little parlour, where his easy-chair was drawn to its accustomed place, just where he could see the setting sun fling its rosy light on the wood-clothed hills on the other side of the valley.

In a few minutes little Nelly returned with her full-blown rose in her hand, and leaning on her father's knee as he sat, held it up to his face. But her look of childish glee changed strangely; the colour which was to match her rose was gone! The eyes were open, but looked not at her—they appeared to be fixed on the door; the mouth, too, was open, but it spoke not. The child did not rise from the posture which she had assumed, but turned her eyes also on the door, with an inquiring and startled gaze. At this instant Mrs. Selby, with her servant, reached the threshold; one look at her child's awe-struck eyes, a glance at her husband, and then followed that wild cry which told that she was a widow and her child fatherless.

Who can paint the agony of the spirit when it first becomes conscious that the soul of one beloved, perhaps too fondly, has departed! Even where death has come gradually, and its progress has been plainly seen, the trial is hard to be borne at the last; but when there has been little or no preparation—when the stroke falls suddenly, and the eyes, which we have seen beaming with love and life, are in an instant sightless and glazed, unconscious of all earthly objects, and speaking only of the darkness of death—then how terrible, how inexpressibly awful is the shock!

"Take *her* away," said poor Mrs. Selby, pointing to her child; but the tones in which she spoke were hoarse and strange—so different from her own low, sweet voice that the servant looked at her to see that she had indeed spoken, before, snatching up the screaming child, she ran to the next house to call assistance. When she was gone, Mrs. Selby approached her husband. "Henry," she said, "in mercy speak! Make some sign that you hear me. Oh God! he is dead, he is dead!" she repeated. Then, with trembling hands, she loosed his neckcloth, and endeavoured to give him air; but there was no hope in her heart, and she kept on repeating, "He is dead, he is dead!"

People soon came to her assistance. Her nearest neighbour, Mr.

Cooch, a dark, cold, stern, but really kind-hearted man, hastened into the room; he approached the corpse, and, pressing down the eyelids, said, slowly and solemnly, "The Lord gave, and the Lord hath taken away; blessed be the name of the Lord!"

The words, with the closing of the eyes she loved so dearly, realised at once to Mrs. Selby the event which before she could scarcely comprehend. Raising her hands with a convulsive effort to her throat, as if to tear away some cord which was strangling her, she fell back senseless into the arms of the pitying neighbours.

If there be indeed a "luxury of woe," it must rank among those luxuries which the poor and friendless have neither means nor leisure to enjoy. To be up and doing is with them a stern, though perhaps merciful necessity; they have no time to waste in vain regrets. Mrs. Selby, however, was at first physically incapable of exertion. The night following her loss was spent in a succession of fainting fits, then there were a few hours of forgetfulness procured by opiates, and then her fatherless child was brought to her arms, with the hope that the sight of it might bring her the relief of tears.

"Mamma, dear mamma!" said the child, throwing its arms around her neck, "God has taken away papa's own face, and given him a white face instead! Oh! do not look so white too, or perhaps you will be like poor papa." A gush of tears from her child unlocked the fountain of grief in the widow, and after a period of bitter weeping she arose comparatively calm.

Seated in the chair in which her husband had died, Mrs. Selby endeavoured to arrange her thoughts; but a dull sense of suffering, a weight of unspeakable woe was all of which her mind was as yet sensible. Presently Mr. Cooch was announced: he was a member of the Methodist society, and partook largely of the peculiarities of that body, which is throughout Cornwall a very numerous and influential one. Among these people may be found many good men and zealous Christians, and now and then, in the more remote districts of Cornwall, may be met with, in rude, unlettered men, instances of wild and fervid eloquence, and of heroic self-devotion, which remind us of the old Covenanters: but the formal and stiff manners of the majority, their measured tones, the almost familiar way in which some of them speak, nevertheless, of divine things, and their habit of mixing up sacred subjects with the common and every-day business of life, make them often seem unpleasant and almost repulsive. After a few kindly-meant words of inquiry, Mr. Cooch asked, somewhat abruptly:

"Have you any friend, Mrs. Selby, to whom it is your duty to write on this occasion, and who might be disposed to render you some assistance?"

"Oh, no, no!" replied the widow. "I have no friend, no one to care for me or my child. Now he is gone we are utterly desolate."

Mr. Cooch's reply was in a tone of stern reproof:

"Hush, hush!" he said; "you forget that there is *One* who is the friend of all who trust in Him. Your trial is from Him. He has perhaps seen fit to take your idol from you, that you may turn to Him and be saved."

"My child! my poor child!" exclaimed Mrs. Selby, in a fresh burst

of passionate grief. "What will become of us? We are homeless and friendless indeed!"

"You are young, Mrs. Selby, and must *work* for her and yourself," said Mr. Cooch. "There is work for all who are willing to gain an honest livelihood. We are told to pray for our daily bread, but I am not aware that we are directed anywhere in the Scriptures to pray for *superfluities*. You must cease to struggle against the Divine will, and learn to bear your loss in a spirit of resignation. You say you have no friend in the flesh: I have written to your rich aunt, Mrs. Burrow, in your behalf, stating your position, and asking her to come forward and aid you in this season of affliction."

Mrs. Selby, even in her moment of trial, shrank from this step, which, though kindly meant, she thought wanting in delicacy: she did not say so, however, but merely explained to her friendly neighbour that she scarcely knew Mrs. Burrow, who had never forgiven her father for having induced her to embark a little money in a mining speculation, which had proved unsuccessful; that she herself had rarely been noticed by her aunt, who had not, when her father died, come forward to offer even sympathy.

"Well, well," said Mr. Cooch, "it is our duty to use all lawful means to help ourselves. If Mrs. Burrow refuses to assist you, on her be the sin."

He then entered on matters connected with the approaching funeral, said his wife would select, if Mrs. Selby wished, the mourning garbs which the customs of the world prescribed for herself and her child, but which, in her case, *he* would do without; and, after promising to attend to all other details, left Mrs. Selby alone with her dead.

No sooner was Mr. Cooch gone, than a thought, which had not before assumed a distinct form, struck poor Mrs. Selby with a thrill of new and unspeakable anguish. Money! What should she do for money even to pay for her husband's funeral? With trembling hands she unlocked the drawer in which all their worldly riches had been kept; and, pouring the contents of the little silk purse into her lap, counted ten sovereigns. She had before known the amount, but now, somehow, it seemed less than she expected. Five of those precious pieces had been intended by herself and Henry to supply all household wants for the next four or five weeks; and the other five to pay in part the half-year's rent for their small cottage at the coming Midsummer. There was no lack of tears now, as she recalled all the self-denial they had practised to make up and keep together that small sum! When they married, poor young things! they had agreed to give up all expensive pleasures; one in the year was to be all they would indulge in, and that was to be a day spent among the rocks and beaches of their own most romantic and beautiful coast. This year they had been compelled to give up the thoughts of their one pleasure, that one day of freedom from care and toil; for they could not afford a journey of fifteen miles in a hired carriage; they had yet to add two pounds to the sum required for the rent. Then there came the recollection of poor Henry's somewhat shabby suit of clothes, which had been made to last some months longer than usual; and, worst of all, the thought that he had denied himself medical aid, rather than break in on the treasured sum.

At length the day of final separation came, and the widow, leading her child, and supported by Mr. Cooch, followed Henry to his last home. She had promised him once that if he died before her, she would not leave him until the last sod was laid on his narrow bed. Poor fellow! Some presentiment of coming doom had perhaps induced him to make the request. There were no hired mourners, no state, no ceremony, at that simple funeral; but, as is always the case in Cornwall, there was plenty both of outward respect and of inward sorrow: neighbours, acquaintances, even strangers were there, eager to show every mark of reverence to the dead, from a mixed feeling of sympathy for the living, regret for the departed, and a religious awe of death itself. When the young widow had taken her last look of all which had made life happy in this world, many weeping tenderly, or gazing solemnly, pressed towards the edge of the humble grave, to take a last farewell of one who had moved among them respected and beloved. The earth was then cast on the coffin, and all was over.

On the day after the funeral Mr. Cooch called to see the widow, and, laying two sovereigns on the table before her, put into her hand a letter which he had received from her rich aunt, in answer to his communication. Mrs. Burrow said, "She was sorry for her young niece's misfortune, but what but trial could be expected in this world if young people *would* marry so early? She had always thought that no woman should ever marry until she was forty at least: that was quite early enough to get into trouble." (The old lady herself had married a widower with a large family when she was fifty.) Then she went on to say that "if Mrs. Selby's father had taken *her* advice, and saved the money spent in teaching his daughter a parcel of music, and drawing, and trash, she would have been better off; but he, poor man, never would take advice, and so he had died insolvent. However, she had enclosed two pounds, which, she hoped, would enable Mrs. Selby to bury her husband decently; she could not do more, for times were very bad, and she could scarcely get in a farthing of her rents, and was afraid she never should."

There was a postscript which ran thus:

"I suppose Agnes Selby will keep a school or something of that sort. I hope she will bring up her child differently from herself, so as to be useful, and able to struggle through the world. It would, perhaps, be a happy thing if the child were taken too. I shall be glad to hear from Agnes when she is settled. Please to acknowledge the receipt of this."

As Mrs. Selby began to read the letter, Mr. Cooch, with an uneasy, unsettled movement, took up a book and appeared to be examining the title-page very minutely; but when the little hand which was holding the paper dropped, and the other was pressed over her eyes, he laid down the book and gazed earnestly at her. There were tears trickling through the white slender fingers; but in a moment they were brushed hurriedly away, and Mrs. Selby raised her brimming eyes to his face.

"I am wrong to feel thus," she said; "Mrs. Burrow means kindly, and I have no right to dictate what assistance she ought to afford. I will try to write and thank her gratefully for this."

"Blessed are the poor in spirit, for theirs is the kingdom of heaven!" said Mr. Cooch. "I was afraid that the old Adam which ever dwells in the carnal heart would triumph, and that you would desire to return this

mite from the rich man's treasury: but you are quite right. And now tell me," he continued, "what you intend doing. I suppose you are not over well stocked with money, and this has been a time of expense as well as of trial to you."

Mrs. Selby did not shrink from the direct questioning; but, bringing forward all her little store, now reduced to eight pounds, told him how it was to have been used. Mr. Cooch heard the account without apparent emotion, and, at the widow's desire, took the money with him; first, to pay for the coffin and other expenses, and then, if any were left, for the plain mourning worn by Mrs. Selby, her servant, and child. In the evening he came back with the bills, which were all receipted, and which amounted to thirteen pounds.

"Five," he said, "I have advanced myself; if you can ever repay me, do so; for, as you know, I am not a rich man; if not, is it not written, 'He that giveth to the poor lendeth to the Lord?' In all this," he continued, "it seems unfortunate that Dr. Barfoot, the head-master of the school, is not at home; but all is ordered for the best in this world; we will wait a little before we decide on anything for the future—the doctor may suggest something. Mrs. Barfoot has written to him, and is rather surprised that there is no answer. Did you tell me there was a quarter's salary due?"

"Oh, no!" replied Mrs. Selby, "not until Midsummer; and, perhaps, now we have no right to expect it."

"We shall see," said Mr. Cooch; "though I differ in many points of discipline from the doctor, I believe him to be a good and a just man. My wife," he added, with some slight hesitation, "will call on you to-morrow, if you have no objection, and will tell you that if you should find the way made plain before you, and be led to open a school, we shall be pleased to place our two young daughters under your care. Good night, Mrs. Selby; and may He, who hath promised to be a husband to the widow, and a father to the fatherless, guide and support you."

II.

THE morrow came, and so did Mrs. Cooch; a plain woman, plainly dressed—after the fashion of the more strict members of the body to which she belonged. She spoke in a high-pitched, crying tone, very different from her husband's deep and stern accents: but their voices were not more dissimilar than their natures; for while a strong spirit of kindness beneath the rough exterior made *him* really estimable and respected, in his wife all was little, selfish, mean, and hypocritical.

"I am sure," she said, "I am very sorry for you, Mrs. Selby; my heart bleeds for you and your poor little girl; but then such dispensations are sent for our good; you must bear your troubles patiently, for, no doubt, you have well deserved a chastening. And then, as I said to my husband, 'Mrs. Selby is better off than thousands.' See to me, with six children! If I should lose my husband, what could I do? As it is, with the small salary he earns as an attorney's clerk, I assure you I have *my* share of trials. Mr. Cooch says that if you keep a school, he will send you our two girls; but I'm sure I don't know where the money is to come from to pay for them. It is well for you, I am sure, that

you were educated to be a governess ; if I were you I would get a situation ; anybody would take your little girl to board for 2s. or 2s. 6d. a week, and that, in my opinion, would be the best plan for you. You do not like parting with the child ? Well, you can do as you please, but that's what I think you ought to do," &c., &c.

No sooner had Mrs. Cooch taken her leave than two ladies were announced, who, though living in the same town, had never before honoured Mrs. Selby by any notice. As is too often the case in small towns, an extremely jealous distinction was kept up in St. Bennett's between different ranks—a distinction, indeed, which it would puzzle any stranger to define. In some places it is an aristocracy of wealth, in others, an aristocracy of birth ; the stock of either, on which the assumption of superiority is founded, being in most cases so very small as to be invisible to any but the fortunate possessors. In St. Bennett's, the party considering themselves the gentry of the town consisted principally of the professional men and their families. The society, perhaps, was somewhat of the dullest, but Mrs. Selby had nothing to do with that ; for, though well educated, and improved by companionship with her husband—who was a scholar and a gentleman—she, as the daughter of a tradesman and wife of an usher, had not the *open sesame* into the "first circles," as they called themselves. She heard, then, with some surprise, that Mrs. Stoneman and Mrs. Carthew, the ladies of a surgeon and an attorney, had called to see her ; but gentle and lady-like, she received them quietly, and waited patiently to hear the object of their visit. Mrs. Stoneman bowed stiffly, and spoke not ; Mrs. Carthew, however, talked fast enough for both.

"How d'ye do, Mrs. Selby ? Hope you are tolerable. How is your sweet little girl ? We have called on you, Mrs. Selby, to tell you that Mrs. Stoneman and myself have been consulting with several other ladies about your melancholy position, and we have come to ask you to open a day-school. A school is so very, *very* much wanted here, and we think you would be just the sort of person to suit us."

"Indeed, madam," said Mrs. Selby, "I had feared that there was no opening here for any effort of mine in that way ; there are already two good schools, and St. Bennett's is not a large town."

"Oh !" replied Mrs. Carthew, "we know that. There is Miss Bradford's establishment : she is a very nice sort of person, to be sure, and I believe she grounds children very well ; but then she takes farmer's daughters !—(Mrs. Carthew was herself a farmer's daughter)—she takes the daughters of small farmers and tradesmen. Of course *we* wish to avoid such companionship for *our* children. And as for Miss Smyth, she keeps school only as a sort of lady-like amusement, and does not consider it as a matter of business, I assure you. Indeed, I may say to you, in confidence, that ladies don't like to find their school-mistresses affecting equality with them. No ; what we want is a person who will pledge herself not to take any but gentlemen's children, and who is capable of instructing them in the usual routine of an English education, French, music, drawing, ornamental work, and all that kind of thing. A little dancing might be added before they take lessons from a regular master. They could pick that up, you know, Mrs. Selby, as a sort of amusement, out of school hours ; that would not give you much trouble,

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CHRONICLES OF A COUNTRY TOWN.

I

AGNES OAKLAND was the daughter of a respectable tradesman at St. Bennett's, a town in Cornwall; but, though she was an only child, her father found it impossible to make any pecuniary provision for her future support: sickness, losses in business, and competition in the line in which he was engaged, kept him throughout his life a poor and broken-spirited man. All that he could do for his darling he did: he gave her a good education, that she might be enabled to support herself as a governess; but scarcely had it been completed, when, before a situation could be procured for her, the poor man was called on to lay down the heavy burden of his earthly cares, and to pass to that world where care shall be no more.

Poor Agnes was now alone, for she had lost her mother while an infant, and yet she did not feel entirely desolate—there still existed for her a hope, and even in her first agony of grief the voice of one whom she had known from childhood whispered gently words of sympathy and kindness, which brought comfort in their every tone. Henry Selby was also an orphan: he had been educated for the Church by a distant relative, who died almost suddenly before Henry's college duties could be completed; and the selfish heirs refused to carry out the rich and good man's well-known intentions. Without money and without friends, Henry Selby gladly accepted the situation of third master in the grammar school of his native town, at a salary of eighty pounds a year. On this income the young man would not have ventured to offer marriage to Agnes had her father lived; but now—what could he do? Portionless, friendless, houseless, whither could poor Agnes turn, but to him? It were needless to repeat a lover's reasoning, suffice it to say—they were married. They took a pretty little cottage a short distance out of the town; one little girl was born to them; and for four years they enjoyed all the happiness possible to people situated as they were. They were careful, self-denying, industrious; but eighty pounds a year will not keep the most deserving from enduring many of the harassing cares of poverty. Cares are they which never can be forgotten, which follow us wherever we go, walk with us, dream with us, whisper when we talk, stare at us when we laugh, and tug at our heart strings when we weep. Henry Selby did not endure them very long; sickness came upon him—not a sharp sickness which must be met by active measures, but a slow, consuming, blighting sense of depression. He did not seek relief from medicine—a doctor's bill must be, if possible, avoided; already he owed seven pounds for indispensable aid for his wife and child, and how should he ever be able to pay that? School duties, too, could not be neglected; for where, if he lost his situation, could his loved ones find a home? So he struggled on, hoping that when the vacation came he should find a cure in the rest which it would bring. Agnes saw that her husband was far from well, but there really did not seem to be any alarming symptoms, and she hoped that he would soon recover.

One day, as he returned from the school, where some unusual excite-
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The benign eyes were lowered, the hand actually trembled, but no angry flush as before, no sudden movement checked my inquiries.

"I am Cinxica."

The voice was low and melodious, but what of that? It was the soft and gentle sigh with which the words were uttered that told me that the Hadji, my good genius, was—a woman!

Now, her disguise dropped, my fair genius was, indeed, shy and startled to find herself confessed.

Recovering herself, she explained that her strange companion had been kind to her family before her birth, that her father was now in Spain, had left this poor being to her good offices; that a sudden desire on the part of this companion to flee to this lonely spot, with only the fiend-like dog as a protector, had induced Cinxica to accompany her friend, notwithstanding the objections of her relatives; and that the Hadji dress had been adopted to avoid molestation, as it is well known to be a kind of safe conduct.

"And you submit to this banishment?"

"No one has such claims upon me as Ayesha," replied Cinxica, in a low voice.

"I thought her superhuman," replied I; "and you a good spirit sent by Allah."

Cinxica looked grave.

"I do not bow to Allah, but to your God," said she.

"And Ayesha?"

"She worships no god—but Allah sometimes. To none for the most part does she bow," said she, sadly.

"What was the wild tale she told me?"

"One generally believed to be true. She is descended from the wicked Zoraiba. Sometimes, she thinks herself her actual daughter, but that is impossible."

"How long has she been mad—for so I suppose she is?"

"She is *mad*, and has been so some months. She dreads pursuit, and is furious if she sees a stranger. When the fit is on her she tells the tale you heard, then springs upon her victim. I had great difficulty in keeping her from killing you the moment you began to recover, and only by strong opiates succeeded."

"Has she ever committed a crime?"

"Ask me not," said Cinxica, turning pale.

I looked at her earnestly, and she blushed. I have already said she was beautiful and very young—her English prettily mixed with Spanish and Maltese, exhibiting evidently a cultivated tone of thought and expression. Is it wonderful that I should draw her hand closely within mine, and upon seeing the blush that said so much, I should kiss it vehemently?

When my friend arrived in March, he found me just married, perfectly happy with my lovely and gifted Cinxica, and one of our first rides together was to visit Ayesha in her home near the now doubly-interesting ruins of Macluba.

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Barfoot's, in domestic arrangements, and so on; but I happen to know that she throws away hours every evening in teaching that man Cooch's children to play, and sing, and all that sort of thing—and he only a clerk in my husband's office! I tell Mr. Carthew that he should speak to him of the impropriety of having his girls brought up like ladies, and if he continued it, I would turn him off."

About the time when this conversation took place, some people of a somewhat different description—the same in the main, perhaps, but modified by circumstances—had met at Mrs. Cooch's. They were the members of what is called a "Dorcas Society," that is, a party of ladies, generally Methodists, who meet at each other's houses in rotation, at stated times, for the purpose of making garments, &c., for the poor. These meetings are not only beneficial to those for whom the garments are made, but pleasant to the makers, for the ladies' tongues are often as well employed as their fingers, and little pieces of news are told, and little bits of intelligence about their friends and neighbours communicated in a confidential manner quite delightful to listen to. Sometimes, however, they have a treat which is still greater than this, especially for the unmarried ladies, and that is when, as was the case on the evening in question, the young preacher can be got to read to them while they sew. (In small towns there are generally two Methodist preachers, one married, the other single, and the latter is always emphatically called "our *young* preacher.") The plan seems a very good one, and worthy of more extensive adoption.

The tea was over, the young preacher had not yet arrived, and the ladies—about eight or ten in number—were seated around a large table; a good fire was burning cheerily in the grate, and mould candles, in candlesticks of various shapes and sizes, were on the table. There had been a good deal of talk about the cutting out and putting together of the work which was scattered about; there had been a silence of nearly a whole minute, broken only by the stitch-stitching sound of needles and the clicking of thimbles, when one of the workers looked up suddenly, with the question, "Where are your daughters, Mrs. Cooch?"

"Oh, dear me!" replied the lady addressed, in her usual crying tone, "you need not ask where *our* children are: they are at Mrs. Selby's, of course. You never find *our* children at home of an evening. As I tell Mr. Cooch, he has very little regard for *my* comfort, or he would not persist in sending my girls away from me *every* evening learning music, and drawing, and nobody knows what: but there, he will have his own way in everything—I am never thought of. He thinks a great deal too much of Mrs. Selby; she is one of his none-suches, and all that she does *must* be right."

"Indeed, I do not think so highly of Mrs. Selby as your husband does, then," said one of the visitors; "she seems to me to do very little for anybody but herself. She never distributes tracts, nor takes a table at any public tea; and *never* goes to chapel. I declare it is quite awful!"

"Mrs. Selby always goes to church, I believe," said, gently, a little pale woman, with a black gown, pinched white cap drawn with white ribbons, white hair, and very white teeth.

"And suppose she does," replied Mrs. Cooch, in a voice pitched a note or two even higher than usual—"and suppose she does, what good is

that? That is but a white-washing of the sepulchre; a cleansing of the outside of the platter, I'm sure. Better she would go to chapel; but even when the great Mr. Hollow was down from London, she never went, though I sent to say that she might sit in our seat."

"On that evening," said the quiet little lady, "I happen to know that Mrs. Selby was with the poor woman whose child met with so dreadful an accident from the fire."

"Well, I'm sure," said Mrs. Cooch, "I would not be uncharitable, but I *must* say it was an opportunity which I would not have missed for worlds. I was *so* happy! I was in such a heavenly frame of mind, that I seemed to forget the world and all belonging to it! Oh, he is a wonderful man! How anybody can refuse to go and hear Mr. Hollow, I'm sure I don't know! And his manner in the pulpit is *so* good!"

"Well," replied the little white lady, "I must allow that I think Mrs. Selby might go to chapel *sometimes*, even if she prefers going to church. As for me, I am happy to say I have not entered a church for more than forty years, and I always feel sorry to see people preferring the cold, formal, printed prayers used there, to the outpourings of the spirit in our places of worship."

"I think it is *awful*!" said Mrs. Cooch; "but, as I say to my husband, I trust no coldness will creep into *our* little favoured Zion—that we shall have no backsliders among *us*. As I tell Mr. Cooch, I hope we shall have a rattling of dry bones among us soon, for it is time. The last time I called at that Mrs. Selby's," she continued, "I found her reading a sinful book, called the *New Monthly Magazine*! I told her I hoped she would not put such things into the hands of *my* children; for no one ever came to any good who read such carnal-minded books as those; and she smiled, and said she always attended to Mr. Cooch's wishes with regard to their education. I—I suppose—am of no consequence;—*my* opinions are not to be considered! Only last week, too, I found a piece of music in Emily's drawer, called 'The Overture to Der Freischutz,' or some such worldly thing, with a most awfully sinful picture upon it of little imps and evil spirits dancing! But I cut it out—yes, I cut off the picture, and burnt it before Miss Emily's face! She cried, and said it was Mrs. Selby's, and that I had destroyed a great part of the music with the picture; and I was pleased that I had; for I was not at all sorry to give Mrs. Selby a hint of what I thought of her."

"You were quite right—quite right," said the ladies. And one or two, heaving deep sighs very much like groans, said, "It is a sinful world; it is awful to see the hardness of heart, the spiritual blindness around us."

"But where can Mr. Thomas, our young preacher, be?" said Mrs. Cooch; "I never knew him so late; he rarely misses the tea-hour. What a gifted young man he is! How beautifully he reads, and how gracefully he hands the bread and butter! I declare, I could scarcely help crying at hearing him read about the hardships that our missionary and his wife went through in the East Indies, and how the lions and tigers go roaming about the streets all night in Madras, and how the poor slaves have never anything to eat but boiled rice, without even salt, and how

they cannot go out all day long for fear of being roasted in the sun, or stung by adders! If Mrs. Selby would only have grace to read such books as that, it might tend to wean her from the things of this world. But here he comes."

And a tall, fat, pale-faced, whiskerless young man, with great eyes and a very tight white neckcloth, entered the room, and was greeted as Mr. Thomas. The younger ladies sipped and bridled, the elder ones made quite a bustle in getting the young man the most comfortable seat by the fire, the book was produced, and for the remainder of the evening Mrs. Selby's name was left at rest.

Happily, Mrs. Selby knew nothing of the kind things which these ladies said of her; her time passed quietly but contentedly away, and month after month glided on with but one or two events of any importance to mark their progress. One of these was the removal of the boys who had been entrusted to her care, and the arrival of others in their places; the other was a visit which Mrs. Burrow, the rich aunt, paid to a friend in the neighbourhood of St. Bennet's. She called to see Mrs. Selby, dined with her once or twice, frightened little Nelly by the deep rough tones of her voice, scolded her for stooping and for laughing too loud, and accused Mrs. Selby of extravagance in getting for dinner a couple of roast ducks, with green peas. In vain did Mrs. Selby explain, in an apologetic tone, that poultry was cheap and plentiful in Cornwall.

"I call it extravagance," said Mrs. Burrow, in reply; "I never dream of such indulgences—I can't afford them."

Mrs. Selby certainly did feel much put out, but she did not show it, and when the visit was over, she returned to her usual habits, and could describe laughingly to Dr. Barfoot what pains Mrs. Burrow had taken to assure her that she should leave all her wealth to her late husband's relatives.

"She was quite right to tell you of it," said the doctor; "I was almost afraid that my little Nelly might be led to consider herself an heiress."

"Oh! there is no fear of that," replied Mrs. Selby; "Mrs. Burrow took great care that we should be dispossessed of the notion if we had ever entertained it. She said, 'My husband's relations are all rolling in riches, and don't want my money; but they know how to take care of it, and they will have it among them.'"

"I am glad of it," said Dr. Barfoot—"I am glad my little Nelly will not be spoiled by expectations of inheriting wealth, which might, after all, be disappointed. I would rather teach a child to beg its bread than to look forward to riches which can only be attained by the death of a fellow-creature. Mrs. Burrow did very wisely to guard against such an evil."

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NEW MONTHLY MAGAZINE.

THE MILITARY RESOURCES OF RUSSIA.

PETER THE GREAT had only one boat as a nucleus for a fleet, which, at the time we write, consists of forty-five ships of the line and thirty frigates. The same creative genius had only one company of regular soldiers—the Potiaschni—who mounted guard at the palaces of Moscow, as a nucleus for the enormous army of Russia as it has since grown up. But while Napoleon adopted as a device “After me the deluge,” Peter laboured avowedly for posterity. Hence the ever increasing power of Russia; everything is done with a view not so much to the present as to the future. Russia does not raise a militia because a warlike cloud overhangs a neighbouring country; Russia does not extend and diminish her military resources according to the political aspect of Europe. From her eyrie in the Neva she has to watch over Europe, Asia, and part of America. Chinese, Tartars, Persians, Turks, are as much to her as Germans, French, and English. Her army is ever increasing in numbers, and her power is ever developing itself further and further in the acquisition of new territories, the colonisation of old, the subjugation of populations, and above all, as Mr. David Urquhart explains at length in his work on the “Progress of Russia,” by opening the sources of opinion, and appropriating the channels of wealth and power.* Long and not uninteresting would be the chapter we could devote to the latter subject; perchance we may have an opportunity of doing so yet.

What a development, then, has the kernel sown by the boatman of Seardam assumed! It has produced a tree, which now spreads its branches over three continents. Who will venture to lop off one of those branches? The Turks are prepared to try: it will be soon seen with what little chance of success. Peter the Great had, before founding the old guard, to disembarraas himself of a feudal army of irregulars, strongly imbued with the military manners of Asia, and gathered around a small body of permanent troops—the redoubtable Strelitz—the Prætorians of Russia. An act of decisive energy, such as was afterwards put in force by Muhammad Ali against the Mamluks, and by Mahmud against the Janissaries, carried into execution in the midst of one of the most difficult wars Russia had till that time been engaged in, rid him for ever of this arrogant and domineering soldiery. The very successes of Charles XII. of Sweden served to instruct Peter and to aggrandise the army. Even disasters with such a nation only turned to the profit of their patron deity, Ruski-Bog; and in nine years’ time they were prepared to take their revenge at Pultava for their defeat at Narva.

After the death of Peter and of his great general, Gordon, the Russian

* Progress of Russia in the West, North, and South, &c. By David Urquhart. Tübingen and Co.

army found in Keith, Munich, and Mentschikoff, men equal to the task of continuing the work of the great founder. But even in the time of Frederick the Great, the Russian army, with its vast bodies of Cossacks roving around the regular troops, was still looked upon as something like those great Asiatic hordes which, from the time of Xerxes, had ever been more formidable to the people among whom they moved, than to the trained bands of more civilised nations. The battle of Zorndorf first showed the conqueror of Rossbach and of Leuthen which of his enemies were the most formidable on the field of battle. Keith wrote to Frederick: "To conquer the Russians, you must make a breach, and then demolish them as you would a fortress." The reputation for an almost invincible obstinacy has ever since remained to the Russians, and that reputation was only increased by the great defensive battles fought against Napoleon. Suwaroff has, however, shown that the Russians are also capable of taking the offensive. The assaults on Ismail, of Praga, and of Urnerloch, as well as on the lines of Warsaw, and the march across Switzerland, sufficiently attest what can be done with Russian troops under a good general.

No trouble, no expense, have been spared since the great wars of Europe to strengthen and discipline the army of Russia. For twenty-five years has the present energetic and soldier-like emperor toiled at that great object. Even the expedition into Hungary taught the Russians that some little modifications might be introduced into their system with advantage, and they were at once adopted. The Russian army is now, in consequence, in point of number, organisation, and instruction, a totally different force to what it was in the time of the great wars. Not in any other country of Europe have the military forces increased since the peace of Paris as they have in Russia. The bravery and the discipline have remained the same, while the efficacy in organisation and science has become quite a different thing.

The Russian army is, in the present day, composed of regular troops and of a feudal militia, which comprises the Cossacks and other similar troops, that mainly constitute the light cavalry. The regular army is disposed according to the geographical and political necessities of so vast an empire. This is one of the most important points in the organisation of the Russian army, and it is the more interesting to the stranger, as it is the one to which the existing emperor has most particularly devoted his attention. Every regiment is divided into battalions, or squadrons, on active service, and form part of an organised corps d'armée (Deistvoïouschtschina), and of battalions of reserve (Sapasnia), or depôts—a gathering-point alike for veterans and for young recruits. Other troops, belonging to the local garrisons, or to the irregular militia, are also attached to the great corps d'armée.

Every corps d'armée is completely organised, has its own staff, engineers, artillery, and wagon-train. It is composed, with the exception of the guard, which constitutes a corps of itself, of a corps of grenadiers, of six corps of infantry, and of two corps of cavalry of reserve. A corps so-called of infantry, corresponds to what Napoleon understood by a corps d'armée, that is to say, it is a corps composed of troops of all arms, but of which the infantry constitute the major part. The corps of cavalry in reserve is composed of cavalry and of horse artillery. The second of these corps is peculiar to Russia. It is composed of dragons, which are

called upon to perform the service of infantry, of cavalry, and of artillery at the same time. By means of this peculiar corps, it is in the power of the commander to direct, with the utmost despatch, eight battalions of 600 men each, with 48 guns, upon the most distant points. The corps of the guard, and that of the grenadiers, is composed of picked men, and comprise the same number of battalions.

In general the army is disposed as follows: Four corps of infantry, under Prince Paskewitsch, in Russian Poland, commonly called the Polish army; the 5th corps of infantry, on the Black Sea; the 6th corps, at Moscow, ready to reinforce the Polish or the Black Sea army; the corps of the guard and that of the grenadiers, stationed at St. Petersburg and at Novgorod; the cavalry in reserve is stationed chiefly in the military colonies of Kherson and of Kharkoff.

The guard comprises 3 divisions of infantry, subdivided again into 6 brigades, 12 regiments, and 37 battalions; 3 divisions of cavalry, composed of 6 brigades, and 12 regiments, with 60 squadrons of regular, and $17\frac{1}{2}$ squadrons of irregular horsemen. Add to this 1 division of artillery, of 5 brigades, and $15\frac{1}{2}$ batteries, 44 guns horse artillery, 72 foot artillery, 1 battalion of sappers and miners, and 2 squadrons of horse engineers, with pontoons, &c. The infantry of the grenadier corps is the same, but it has only 1 division of cavalry, of 2 brigades, or 4 regiments, comprising 32 squadrons of regular cavalry; also 4 brigades of artillery, with 14 batteries, and 88 guns; and 1 battalion of sappers.

Each infantry corps, or more properly speaking, each corps d'armée, comprises 18 divisions of infantry, 36 brigades, 72 regiments, and 294 battalions; 6 divisions of cavalry, 12 brigades, 24 regiments, and 192 squadrons of regular horsemen. To these are attached 6 divisions of artillery, comprising 24 brigades, and 84 batteries, 96 mounted guns, 576 foot artillery, and 6 regiments of sappers.*

The 1st corps of cavalry in reserve comprises 3 divisions of 6 brigades, 12 regiments, and 80 squadrons, with 1 division of artillery, comprising 6 batteries, and 48 guns. The 2nd corps of cavalry in reserve—the hybrid mounted infantry—and dragoon artillery, is composed of 2 divisions, 4 brigades, 8 regiments, and 80 squadrons, with 6 batteries, and 48 guns. The division of light cavalry is also subdivided into 2 brigades, 4 regiments, and 24 squadrons, with 3 batteries, and 24 guns.

Total Russian force: 24 divisions, 48 brigades, 96 regiments, 368 battalions of infantry; 16 divisions, 32 brigades, 64 regiments, 468 squadrons regular, and $17\frac{1}{2}$ irregular cavalry. Artillery: 11 divisions, 33 brigades, 128 $\frac{1}{2}$ batteries, 276 horse, 720 foot, or 996 guns.

It would result from this, that Russia can employ in an European war 368 battalions of infantry, 468 squadrons of cavalry, and 996 guns, without the reserve, the local garrisons, or the army of the Caucasus being in any way reduced. These troops, therefore, comprise neither veterans nor recruits.

What is much more difficult to determine satisfactorily, is the numerical force of these divisions. Some writers go to an extreme in one

When we read, then, that since the rejection of the Vienna note the third corps of the Russian army, under General Osten-Sacken, has received orders to march on the principalities, the reader will be able to understand that no less than 72 regiments of infantry, 24 of cavalry, with 96 guns, are meant.

direction when they say, "The Russian army only exists on paper." Others, as our present authority, the Baron Auguste de Haxthausen,* with strong imperial tendencies, may be considered as unsafe in an opposite direction. These tendencies are made pretty manifest when we read such a passage as this: "Napoleon's saying upon the future of Europe, fifty years hence (of which less than thirty remain to be accomplished), produces the greater effect, from every one attributing to that extraordinary man the faculty of being able to give, on such matters, not only a mere competent opinion, but a positive prophecy. Thus, then, Europe will be delivered over to democracy or the Cossacks. Now, since the Republican system is in manifest decline, are we not brought to think that we are likely to see the second half of this oracle realized!"

The Baron de Haxthausen, then, allowing for deductions, non-combatants, superior officers, waggon-train, musicians, &c., estimates the Russian infantry at 383,600 men; if leave of absence was in operation, at 332,100 men; or, including deaths, desertion, &c., at 260,000; and the cavalry at 82,800 men, or, with losses as before allowed, at 70,000.

Thus at the present moment Russia can bring into active operation a force of 380,000 infantry, 87,000 cavalry, and more than 1000 guns, without reckoning 100,000 *Landwehr* raised since 1848. Adding the Cossacks, Russia can, in the eventuality of an European war, operate without its own territory with 500,000 men without laying itself open to Great Britain, to Sweden, or to the Caucasus.

Taking the system of reserve into consideration, the official statement would be as follows:

Active army.....	486,000 men, with 996 guns
1st reserve, or levy	98,000 " " 192 "
2nd reserve, or levy.....	115,000 " " 280 "
	<hr/>
	699,000 " " 1468 "

to which must be added the corps of engineers, waggon-train, and the light irregular cavalry.

But while in other countries the troops destined to form the active army are employed in times of peace in services that are performed in time of war by militias or national guards, these services are performed in Russia by a special army of regular troops. Thus we have in addition to the troops already enumerated 50 battalions of interior guard, 12 battalions of Finnish troops, 10 battalions of Orenbourg troops, and 15 battalions of Siberian troops. To this, again, must be added the army of the Caucasus, which comprises 55 battalions of infantry, 10 squadrons of cavalry, and 180 guns. Lastly, we have 26,000 reserve, 22,000 veterans, 13,800 invalids, 40,000 employed in works; total, 299,800 men. If to these we add 15,000 for the reserve of the line, we have a total of 315,000 men.

We have before seen that the active army presented a grand total of 699,000 men; if, then, we add to this the other reserves, including the Cossacks, the Russian army could be made, from the organisation conferred upon it by the Emperor Nicholas, to furnish in case of a great war ONE MILLION of combatants, with 1800 guns ready harnessed! This is said to be the estimate of a Prussian officer of great experience

* Les Forces Militaires de la Russie, sous les Rapports Historiques, Statistiques, Ethnographiques, et Politiques. Par le Baron Auguste de Haxthausen.

on the point in question, as well as that of the Baron Auguste de Haxthausen.

The *esprit de corps*, necessary in all armies, is kept up in this vast assemblage of armed men—the largest the world ever yet saw—by giving to the regiments the names of successful chiefs and emperors, or, as with us, of the towns or provinces where they were chiefly recruited. To this is superadded a system of numbering, which facilitates the classification of the regiments. This system is so perfect, and the mechanism—more especially of brigading troops—is throughout so simple, that, if well and effectually carried out in active operations, if the springs work well, and nothing ennumbers the wheels or impedes the harmonious working of every detail into a perfect whole, this enormous machine only wants the slightest impulse from a skilful hand to work with unexampled force and rapidity.

Much has been said against the Russian system of upholding the integrity of this vast force, by making the children of soldiers soldiers by birth. But the system has at least this advantage, that it encourages soldiers to marriage; and what English or French soldier would not be glad to marry if he knew that his children would be educated and provided for by the state, as in Russia? Haxthausen, a German, says, how many German soldiers are incapacitated by bad disorders, how many seductions and illegitimate children have their origin in the prohibition of marriage! “Proud inhabitants of the West,” he exclaims, “you, who pride yourselves that your civilised government does not, like Russia, treat soldiers and their children as a property, like so many cattle or sheep, go to some seaport of that free England and listen when an English regiment is embarking for the colonies to the lamentations of the miserable beings who have been honest enough to marry. See that woman and her children left on the shore a prey to the most grievous despair.” It is not separation only that causes such excessive grief. There is no provision for her or for her children, and her husband and her children’s protector is taken away from her. In Russia, where soldiers’ children are the property of the state, so also is the married woman and her offspring tenderly cared for. All the corps have their fixed stations, and even furniture for the married. In barracks alone the beds of married couples are simply marked off by green curtains. In the military colonies they have their private habitations. The children are brought up by subsidies given to the parents, or, if the latter wish it, by government. According to the invariable Russian rule of classifying everything, there are 25 battalions and 20 squadrons, with five batteries of wooden guns, of these children of the state.

The Russian army, it will be readily understood, is made up of very heterogeneous materials, the aptitude of which, for military service, differs considerably. Thus, the officering of the army is mainly in the hands of Germans and Great Russians. The Muscovites, known by the latter designation, have much aptitude for infantry tactics, but they are brutalised by frequent corporeal punishment. The White Russians, when subjected to the regular life and diet of a soldier, become too fat. The Lettonians are a cowardly race, who, after a time, affect the Frenchified airs of a Russian soldier. The Sarmatians, Little Russians, Tartars, and Cossacks, on the other hand, all take delight in war—the greater part as

horsemen. The Fins furnish a few good riflemen; they are the only good sailors of the empire. The Jews are also recruited, but they are only used as workmen. They are said, however, to make good sailors. Out of 65 to 70 millions of men, subjects of the Tsar, 40 to 45 millions (of whom 34 millions are Great Russians) are subjected to conscription. All these Great Russians are not only innocent of all bellicose ardour, but they hold the military profession in positive horror.

Looked upon in a purely ethnographical point of view, Russia, from the tendencies of its predominant race, and of the great majority of those who are allied to it, would appear to be destined by nature to constitute a pacific nation of industrious and commercial habits, of peasants and of herds, rather than a military nation called upon to domineer over the world. What a pity that the successive heads of such a nation should have mistaken their mission! Even in most cases De Haxthausen will have it Russia has as yet only fought on the defensive side; and in the case of the Poles and the Tartars, it is only just, he argues, that the restless warrior races should be subjected by a more powerful "pacific" nation! Let us hope that this is the case also with regard to the position of Russia and Western Europe, although it is evident that Haxthausen himself is in momentary dread of an advance of the Russians into the heart of Germany; but even if so, it certainly is not the case with regard to the position of Russia in relation to Turkey. The possession of Constantinople, the resuscitation of the Greek worship at St. Sophia, and the holding the keys of the Bosphorus and of the Dardanelles, is an undying tradition with the Russian, be he Tsar or be he serf. Nor with inflexible perseverance opposed to a degenerate semi-barbarous race, and the erroneous policy of western nations in opposing themselves to the enormous power of Russia, instead of availing themselves of the obstacles presented by the intervening principalities of the Danube, will the day of success be long delayed.

Although the Russian army is recruited, like that of other nations, from vagabonds, idlers, and bad subjects, more particularly malefactors and criminals, it is still acknowledgedly deeply imbued with religious feeling. The strange way in which ideas of God, of the Tsar, and of the country are mixed up together in the mind of the Russian boot, ensure an enthusiasm in the soldiery as great almost as that which inspired the first followers of Muhammad. If the Russian does not fight from any chivalrous inspiration, he fights for his God and the Tsar, for the love of Holy Russia and the Russian nationality. As was the case with the Jews in olden time, the Russians are strongly imbued with the religious conviction that they are the chosen of God. The stoicism shown by the Russian soldier in the hour of danger rests on his deep faith in his mission, and the celestial reward that awaits him. These religious sentiments, and the character of the Slavonian nationality, also produce a marked antipathy for all that is foreign—an antipathy which is one of the great features of Muscovite character, and which tends, no doubt, to fortify the military spirit. The Slavonian elasticity, the vanity and pliability, the spirit of association, and the very physical aptitudes of the Russian, furnish materials for what is called, in its *ensemble*, *esprit de corps*. The subjection of the Russian soldier is so perfect, that it is impossible

to contemplate anything more uniform than Russian troops. Their dress, their march, their manners, nay, their very physiognomies, bear the same impression everywhere. This is almost ridiculously prominent in the guard, where they put the men with light hair and blue eyes into one company, and the men with dark hair and dark eyes into another. The excessive discipline enforced in the Russian army has no parallel since the time of the Romans. The Russian soldier is not allowed to think for himself, still less to criticise. This passive obedience has given rise to many stories of the spirit of an order being sometimes confounded with the letter. One day, a ship, having many officers and soldiers on board, went down in the Neva. The order was passed to the soldiers to save, in the first place, the officers of the guard. So of each person they succeeded in getting hold they anxiously inquired if he was an officer of the guard? The water filling the mouths of these unfortunates, they could not answer, so they were allowed to drown. Another time, it being very dusty, the soldiers were ordered to water the field for exercise. While engaged on this duty, it came on to rain heavily, but the soldiers continued their labour notwithstanding. It was sufficient that it was ordered. At the time of the destruction of the winter palace by fire, a priest succeeded, with great difficulty, in getting into the chapel to rescue the sacramental plate. As he was returning, he saw a soldier in the corridor, enveloped in smoke. "Come with me," he shouted out, "or you will perish in the flames." "No," answered the soldier; "but give me your blessing." Another, caught in an inundation, allowed himself to be drowned rather than leave his post. The military purposes of this wonderful subordination—probably in great part the result of the frequent application of the stick, a weapon which plays a most important part in the formation of the Russian soldier—will be best understood from another anecdote. At the siege of Warsaw, a young grenadier, addressing himself to an old soldier, and pointing towards the Polish entrenchments, said, "What do you think, comrade, do you think we shall take those entrenchments?" "I scarcely think we shall," answered the other; "they are too strong." "But," added the young soldier, "suppose we are ordered to take them?" "Oh! then it will be another thing; if we are ordered to take them, we will take them." The religious feeling is entertained in the Russian regiments by a number of papers, or hopes, attached to each. Every soldier has his amulet and images of saints. The emperor gives the example of devotion. On Easter Monday he issues forth from the palace and embraces the sentinels posted at the gate, saying, "Christ is risen again!" to which the soldier answers, "Yes, truly, he is risen again." It is said that one day the soldier on duty replied, "Yes, so they say." He happened to be a Tartar, who, by the chances of conscription, had got into the guard. Ever since, the post at the palace has been entrusted to none but orthodox Russians. The Russians have a first grenadier. His name was Archippe Ossipoff, and he sacrificed himself in 1840 in blowing up the fort of Mike halloff rather than let it fall into the hands of the Circassians. When the first grenadier of the first company of the regiment of Touginsk is

called, the existing first grenadier; who is reckoned as second, has to answer, "Dead, for the honour of the Russian arms in the fort of Mikhailoff." The regiment of Tschernigoff has the privilege of wearing red stockings, because at the battle of Paltava it waded up to the knees in blood.

The Cossacks, or, as they call themselves, Tscherkesses, or Circassians, are of various races, chiefly of pastoral or nomadic habits, dwelling on the steppes or plains of Southern Russia, and united together in democratic associations for the purposes of war and plunder—war being looked upon as a means, plunder as the invariable object. The Cossacks of Little Russia dwelt on the Dniepr—the Cossacks of Great Russia on the Don. The Cossack is, however, no longer now what he was in olden times; the firing of a neighbouring stanitz no longer calls him to horse. Roused from their slumbers, they no longer hurry to the fords of the Donets or the Don to carry off the booty and prisoners made by Tartar tribes. They can no longer make plundering expeditions into the Crimea, or along the shores of the sea of Azoff. The Cossacks are now in great part embodied among the regular troops; such as are not so are still regularly organised for service. Among a large portion the sword has taken the place of the lance, and they now have even their artillery. It is questionable whether, under such a system, and debarred of their ancient privileges of plunder, the Cossack has not lost some of those qualities which once made him so formidable to the enemy. Their courage became doubtful in Poland, and more than doubtful in the Caucasus. It is said that they somewhat retrieved their character in Hungary; but still the Cossack of the present day is no longer the fearless, indefatigable, chivalrous cavalier that never ceased to sweep the skirts of *la grande armée*. The Cossacks of the present day are those of the Don, comprising 58 regiments of cavalry, and 14 batteries of horse artillery. Those of Azoff, with 30 gun-boats. The Cossacks of the Danube, with 2 regiments of cavalry. Those of the Black Sea, comprising 12 regiments of cavalry, 9 battalions of riflemen, 3 horse and 1 foot batteries. The Cossacks of the Caucasus, with 18 regiments of cavalry and 3 horse batteries. Those of the Ural, comprising 12 cavalry regiments. Those of Orenbourg, 10 regiments of cavalry. Those of Siberia, 9 regiments of cavalry and 3 batteries of horse artillery. The Cossacks of the frontiers of China, 8 sotni. The Cossacks of Astrakhan, 3 regiments of cavalry and 1 battery of horse artillery. The citizen Cossacks of Siberia, 8 foot regiments, or battalions. Total, 124 regiments of 126,200 men and 224 guns. A tolerably effective army of itself, but a portion of which is permanently absorbed in the war in the Caucasus.

To these must be added the Tartars of the Crimea, who once boasted of their Khans at the head of 150,000 horsemen, and now only contribute one squadron of fine troops to the Imperial Guard. The Circassians and Georgians furnish a squadron of the guard forming the personal escort of the emperor, and with the squadron of Cossacks of the Guard, the so-called "Tscherkesse Guard," also one regiment of cavalry to the Polish army, and one regiment of infantry employed against the Lesghis. The Bashirs and Metscheriacks of Perm and Orenbourg also furnish small con-

agents; and lastly the Buriats and Tunguses furnish five regiments of cavalry to aid the Cossacks in guarding the Chinese frontier.

The Cossacks are still armed with bows and arrows, so that they can kill a sentinel without the least noise; their whole war is a struggle of skill, personal courage, and daring, against which a German peasant, or a Parisian tailor, turned soldier, has no more chance than he would have against a Bedouin Arab. The system of plunder is so organised among them, that when in Paris in 1812—14, they had, by dint of riding long stages, a regular line of Cossack posts extending from the Seine to the Don, and along which the booty was daily transmitted. This line was established and kept up by themselves!

It is but fair to remark of this force, which is at once everywhere and nowhere—of this soldier, who with his arms so tight as not to make the slightest noise, steals upon his enemy like a tiger—who, spread out like a swan, defy alike great guns and musketry, and wait their moment to rush like lightning upon the foe—that it has also been said of them that by their devastations they often compromise the safety of their own army without in any way contributing to the general results of the war.

There can be no doubt that the Russian army—the most numerous body of men ever yet collected together by one nation for purposes of war—has its deficiencies and its short-comings; one of the chief of which is, that which is almost inseparable from so vast an organisation, the difference between the nominal and the really effective sum total. But still the existence of such an army, greater than that of all the other European powers put together, cannot be looked upon without feelings of apprehension not unmingled with awe. There have ever been upon this point two classes of thinkers, both having an extreme tendency, one to underrate the power of Russia, the other to make too much of it. The middle is at once the safest and most rational position in which to stand in a discussion which has had no small amount of asperity thrown into it.

One of the best proofs of what that power is, cannot be better shown than at the present moment, when all the power of the Porte, seconded by its vassals of Egypt and Tunis, and backed by its fanatic and warlike hordes from Arabia, Kurdistan, and Albania, has been unable to raise an army that can combat more than one-tenth of the army which the Tsar could bring against the devoted empire. It has been found, also, at a convenient moment, that even the possession of the seas would not influence the march of armies by land. Nothing can better show the necessity of neither underrating nor tampering with the power of Russia.

The heterogeneous composition of the Russian army; its wide dissemination, and the difficulties of assembling its various corps; the want of sinews of war, or the means of crippling these; the inherent weakness of the autocratic government, and the insubordinate relations of Tsar, nobility, and serfdom, have all alternately been held forth as drawbacks upon its nominal strength. But many of these points, as its wide dissemination, might, in another sense, be looked upon as Russia's strength. For example, if Russia could not afford to have a separate army in the Caucasus, it could not afford to go to war with Turkey; as if it could not afford an army in Poland, it could also not afford to beard France and Great Britain. As to the want of sinews, the yearly increasing value of the Ural and Sibe-

rian mines must have gone on for some time past, diminishing any chances of accident on that score; add to which, the Russian commissariate is notoriously the cheapest (proportionally) in the world—so also with the political weakness inherent in an autocracy. The emperor himself entertains a precisely opposite opinion, and rates the divided and dilatory counsels of a representative system at a very low figure.

Events alone, in the words of M. de Haxthausen, can give an answer as to how this immense military force may be brought to act. The military power of Russia is almost as untried as is its naval. In the last war with Turkey, the notoriously deficient and straggling fortifications of Varna were sufficient to hold the Russians in check for months. The natural and artificial defences of the Balkan, at every point, whether in Servia, Bulgaria, or at Shumla, are not to be sneered at. When we read, then, that the advance of Russia to Constantinople will be little better than a military promenade, we may be permitted to doubt it. There is the Danube to pass, which cannot be done without some loss from the Turkish irregulars encamped on its banks. The Balkan may be turned, but not without a struggle. This is supposing that no opposition presents itself from the west, and that Austria is gained over by the bribe of Croatia, Bosnia, and Hertzegovina. But the advance of the Russian army would be further impeded by the allied fleet holding the coast. If the Russians ventured to engage that fleet, all the chances of war are in favour of the allies. The capture of Constantinople might also be for a long time thwarted by such a success on the part of the fleet. But still the grand results would ultimately (without unforeseen elements coming into operation, and complications arising, which it would be more tedious than difficult to discuss here) be in favour of the colossal Christian power that would hold Adrianople on the one side, and advance through Asia Minor on the other. The very guns of the Bosphorus and of the Dardanelles might, if no land force was brought into co-operation, be made to revenge any probable disaster on the Black Sea.

The war now entered upon is a war of religion; it is a last and final crusade of Christianity against barbarous Islamism. The proclamation of the Russian commander-in-chief, which concludes with the following words—"Russia is called upon to annihilate Paganism, and those who would oppose her in that sacred mission shall be annihilated with the Pagans. Long life to the Tsar! Long life to the God of the Russians"—leaves no doubt upon the subject.

There is every reason to presume, from the manner in which diplomatic proceedings have been made to march side by side with the continuous pouring in of troops into the principalities on the Danube, that the Emperor of Russia never intended to be stopped in the line of conduct which he had marked out for himself. The hasty acceptance of the note prepared by the conference, before it had been accepted by the chief party in question, as also the aggrieved party—Turkey—was a refined piece of diplomacy. It enabled the emperor to say to the conference, "You dictated terms such as you deemed it honourable and just for Russia and Turkey to accede to. I, the Emperor of all the Russians, hastened at once to give in my adhesion to the arrangement proposed by your honourable conference.

Turkey refused to accede to these proposals, but insisted upon impossible modifications. Turkey has therefore only herself to blame, and the European powers having, through the Vienna conference, pledged themselves to an arrangement which Russia accepted and Turkey alone rejected, the said powers must feel that they can no longer in honour lend their material support to the disaffected Muhammadans."

We have never shrunk from expressing our opinion that Great Britain and France would place themselves in a wrong position in entering upon a war in favour of a decrepit, barbarous race and an unenlightened faith, against a young and colossal Christian power. This feeling is only increased by a sense of the difficulties of the case. A cowardly, inefficient ally in the field, an incongruous, discordant population on all sides, an incapable, profligate administration to guide all, and an enemy with almost exhaustless resources to combat. The Anglo-French fleet is totally unequal, with such an ally and such odds, to bring the struggle to a successful issue for Muhammadanism. It is now acknowledged, even by those parties who would have had us go to war upon the first occupation of the principalities by the Russians, that the result of that war could never be the upholding of Turkey in Europe. Its fate is decreed within its own bosom, and are those countries prepared to throw their whole power into the balance? Yet once begun it might be dangerous to the ultimate safety of all Europe to leave off in disgrace. In the presence of so imminent a danger, and in the presence of such manifest political perplexities, how much more reasonable it would be for the four powers to wait their time for throwing their united influence into the balance to determine the future of the East; to see that the Tsar does not rule at once at St. Petersburg and at Constantinople; to assure the independence of the Danubian provinces, and to establish an independent Christian dynasty at Byzantium; in fact, to look after their own interests and the interest of all Europe that is not Russian, instead of hurrying into a hasty war for a bankrupt faith and race, from which, unless united in a common cause, they may not be able to extricate themselves without difficulty or disaster. Such is the position Great Britain and France would be placed in almost inevitably after war: better, then, that they should stand in that position previous to war being commenced. They would at least have uninjured resources to back their diplomacy, unquestionable rights—those of a common interest, a common religion, and a common civilisation—would then be with them, and the sympathies of all mankind that is not Russian or Muhammadan would also be on their side.

could also be on their side. The only reason for pressing upon the Emperor in which I am sure the Emperor would have been ready to comply with the Emperor's wishes, was a subject which he had marked out for himself. The last acceptance of the non payment by the conference before it had been accepted by the chief party in question as also the suggested party. There was a subject piece of diplomacy. It enabled the Emperor to say to the conference, "You divided terms such as you found it honorable and just for Russia and Turkey to accede to. I the Emperor to all the Russians insisted at once to give in my address to the arrangement proposed by your honorable conference."

AN EVENT IN THE LIFE OF LORD BYRON.*

BY THE AUTHOR OF "THE UNHOLY WISH."

I.

It was early on a summer's morning, many years ago, that a party of five or six persons, most of whom were in the bloom of youth, stood on the shores of the Adriatic Gulf, about to embark in a four-oared gondola, which was moored to its banks. Gondoliers—boatmen, as we should call them—bustled around. Some inspected the oars, some were getting the gondola in rowing order, some were standing guard over the provisions and other articles about to be stowed away in it; and one, whose countenance wore a peculiar expression, chiefly because it possessed but one eye, stood close to the principal group, waiting for orders.

It may be well to notice this group before proceeding further. Foremost and most conspicuous of it was a man of distinguished appearance, and noble, intelligent features. He *looked* about thirty years of age, but he may have been a year or two older, or younger. His personal characteristics need not be more particularly described, since his fame has caused them to be familiar to most classes. It was Lord Byron.

A little away from him stood an Italian woman, young, and passably lovely. Her features were not classically beautiful, but the dancing blue eyes that lighted them up, and the profusion of fair ringlets that adorned them, rendered the face more than pleasing. There is no necessity for mentioning her name here: it has been coupled with Lord Byron's too long, and too publicly, for any familiar with the records of his life to be at a loss to supply the deficiency. To call her *Madame la Contessa*, will be sufficient for us. Her brother, the Count G., was standing near her: but where was the old lord, her husband? Never you inquire where a lady's liege lord may be, when referring to Italy: be very sure that it is anywhere but by the side of his wife. Two more gentlemen completed the assemblage: one was the Marquis P.; the other a Frenchman, Monsieur H.; passing acquaintances of Lord Byron.

They had been staying for a few days at one of the inhabited islands of the Adriatic. It had been a suddenly-got-up little party of pleasure, having started one fine morning from Ravenna, in the gondola, and had proceeded by easy sails, now touching at one point, now at another, to the place where they were for the moment located. Their object this morning was to gain one of the uninhabited isles, spend the day on it, and return back in the evening. Some of these little solitary islands were luxuriant and beautiful, well worth the trouble of a visit, when within reach.

The gondoliers, the same who had accompanied them from Ravenna, continued their preparations for departure, but so dreamily and lazily, that only to look on would put a Thames waterman into a fever. Lord

* It is believed by the author of these pages, that the incident they relate is scarcely, if at all, known in England. Yet this little episode in the career of Lord Byron is surely worthy of being recorded in the poet's own land, and in his native tongue. It is pretty generally known abroad, not only in Italy: the author has heard it spoken of more than once, and has also met with it, minutely detailed, in a French work. It occurred during the poet's last sojourn abroad.

Byron was accustomed to Italian idleness and Italian manners, nevertheless he would sometimes get impatient—as on this morning. He leaped into the gondola.

"Do you think we shall get away to-day if you go on at this pace?" he cried, in Italian. "And who is going to be subjected to the sun's force through your laziness?"

"The sun's force is not on yet, signor," one of the men ventured to remonstrate.

"But it will be soon," was the answer of his lordship, with an Italian expletive which need not be translated here. "Cyclops, hand in that fowling-piece: give it me. Mind the lines—don't you see you are getting them entangled. Madame la Contessa, what has become of your sketch-book?"

She looked at him with her gay blue eyes, and pointed to the book in question, which he held in his hand. He laughed at his mistake, as he threw it down beside him in the boat.

"You are forgetful this morning," she observed.

"My thoughts are elsewhere," was his reply; "they often are. And more so to-day than ordinary, for I have had news from England."

"Received news to-day!—here?" was the exclamation.

"Yes. I left orders at Ravenna that if anything came it should be sent on here."

At length the party embarked. Count G. took his place at the helm, and the four others arranged themselves, two on either side.

"Which isle is it the pleasure of the signor that we make for?" inquired one of the gondoliers, with a glance at Lord Byron.

He was buried in abstraction, and did not answer, but the Frenchman spoke.

"Could we not push on to Cherso?"

"Cherso!" reiterated the count, opening his eyes to their utmost width. "Much you know, my dear friend, of the localities of these islands. It would take us twelve months, about, to get to Cherso in this gondola."

"They were telling us about the different merits of these isles last night. What do you say, mi-lord?"

"I care nothing about it; only settle it between yourselves," was Lord Byron's listless reply.

"Dio! but you are polite, all of you!" uttered the marquis. "La Contessa present, and you would decide without consulting her!"

"If you ask me," rejoined the lady, "I should say the wiser plan would be to leave it to the men. They are much better acquainted with the isles than we are."

The men laid on their oars, and looked up.

"Where are we to steer to?"

"To whichever of the islands within reach you think best," replied Lord Byron; and their oars again struck the water.

"You say you have had news from England," observed Count G. to Lord Byron. "Good, I hope."

"Nothing but newspapers and reviews."

"No letters?"

"None. Those I left in England are strangely neglectful of me."

Forgotten that I am alive perhaps. Well—why should they remember it?”

“The letters may have miscarried, or been detained.”

“*May!* Out of sight, out of mind, G. Yet there are some one or two from whom I was fool enough to expect different conduct.”

“What do the newspapers say?” inquired the signora.

“I have scarcely looked at them. There’s the average dose of parliamentary news, I suppose; a *quantum suf.* of police——”

“No, no,” she interrupted, “you know what I mean. What do they say about you—the reviews?”

“Complimentary, as usual,” was the poet’s reply. “I wonder,” he continued, with a smile, half of sadness, half of mockery, “whether my enemies will ever be convinced that I am not quite a wild beast.”

“You are bitter,” exclaimed the countess.

“Nay,” he returned, “I leave bitterness to them. It is the epithet one of them honours me with, ‘caged hyena.’ Were it not for a mixture of other feelings, that combine to keep me away, I would pay old England a speedy visit, and convince them that a wild beast may bite, if his puny tormentors go too far. By Heaven! I feel at times half resolved to go!”

“Would you take such a step lightly?” inquired the countess.

“England and some of her children have too deeply outraged my feelings for me *lightly* to return to them,” he replied.

“How is it that they abuse you? How is it that they suffer you, who ought to be England’s proudest boast, to remain in exile?”

“*Remain* in exile!” was his ejaculation: “they drove me into it.”

“I have often thought,” was her next remark, “that they could not know you, as you really are.”

“None have known me,” was his answer. “It is the fate of some natures never to be understood. I never have been, and never shall be.”

Lord Byron could not have uttered a truer word. Some natures never are and never can be understood. The deeply imaginative, the highly sensitive, the intellect of dreamy power; a nature of which these combined elements form the principal parts, can never be comprehended by the generality of the world. It knows its own superiority; it stands isolated in its own conscious pride. It will hold companionship with others, apparently but as one of themselves, in carelessness, in sociality, in revelry: but a still small consciousness is never absent from it, whispering, even in its most unguarded moments, that for such a nature there **NEVER** can be companionship on earth: never can it be understood, in life, or after death. And of such a one was Lord Byron’s.

The lady by his side in the boat that day, remarking that his own countrymen could not have understood him, perhaps thought that she did; in fact, the observation would seem to imply it. The noble poet could have told her that she knew no more of his inward nature, his proud sad heart, his shrinking sensitiveness, than did those whose delusion she deplored. Of such men—and God in His mercy to themselves has vouchsafed that they shall be rare—there are two aspects, two natures; one for themselves, the other for the world: and they know that in all the ways and realities of life, they are appearing, involuntarily, in a false character. You who are not of this few, who have been

blessed with a mind fitted to play its practical part in the drama of life, will probably not understand this; neither can you understand the bitter feeling of isolation that forms part of such a nature at knowing it can never be understood, never be appreciated.

Madame la Contessa, in answer to Lord Byron's last remark, spoke out with all the heat and fervour of her native land. "I should burn with impatience, I should scarcely *live* for fever," were the passionate words, "until I had convinced them of their error, and shown them that you are one to be loved and prized, rather than hated and shunned."

A sad smile passed over the celebrated lips of Lord Byron. "It is not my fate," he said, in a tone that told of irony. "Love—as you call it—and I, were not destined by the stars to come into contact. Not one human being has ever looked upon me with an eye of love."

She interrupted him with a deprecatory exclamation.

"Never," he persisted; and if she could have read the dark feeling of desolation that his own words awoke within him, she would have marvelled at his careless aspect, and the light Italian proverb that issued from his lips. "*Bacio di bocca spesso cuor non tocca*."

"But these wicked men in England who rail at, and traduce you," resumed the countess, "why don't you throw it back on their own evil hearts? You have the power within you."

"*I bide my time*," was his answer. "If I live, they may yet repent of the wrong they have done me."

"But if you die," cried the Italian, in her passionate impatience—"if you die an early death?"

"Then God's will be done!" he answered, raising his straw hat, and leaning bareheaded over the side of the gondola, as he looked down at the water. They were much mistaken, those who accused Lord Byron, amongst other heinous faults, of possessing no sense of religion.

The gondoliers were applying themselves vigorously to their oars, and the party gave their minds up to the enjoyment of dreamy indolence, as they quickly glided over the calm waters of the Adriatic. At length they reached the island, one especially lauded by the men. The gondola was made fast to the shore, and Lord Byron, stepping out, gave his hand to the countess. It was indeed a lovely place. Scarcely half a mile in length, and uninhabited, the green grass was soft as velvet; tall bushes, and shrubs of verdure, were scattered there, affording a shade from the rays of the sun; beautiful flowers charmed the eye; various birds flew in the air; a small stream of water, abounding in fish, ran through the land, and all seemed loveliness and peace.

The gondoliers proceeded to unload the boat. Two good-sized hampers, one containing wine, the other provisions, lines for fishing, guns, a book or two, the countess's sketch-book, crayons, &c., were severally landed. Added to which, there were some warmer wrappings for the lady, lest the night should come on before their return; and there was also a large cask of spring water, for although the island they had landed on contained water, some of the neighbouring ones did not, and when they started, the gondoliers did not know which they should make for. The gondola was emptied of all, save its oars, and was left secured to the bank.

"And now for our programme," exclaimed Lord Byron. "What is to be the order of the day?"

"I shall have an hour's angling," observed Count G., beginning to set in order the fishing-tackle. "By the body of Bacchus, though! I have forgotten the bait."

"Just like you, G.!" laughed Lord Byron.

"There is some bait here," observed one of the gondoliers. "My lord had it brought down."

"I am greatly obliged to you," said the count to Lord Byron, joyfully taking up the bait. "I remember now where I left it."

"Ay, I have to think for all of you," was his observation. "Marquis, how do you mean to kill time?"

"In killing birds. H. and I propose to have a shot or two. Will you join us?"

"Not I," answered Lord Byron: "I have brought my English papers with me. You must lay the repast in the best spot you can find," he continued to the men. "We shall be ready for it soon, I suppose."

The party dispersed. Count G., with one of the gondoliers, to the stream; the marquis and the Frenchman to the remotest parts of the island, fully intending to kill all they came in sight of; the countess seated herself on a low bank, her sketch-book on her knee, and prepared her drawing materials; whilst the ill-starred English nobleman opened a review, and threw himself on the grass close by.

Do not cavil at the word "ill-starred:" for, ill-starred he eminently was, in all, save his genius. It is true that compensates for much, but in the social conditions of life, few have been so unhappy as was Lord Byron. It was a scene of warfare with himself, or with others, from the cradle to the grave. As a child, he was not loved; for it is not the shy and the passionate who make themselves friends. His mother, so we may gather from the records left to us, was not a judicious trainer: now indulging him in a reprehensible degree; now thwarting him, and with fits of violence that terrified him. His greatest misfortune was his deformity, slight as it was, for it was ever present to his mind night and day, wounding his sensitiveness in the most tender point. An imaginative, intellectual nature, such as his, is always a vain one: not the vanity of a little mind, but that of one conscious of its superiority over the general multitude. None can have an idea of the blight such a personal defect will throw over the mind of its sufferer, rendering the manners, in most cases, awkward and reserved. Before his boyhood was over, came his deep, enduring, unrequited love for Miss Chaworth—a love which, there is no doubt, coloured the whole of his future existence, even to its last hour. A few years of triumph followed, when all bowed down to his surpassing genius: a triumph which, however gratifying it may have been to his vanity, touched not his heart; for that heart was prematurely seared, and the only one whose appreciation could have set it throbbing, and whose praise would have been listened for as the greatest bliss on earth, was, to him, worse than nothing. Then came his marriage, and that need not be commented on here: few unions have brought less happiness. His affairs also became embarrassed. None can read those lines touching upon this fact, without a painful throb of pity: and, be assured, that when he penned them, the greatest anguish was seated

in his heart. I forget what poem the lines are in, neither can I remember them correctly, but they run something in this fashion :

And he, poor fellow, had enough to wound him.

It was a trying moment, that which found him
Standing alone beside his desolate hearth,
Whilst all his household gods lay shiver'd round him.

They may be in "*Childe Harold*"—they may be in "*Don Juan*"—they may be in a poem to themselves: no matter: they refer to a very unhappy period of his chequered life. Abandoned by those he may have expected to cherish him; abused and railed at by the public, who took upon themselves to judge what they knew nothing of; stung to the quick by accusations, most of which were exaggerated, and some wholly false, he once more went into exile. A foreign land became his home, and there, far from all he cared for, he led a solitary and almost isolated existence. His life had but one hope that ever cheered it; but one event to look forward to, as a break to its monotonous outline, and that, was the arrival of letters and news from England. Lord Byron, above all others, *required* the excitement of fame to sustain him: his vanity was constitutionally great, and he had been brought, in many ways, before the public. Only this one break—and how poor it was!—to fill the void in his life and heart! He literally yearned for England—he yearned to know what was said, what thought of him—he yearned for the hour that should set him right with his accusers. It has been said that he met abuse with contempt, scorn with indifference: yes, but only to the world.

That an hour would come when he should be compensated for his harsh treatment, when England would be convinced he was not the fiend she described him, Lord Byron never doubted. But those dreams were not to be realised. The unhappy nobleman lived on, in that foreign country, a stranger amongst strangers. There was nothing to bring him excitement, there was no companionship, no appreciation: it was enough to make him gnaw his heart, and die. He formed an acquaintance with one, whom the world was pleased to declare must have brought him all the consolation he required. They spoke of what they little understood. It may have served to while away a few of his weary hours, nothing more: all passion, all power to love, had passed away in that dream of his early life. A short period of this unsatisfactory existence, and the ill-fated poet went to Greece—to die. As he had lived, in exile from his own land, where he had so longed to be, so did he die. Could he have foreseen this early death, he probably would have gone home long before—or not have quitted it.

And there he reclined on the grass this day, in that uninhabited island, poring over the bitter attacks of the critics on his last work—drinking in the remarks some did not scruple to make upon himself personally, and upon the life he was leading. The lady there, busy over her sketching, addressed a remark to him from time to time, but found she could not get an answer.

At length they were called to dine. Ere they sat down, all articles, not wanted, were returned to the gondola. Guns, lines, books, newspapers—everything was put in order, and placed in the boat, the sketch-book and pencils of the signora alone excepted.

"What sport have you had?" inquired Lord Byron, sauntering towards his shooting friends.

"Oh, passable—very passable."

"But where's the spoil?"

"Everything's taken to the gondola," replied the marquis, speaking very rapidly.

"I saw, borne towards the gondola, a bag full of—emptiness," observed Count G. "I hope that was not the spoil you bagged."

"What fish have you caught?" retorted the marquis, who, being a wretched sportsman, was keenly alive to all jokes upon the point.

"Not one," grumbled G. "I don't mind confessing it. I have not had a single bite. I shall try a different sort of bait next time: this is not good."

They sat down to table—if a cloth spread upon the grass could be called such. A party *carré* it might have been, for all the interest Lord Byron seemed to take in it. He often had these moody fits after receiving news from England. But, as the dinner progressed, and the generous wine began to circulate, he forgot his abstraction; his spirits rose to excitement, and he became the very life of the table.

"One toast!" he exclaimed, when the meal was nearly over—"one toast before we resign our places to the gondoliers!"

"Let each give his own," cried Count G., "and we will drink them together."

"Agreed," laughed the party. "Marquis, you begin."

"By the holy chair! I have nothing to give. Well: the game we did *not* bag to-day."

A roar of laughter followed. "Now H.?"

"France, la belle France, land of lands!" aspirated the Frenchman, casting the balls of his eyes up into the air, and leaving visible only the whites, as a patriotic Frenchman is apt to do, when going into raptures over his native country.

"Il diavolo," continued young G., in his turn.

"Order, order," cried Lord Byron.

"I *will* give it," growled G., who had not yet recovered his good humour. "I owe him something for my ill-luck to-day. Il diavolo."

"And you?" said Lord Byron, turning to her who sat on his right hand.

"What! am I to be included in your toast-giving?" she laughed. "Better manners to you all, then."

"G., you deserved that. We wait for you, my lord."

"My insane traducers. May they find their senses at last." And Lord Byron drained his glass to the bottom.

The party rose, quitted the spot, and dispersed about the island. The gentlemen to smoke, and the lady to complete her sketch, which wanted filling in. The gondoliers took the vacated places, and made a hearty meal. They then cleared away the things, and placed them in the gondola, ready to return.

It may have been from one to two hours afterwards, that Lord Byron and the Frenchman were standing by the side of the contessa, who was dreamily enjoying the calmness of an Italian evening. They were inquiring whether she was ready for departure, for the time was drawing

on, when Count G., her brother, appeared in the distance, running, shouting and gesticulating violently, as he advanced towards them.

"Of all the events, great and small, that can happen on this blessed world of ours, what can have put an Italian into such a fever as that?" muttered Lord Byron. "What's up now?" he called out to G.

"The gondola! the gondola!" he stuttered and panted; and so great was his excitement, that the countess, unable to comprehend his meaning, turned as white as death, and seized the arm of Lord Byron.

"Well, what of the gondola?" demanded the latter, petulantly. "You might speak plainly, I think; and not come terrifying the contessa in this manner. Is it sunk, or blown up, or what?"

"It's worse," roared the count. "It has gone away—broken from its moorings. It is a league and a half distant by this time."

Lord Byron took in the full meaning of his words on the instant, and all that they could convey to the mind—the embarrassment of their position, its unpleasantness, and—ay—perhaps its peril. He threw the arm of the lady from him, with much less ceremony than he would have used in any calmer moment, and flew towards the shore, the Frenchman and the Italian tearing after him.

Oh yes, it was quite true. There was the gondola, nearly out of sight, drifting majestically over the Adriatic. It had broken its fastenings, and had gone away of its own accord, consulting nobody's convenience and pleasure but its own. The four gondoliers stood staring after it, in the very height of dismay. Lord Byron addressed them.

"Whose doing is this?" he inquired. "Who pretended to fasten the gondola?"

A shower of exclamations, and gestures, and protestations interrupted him. Of course "nobody" had done it: nobody ever does do anything. They had all fastened it; and fastened it securely: and the private opinion of some of them was given forth, that nobody had accomplished the mischief save, *il diavolo*.

"Just so," cried Lord Byron. "You invoked him, you know, G."

"It would be much better to consider what's to be done, than to talk nonsense," retorted the count, who was not of the sweetest temper.

And Lord Byron burst into an uncontrollable fit of laughter, not at him, but at beholding how the false teeth of the marquis chattered, when he now, for the first time, was made acquainted with the calamity.

"We shall never get away again! We shall be forced to stop on this dreadful island for ever—and with nothing to eat!" groaned the marquis. "Milord, what is to be done?"

Lord Byron did not reply; but one accustomed to his countenance might have read the deepest perplexity there; for wild, undefined ideas of famine were flitting like shadows across his own brain.

Their position was undoubtedly perilous. Left on that uninhabited isle without sustenance or means of escape, the only hope they could encourage was, that some vessel might pass and perceive them: perhaps a pleasure party, like their own, might be making for the islands. But this hope was a very forlorn one, for weeks might elapse ere that was the case. They had no covering, save what they had on; even the wrappings of the countess were in the unlucky gondola.

"Can you suggest no means of escape?" again implored the marquis of Lord Byron, to whom all the party, as with one accord, seemed to look

for succour, as if conscious they were in the presence of a superior mind. They thought that if any could devise a way of escape, it must be he. But there they erred. They had yet to learn that for all the practical uses of every-day life, none are so entirely helpless as these minds of inward pride and power. There was probably not a single person then present, who could not, upon an emergency, have acted far more to the purpose than could Lord Byron.

"There's nothing to be suggested," interrupted one or two of the boatmen. "We cannot help ourselves: we have no means of help. We must watch for a sail, or an oar, passing, and if none see us, we must stay here and die."

Lord Byron turned to the men, and spoke in a low voice. "Do not be discouraged," he said: "if ever there was a time when your oft-quoted saying ought to be practically remembered, it is now. '*Asutato, e Dio l'asutero.*'"

The first suggestion was made by the marquis. He proposed that a raft should be constructed, sufficient to carry one person, who might then go in search of assistance. This was very good in theory, but when they came to talk of practice, it was found that if there had been any wood on the island suitable for the purpose, which there was not, they had neither tools nor means to fashion it.

"At all events," resumed the marquis, "let us hoist a signal of distress, and then, if any vessel should pass, it will see us."

"It may, you mean," returned Lord Byron. "But what are we to do for a pole? Suppose, marquis, we tie a flag to you: you are the tallest."

"Where are you to find a flag?" added the count, in perplexity. "All our things have gone off in that cursed gondola."

"Dio mio!" uttered the half-crazed marquis.

"I once," said Lord Byron, musingly, "swam across the Hellespont. I might try my skill again now, and perhaps gain one of the neighbouring isles."

"And to what good if the signor did attempt it?" inquired one of the gondoliers, "since the immediate isles are, like this, uninhabited. That would not further our escape, or his."

"Can none of you fellows think of anything?" asked the count, impatiently, of the gondoliers. "You should be amply rewarded."

"The signor need not speak of reward," answered Cyclops, the one-eyed boatman: and it may be stated that "Cyclops" was merely a name bestowed upon him by the public, suggested by his infirmity. "We are as anxious to escape as he is, for we have wives and families, who must starve, if we perish. Never let the signor talk about reward."

"The gondola must have been most carelessly fastened," growled the marquis.

"Had it sunk, instead of floated, we should have known it was caused by the weight of your birds," cried Lord Byron.

"There was not a single bird in it," rejoined the marquis, too much agitated, now, to care for his renown as a sportsman.

"Then what in the world did you do with them? There must be a whole battue of dead game down yonder."

"You are merry!" uttered the lady, reproachfully, to Lord Byron.

"What is the use of being sad, and showing it?" was his answer. "All the groans extant won't bring us aid."

The night was drawing on apace; and the question was raised, how were they to pass it? The gentlemen, though a little extra clothing would have been acceptable, might have managed without any serious inconvenience: but there was the lady! They seated her as comfortably as circumstances permitted, under shelter of some bushes, with her head upon a low bank, and Lord Byron took off his coat, a light summer one, and wrapped her in it. She earnestly protested against this, arguing that all ought to fare alike, and that not one, even herself, should be aided at the inconvenience of another. And the last argument she brought in was, that he might catch his death of cold.

"And of what moment would that be?" was his reply. "I should leave nobody behind to mourn or miss me."

Few of them, probably, had ever spent such a night as that. Tormented by physical discomfort without, by anxious suspense within, for the greater portion of them there was no sleep. Morning dawned at last—such a dawn! It found them as the night had left them, foodless, shelterless, and with hope growing less and less. It was a mercy, they said amongst themselves, that there was water in the island. And so it was; for an unquenched thirst, under Italia's sun, is grievous to be borne.

It was in the afternoon of this day, that a loud, joyful cry from Cyclops caused every living soul to rush towards him, with eyes full of brightness, and hearts beating, for they surely thought that a sail was in sight. And there were no bounds to the anger and sarcasm showered upon poor Cyclops, when it was found that his cry of joy proceeded only from the stupid fact of his having found the water-cask.

"You are a fool, Cyclops," observed the Count G., in his own emphatic language.

"I supposed it had gone off in the gondola," apologised Cyclops. "I never thought of looking into this overshadowed little creek, and there it has been, ever since yesterday."

"And what if it has?" screamed the count. "Heaven and earth, man! are you losing your senses? We cannot eat that."

"And we can't get astride it and swim off to safety," added the marquis, fully joining in his friend's indignation. But the more practical Frenchman caught Cyclops' hand:

"My brave fellow!" he exclaimed, "I see the project. You think that by the help of this cask you may be enabled to bring us succour."

"I will try it," uttered the man; and the others comprehended, with some difficulty, the idea that was agitating Cyclops' brain. He thought he could convert the cask into a "sort of boat," he explained.

"A sort of boat!" they echoed.

"And I will venture in it," continued the gondolier. "If I can get to one of the inhabited isles, our peril will be at an end."

"It may cost you your life, Cyclops," said Lord Byron.

"But it may save yours, signor, and that of all here. And for my own life, it is being risked by famine now."

"You are a noble fellow!" exclaimed Lord Byron. "If you can command the necessary courage——"

"I will command it, signor," interrupted the man. "Which of you fellows," he continued, turning to the gondoliers, "will help me to hoist this cask ashore?"

"Stay!" urged Lord Byron. "You will have need of all your energy and strength, Cyclops, if you start on this expedition, therefore husband them. You can direct, if you will, but let others work."

And Cyclops saw the good sense of the argument, and acquiesced.

There were two large clasp-knives among the four boatmen, and, by their help, a hole was cut in the cask, converting it into—well, it could not be called a boat, or a raft, or a tub—converting it into a something that floated on the deep. The strongest sticks that could be found, were cut as substitutes for a pair of oars: the frail vessel was launched, and the adventurous Cyclops hoisted himself into it.

They stood on the edge of the island, nobles and gondoliers, in agonising dread, expecting to see the cask engulfed in the waters, and the man struggling with them for his life. But it appeared to move steadily onwards. It seemed almost impossible that so small and frail a thing could bear the weight of a man and live. But it did, and pursued its way on, on; far away on the calm blue sea. Perhaps God was prospering it.

Suddenly a groan, a scream, or something of both, broke from the lips of all. The strangely-constructed bark, which had now advanced as far as the eye could well follow it, appeared to capsize, after wavering and struggling with the water.

"It was our last chance for life," sobbed the countess, sinking on the bank in utter despair.

"I do not think it went down, signorina," observed one of the gondoliers, who was remarkable for possessing a good eyesight. "The waves rose, and hid it from our view, but I do not believe it was capsized."

"I am sure it was," answered several despairing voices. "What does the English lord say?"

"I fear there is no hope," rejoined Lord Byron, sadly. "But my sight is none of the best, and scarcely carries me to so great a distance."

II.

THE small, luxuriant island lay calm and still in the bright moonlight. The gondoliers were stretched upon the shore sleeping, each with his face turned to the water, as if they had been looking for help, and had fallen asleep watching. Near to them lay the forms of three of their employers; and, pacing about, as if the mind's restlessness permitted not of the body's quietude, was Lord Byron; dreamily moving hither and thither, musing as he walked, his brow contracted, and his eye dark with care. Who can tell what were his thoughts—the thoughts of that isolated man? Stealthily he would pass the sleeping forms of his companions: not caring so much to disturb their rest, as that he might have no witnesses of his hour of solitude. Had they been sleepless watchers, the look of sadness would not have been suffered to appear on his brow. Not far off, reclined the contessa, her head resting on the low bank. She had fallen asleep in that position, overcome with hunger and weariness, and her features looked cold and pale in the moonlight. Lord Byron halted as he neared her, and bent down his face till it almost touched hers, willing to ascertain if she really slept. Not a movement disturbed the tranquillity of the features, and, were it not for the soft breathing, he might have fancied that life had left her. There was no sound in the island to disturb her sleep; all around was still as death; when, suddenly, a sea-bird flew

across over their heads, uttering its shrill scream. Her sleep at once became disturbed : she started, shivered, and finally awoke.

"What was that?" she exclaimed.

"Only a sea-bird," he replied. "I am sorry it disturbed you, for you were in a sound sleep."

"And in the midst of a delightful dream," she answered, "for I thought we were in safety. I dreamt we were all of us back again : not where we started from to come here, but in your palace at Ravenna, and there seemed to be some cause for rejoicing, for we were in the height of merriment. And Cyclops was sitting with us ; *sitting* with us, as one of ourselves, and reading—don't laugh when you hear it—one of your great English newspapers."

He did not laugh. He was not in a laughing mood.

"Do you believe in dreams?" she continued. "Do you think this one is an omen of good, or ill? Will it come true, or not?"

He smiled now. "Those sort of dreams are no omens," he replied. "It was induced only by your waking thoughts. That which you had been ardently wishing for, was re-pictured in the dream."

"I have heard you say," she continued, "that what influences the mind in the day, influences the dreams in the night. Is it so?"

"When the subject is one that has continued and entire hold upon us, most probably a sad one ; never absent from our heart, lying there and cankering it ; never told to, and never suspected by others : then, our dreams *are* influenced by our waking thoughts."

"You discovered this, did you not, in early life?" she asked.

"Ay, ay!" he answered, turning from her sight, and dashing the hair from his troubled brow. Need it be questioned whose form rose before him, when it is known, though perhaps by few, for the fact was never mentioned by himself but once, that his dreams *for years* had been of Mary Ann Chaworth.

"Oh, but it will be horrible to die thus of famine!" she exclaimed, her thoughts reverting to all the frightful realities of their position.

"Do not despair yet," he replied. "While there is life, there is hope. That truth most indisputably applies to our position here, if it ever applied to any."

He resumed his restless pacing of the earth, leaving the countess to renew her slumbers, if she could. And she endeavoured to do so, repeating to herself, by way of consolation, the saying which he had uttered, "*L'ultima che si perde è la speranza.*"

The long night passed ; the first hours of morning followed ; and, still, the means of escape came not. They had been more than forty hours without food, and had begun to experience some of the horrible pangs of famine. The only one of all the party now asleep, was Lord Byron. He was worn out with fatigue and vain expectation. The remainder of the unfortunate sufferers stood on the edge of the isle, straining their eyes over the waters, for the hundredth time.

Gradually, very gradually, a speck appeared on the verge of the horizon. It looked, at first, like a little cloud, so faint and small that it might be something, or it might be delusion. The gondolier, he with the quick sight, pointed it out. Then another gondolier discerned it, then the third, then Count G. Finally, they all distinguished it. Something was certainly there : but what ?

A long time—or it seemed long—of agonised doubt; suspense; hope; and they saw it clearly. A vessel of some sort was bearing direct towards them. The lady walked away, and aroused Lord Byron from his heavy sleep.

"You have borne up better than any of us," she said, "though I do believe your nonchalance was only put on. But you must not pretend now to be indifferent to joy."

"Is anything making for the island?" he inquired. But he spoke with great coolness. Perhaps that was "put on" too.

"Yes. They are coming to our rescue."

"You are sure of this?" he said.

"Had I not been sure, you should have slept on," was her reply. "A vessel of some description is bearing direct towards us."

He started up, and, giving her his arm, proceeded to join the rest.

It was fully in view now. And it proved to be a galley of six oars, the gallant Cyclops steering.

So he and his barrel were not turned over and drowned then! No; the distance and their fears had deceived them. The current had borne himself and his cask towards an inhabited island, lying in the direction of Ragusa. A terrible way off, it seemed to him, but the adventurous gondolier reached it with time and patience, greatly astonishing the natives with the novel style of his embarkation. Obtaining assistance and provisions, he at once proceeded on his return, to rescue those he had left behind.

The galley was made fast to the shore—faster than the gondola had been; and Cyclops, springing on land, amidst the thanks and cheers of the starving group, proceeded to display the coveted refreshments. A more welcome sight than any, save the galley, that had ever met their eyes.

"Oh God be thanked that we have not to die here!" murmured the countess to Lord Byron. "Think what a horrible fate it would have been—shut out from the world!"

"For me there may be even a worse in store," he answered. "We were a knot of us here, and should at least have died together. It may be that I shall yet perish a solitary exile, away from *all*."

"Do put such ideas away," she retorted. "It would be a sad fate, that, to close a career such as yours."

"Sad enough, perhaps: but in keeping with the rest," was his reply, a melancholy smile rising to his pale features, as he handed her into the boat, preparatory to their return.

Up to a very recent period, there was an old man still living in Italy, a man who, in his younger days, had been a gondolier. His name—at any rate, the one he went by—was Cyclops. It was pleasant to sit by his side in the open air, and hear him talk. He would tell you fifty anecdotes of the generous English lord, who lived so long, years ago, at Ravenna. And if he could persuade you to a walk in the blazing sun, would take you to the water's edge, and display, with pride and delight, a handsome gondola. It was getting the worse for wear then, in the way of paint and gilding, but it had once been the flower among the gondolas of the Adriatic. It was made under the orders of Lord Byron, and when presented to Cyclops was already christened—**THE CASK**.

LITERARY LEAFLETS.

BY SIR NATHANIEL.

NO. XII.—PROFESSOR R. C. TRENCH.

THE Church hath its poets, as the world hath, and Professor Trench is of them. Perhaps the most Wordsworthian of them. His strains have not the melodious chime of Keble's "solemn church music," as Thackeray reverently characterises the "Christian Year;" nor have they the glistening decorations of Milman, or the sonorous dignity of Croly, or perhaps the gentle tenderness of Moultrie, or the cathedral awe and dim religious light of Isaac Williams. But they have depth without bathos, while the vastly more popular verses of Robert Montgomery have bathos without depth; and if inferior in picturesque diction and vivid suggestiveness to the best things of Charles Kingsley, they have none of that "Keepsake" prettiness, and "Annual" efflorescence, which mark the lyrics of the Dale and Stebbing order. "Justin Martyr," and "Poems from Eastern Sources," "Sabbation," "Honor Neale," and other his more elaborate metrical essays, are dear to a select audience of thinking hearts—they are truthful and refined, the effusions of a benign, spiritual nature—healthy and pure in tone, and, though pensively attuned to the still sad music of humanity, they are inspired with the gladdening, elevating evangelism of Christianity. Mr. Trench has his mannerisms, and now and then his seeming obscurities, which pertain, however, only to the surface of his composition. Thus, in his "Century of Couplets," will be found, as the terse requirements of the subject might imply, many a line that asks to be scanned as well as read—scanned for the sake both of sense and metre; and though the result will prove that the poet has thought himself clear, it may sometimes leave doubts as to the delicacy of his ear. This defect in the matter of rhythmical beauty, is more patent in the blank verse of his longer pieces, which usually wants relief and colour—albeit Christopher North has praised it, as excellent of its kind. Mr. Trench is probably most effective in stanzas of the description we are about to quote—where some historic incident or biographic tradition is graphically told, and made the text of a quietly emphasised *memento*, addressed to the universal conscience. The following lines were suggested by a passage in Elphinstone's "History of India:"

Lo! an hundred proud pagodas have the Moslem torches burned,
Lo! a thousand monstrous idols Mahmoud's zeal has overturned.

He from northern Ghuznee issuing, thro' the world one word doth bear,—
"God is ONE; ye shall no other with the peerless One compare!"

Till in India's furthest corner he has reached the costliest shrine
Of the Brahmin's idol-tending—which they hold the most divine.

Profits not the wild resistance; stands the victor at the gate,
With this hugest idol's ruin all his work to consummate.

Ransom vast of gold they offer, pearls of price and jewels rare,
Will he hear their supplication, and that only image spare.

Then he answered: "God has armed me, not to make a shameful gain,
Trafficking for hideous idols, with a service false and vain;

"But to count my work unfinished, till I sweep them from the world :
Stand and see the thing ye sued for, by this hand to ruin hurled."

High he reared his battle-axe, and heavily came down the blow :
Reeled the abominable image, broken, bursten, to and fro ;

From its shattered side revealing pearls and diamonds, showers of gold ;
More than all that proffered ransom, more than all a hundred fold.

Thou too, Heaven's commissioned warrior to cast down each idol throne
In thy heart's profaned temple, make this faithful deed thine own.

Still they plead, and still they promise, wilt thou suffer them to stand,
They have treasures, they have treasures, to enrich thee at command.

Heed not thou, but boldly strike them ; let descend the faithful blow ;
From their wrecks and from their ruin first will thy true riches flow.

Thou shalt lose thy life and find it ; thou shalt boldly cast it forth ;
And then back again receiving, know it in its endless worth.

Professor Trench excels in this species of didactic symbolism, which indeed is characteristic of all his writings, prose and verse—he it lecture or lyric, sermon or song.

His collection of "Sacred Latin Poetry" is tasteful and comprehensive—though it omits the thrilling *Stabat Mater*, and certain other rhymed Latin hymns which are, rightly or wrongly, objectionable to Protestant students of hymnology. Some of these can, however, be as ill-spared in such a collection as the lovely *Consolator optime*, or the sublime *Dies iræ*. But this little volume is too rich with sweet concords to allow of critical discords, harsh and grating, and *not* of ample power to subdue its attraction.

Of Professor Trench's theological writings this is not the place to speak, except *en passant*. His Hulsean Lectures, and his Notes on the Miracles and on the Parables of the New Testament, are held in high esteem within and without the pale of his own Church. He belongs to the Coleridgean school of divines, if such a description is allowable in reference to a group of pastors and teachers representing somewhat diverse as well as divers opinions—comprehending an Arnold and a Hare, Kingsley and Maurice, Derwent Coleridge and Arthur Stanley. His every work is pervaded by true earnestness, instinct with spiritual thought, and animated by a refined, chastened, effective eloquence. His weak side is a rather crotchety fancy and love of analogy.

"The Study of Words" is a right winning little volume, designed to awaken attention to the riches that lurk in language. It is marked by extensive reading and a genial spirit of investigation ; but its chiefest value lies in its suggestiveness—its provocative, stimulant, "educational" tone. Perhaps it is a little open to objection on the side of its frequently sermonising, and Sunday didactic manner ; sometimes haling in rather irrelevant matter, and verging on a disposition to prose in the way of "practical inferences from this subject." This is explicable, by the fact that the book consists of a series of lectures delivered before the pupils of a diocesan training school ; and although we could have wished to see them printed in a revised form, others may (indeed others do) find an additional value in the characteristic to which we have taken exception. So let that pass. The book is a jewel of a book—*not* spoilt in the setting. Its subject, what has been called "fossil poetry." For, says Emerson, "as

the limestone of the continent consists of infinite masses of the shells of animalcules, so language is made up of images, or tropes, which now, in their secondary use, have long ceased to remind us of their poetic origin."* Hence the value of a book which is framed to remind us of this nobility of pedigree, and with the lofty sanctify the low, and, as it were, recal the baptismal time of these garment-soiled, time-stricken words, when the fresh dew of their morning-tide was upon them, and they were pledged to a vocation long since neglected or forgotten. Winged words deserve scrutiny in their flight. "On words," says Landor, "rests the axis of the intellectual world. A winged word hath stuck ineradicably in a million hearts On a winged word hath hung the destiny of nations. On a winged word hath human wisdom been willing to cast the immortal soul, and to leave it dependent for all its future happiness."† Alluding to Emerson's expression, Mr. Trench happily observes that language may be, and indeed is, "fossil poetry"—but is also, and with equal truth, fossil ethics, or fossil history. He calls it the embodiment, the incarnation of the feelings, thoughts and experiences of a nation, often of many nations, and of all which through centuries they have attained to and won—standing like the pillars of Hercules, to mark how far the moral and intellectual conquests of mankind have advanced, only not like those pillars, fixed and immovable, but ever itself advancing with the progress of these, and even itself a great element of that advance. He calls it the amber in which a thousand precious and subtle thoughts have been safely embedded and preserved. He reserves the *dictum* which pronounces words the wise man's counters and the fool's money; for in words he descries a reality, a living power, not merely an arbitrary symbolism; to his eye they are not like the sands of the sea, innumerable disconnected atoms, but growing out of roots, connecting and intertwining themselves with all that men have been doing and thinking and feeling from the beginning of the world until now.

And thus he regards language as a moral barometer, which indicates and permanently marks the rise or fall of a nation's life. "To study a people's language will be to study *them*, and to study them at best advantage, where they present themselves to us under fewest disguises, most nearly as they are." It will bear the stamp of national frivolity, shallowness and triviality, or of high sentiment and superiority to everything mean and base. And though it may be lost labour to seek for the parentage of all words, yet all *have* an ancestry, or descent of some kind. "There is no word which is not, as the Spanish gentleman loves to call himself, an *hidalgo*, the son of somebody"—so that, when a word entirely refuses‡ to give up the secret of its origin, it can be regarded in no other light but as a riddle which no one has succeeded in solving, a lock of which no one has found the key—but still a riddle which has a solution, a lock for which there is a key, though now, it may be, irrecoverably lost.

* Emerson's Essays. Second Series. ("The Poet.")

† Imaginary Conversations (*Lucian and Timotheus*).

‡ Among words which are but of yesterday, and yet with a marvellous rapidity have forgotten the circumstances of their origin, Mr. Trench refers to the terms, *Roundheads*, *Cannibal*, *Huguenots*, *Canada*, and a word which the Anglo-Americans might be supposed quite able to explain, since it plays so prominent a part in their elections,—viz. *Caucus*.

To be indifferent to the Study of Words is like "incurious dulness" to the image and superscription of ancient coins; current words being like current coinage, with this addition in the latter case, that each piece of money passing through our hands has something of its own characteristic and note-worthy—one, stamped with some striking maxim, another with some important fact, another with some memorable date—some pieces being works of finest art, graven with rare and beautiful devices, or bearing the head of immortal sage or heroic king—others again being the sole surviving monuments of mighty nations that once filled the world with their fame.

Great are the curiosities of etymology. We remember to have seen an incredulous smile excited by Professor Maurice on the faces of a group of listeners, when he mentioned, as an instance of this curiosity, the radical identity of the Greek *hyle* (ὕλη) and the English *savage*; although he had but to supply the few and satisfactory links of relationship to convince the most sceptical. Even within the compass of our mother-tongue, the relationships of words are often unsuspected. Thus Mr. Trench shows how from the one Anglo-Saxon word *to sheer*, comes a family so seemingly unrelated as shire, shore, share, sheers, shred, sherd. The multiform usages of the word *post* may be brought to a common centre—*post* being the Latin *positus*, "that which is placed"—and thus a piece of timber is "placed" in the ground, and so a post—a military station is a "post," for a man is "placed" in it, and must not quit it without orders—to travel "post," is to have certain relays of horses "placed" at intervals, so that no delay on the road may occur—the "post"-office is that which avails itself of this mode of communication—to "post" a ledger is to "place" or register its several items. We are reminded that "heaven" is only the perfect of *to heave*, being properly the sky as it is raised aloft; the "smith" has his name from the blows he *smites* on the anvil; "wrong" is the perfect participle of *to wring*,—that which is wrung or wrested from the right; the "brunt" of a battle is its heat, where it *burns* the most fiercely; the "haft" of a knife is that whereby you *have* or hold it; the "left" hand is the hand we *leave*, inasmuch as for twenty times we use the right hand, we do not once employ it. In the section entitled "On the History in Words," we find numerous interesting results of philological study, tending to show how far such a study may go in helping to reproduce the past history of England—for instance, while the statelier superstructure of the language (almost all articles of luxury, all that has to do with the chase, with chivalry, with personal adornment) is Norman throughout, the broad basis of the language, and therefore of the life (the great features of nature, all the prime social relations), is Saxon—the stable elements of Anglo-Saxon life, however overlaid for a while, still making good their claim to be the solid groundwork of the after nation as of the after language. A suggestive history in words is pointed out in *miscreant*, a term applied by the Crusaders to the Mahometans, and meaning at first simply a misbeliever, and then as applicable to the royal-hearted Saladin as to the most infamous wretch that fought in his armies;—in *saunter*, and *saunterer*, derived from "la Sainte Terre," whither wended at last every idler that liked strolling about better than performing the duties of his calling;—in *poltroon*, the supposed derivative from *pollice truncus*, one who has deprived himself of his thumb, to

shirk his share in military service ;—in *caitiff*, one who suffers himself to be taken "captive," and *craven*, one who has "craved" his life at the enemies' hand, instead of resisting to the death ;—in *dunce*, i. e. *dunsmann*, from *Duns Scotus* (though *he* was "certainly one of the keenest and most subtle-witted of men") ;—in *mammetry*, from Mahometry (another curiously perverted usage) ;—in *tariff*, from the Moorish fortress Tarifa, from which all merchant ships passing the Straits of Gibraltar were watched, and taxed according to a fixed scale ;—in *bigot*, from the Spanish "*bigote*," or mustachio—the Spaniard being in old times the standing representative, to English Protestantism, of the bigot and persecutor, as we see, for example, in the pictures of the early editions of Fox's "*Book of Martyrs*," where "the pagan persecutors of the first Christians are usually arrayed in the armour of Spanish soldiers, and sometimes graced with tremendous *bigotes*." Trust Mr. Trench for a slap at Popery, whenever within reach.

In illustration of the truth that many a single word is in itself a concentrated poem, having stores of poetical thought and imagery laid up in it, Mr. Trench adduces the word "*dilapidated*," observing that he who spake first of a dilapidated fortune, must have had before his mind's eye impressive imagery of some falling house or palace, stone detaching itself from stone, till all had gradually sunk into desolation and ruin. "Many a man had gazed, we may be sure, at the jagged and indented mountain ridges of Spain, before one called them '*sierras*,' or saws, the name by which they are now known, as *Sierra Morena*, *Sierra Nevada*; but that man coined his imagination into a word which will endure as long as the everlasting hills which he named." There are some valuable hints, too, on the manner in which new words arise in a language—how the philosophic is superadded on the picturesque ; with apt references to the philological contributions or expositions of such Students of Words as Horne Tooke, De Quincey,* and Coleridge. The chapter on Synonyms, again, is rich with erudition, conveyed chiefly by hint and suggestion. When he does develop his meaning, it is with a felicitous completeness which leaves nothing to be desired, but more of the same kind. For example, turn to the distinction drawn between "*invention*" and "*discovery*"—between "*opposite*" and "*contrary*"—and between "*abandon*" and "*desert*"—which last diversity is memorably associated with Lord Somers' speech, that "masterly specimen of synonymous discrimination," on the abdication of James II.

Still better calculated for popular acceptance, wide and hearty, was the little treatise on the "*Lessons in Proverbs*." What though Lord

* In quoting a passage from the Opium-Eater's "*Letters to a Young Man whose Education has been neglected*," Mr. Trench observes, "Though it only says over again what is said above [on Wordsworth's great philosophic distinction between Fancy and Imagination], yet it does this so much more forcibly and fully, that I shall not hesitate to quote it, and the more readily that these letters, in many respects so valuable, have never been reprinted, but lie buried in the old numbers of a magazine, like so many other of the *disjecta membra* of this illustrious master of English prose." Yes; but we do hope at length to see these letters, and *all* his contributions to the *London Magazine*, reprinted in the edition of his writings now in progress. Could you but have seen us, *domine illustrissime*! many a time and oft, besieging book-stalls during broiling dog-days and under pitiless snow-showers, in quest of your *disjecta membra*, surely we had not waited so long.

Chesterfield superbly declared that no man of fashion would have anything to do with proverbs? Aristotle collected them; Plautus rejoiced in them; and so did Rabelais and Montaigne, Shakspeare and Cervantes, Fuller and Butler. Whole nations love them. Indeed, however they may be defined, popularity, or popular recognition, is an essential condition to their being; for without it, no saying, as Mr. Trench rightly affirms, however brief, however wise, however seasoned with salt, however worthy on all these accounts* to have become a proverb, however fulfilling all its other conditions, can yet be esteemed as such. As an instance, he cites a *mot* of Goethe's (or Schiller's?): "A man need not be an architect to live in a house," which seems to have every essential of a proverb, except only that it has not passed over upon the lips of men, not received the stamp of popular acceptance; and however wise it may be, still it is not (at least in this form) the wisdom of many; it has not stood the test of experience; nor embodies the consenting voice of many and at different times to its wisdom and truth; it has not the value, because it has not the currency of the recognised coin of the realm.† Not however that proverbs are mostly to be traced to the populace as their author as well as authority. "They spring rather from the sound healthy kernel of the nation, whether in high place or in low; and it is surely worthy of note, how large a proportion of those with the generation of which we are acquainted, owe their existence to the foremost men of their time,‡ to its philosophers, its princes, and its kings; as it would not be difficult to show." Lord Bacon's saying, that the genius, wit, and spirit of a nation are discovered in its proverbs, is enforced and illustrated, briefly but satisfactorily, by Mr. Trench. He shows that we may learn from the proverbs current among a people what is nearest and dearest to their hearts, the aspects under which they contemplate life, how honour and dishonour are distributed among them, what is of good and what of evil report in their eyes. He passes in review the proverbs of the Greeks, which testify of a people leavened through and through with the most intimate knowledge of its own mythology, history, and poetry—teeming with an infinite multitude of slight and fine allusions to legend and national chronicle, with delicate side glances at Hesiodic theogony and Homeric tale;—those of the Romans, comparatively few

* One definition of a proverb being, that it is a synthesis of *shortness, sense, and salt*—i. e. it must be (1) succinct, utterable in a breath; (2) shrewd, and not the mere small-talk of conversation; (3) pointed and pungent, having a sting in it, a barb which shall not suffer it to drop lightly from the memory. With this explanation of the proverb, Mr. Trench aptly compares Martial's admirable epigram upon epigrams:

"Omne epigramma sit instar apīs; sit aculeus illi,
Sint sua mella, sit et corporis exigui;"

which he thus renders:

"Three things must epigrams, like bees, have all—
A sting, and honey, and a body small."

† Mr. Trench believes the explanation of the word "proverb" to lie in the confidence with which a man appeals to it, as it were from his mere self and single fallible judgment, to a larger experience and wider conviction. He uses it *pro verbo*; he employs for and instead of his own individual word, this more general word which is every man's.

‡ Lord John Russell is said to have defined a proverb thus: "The wit of one man, the wisdom of many."

and unrefined, but often expressing a vigorous moral sense—business-like and practical, frugal and severe;—those of Spain, foremost in both quantity and quality—so rich in humour, so double-shotted with sense—gravely thoughtful, too, and breathing the very spirit of chivalry and honour and freedom;—those of Italy, too often glorifying artifice and cunning as the true guides and only safe leaders through the labyrinth of life, but sometimes not only delicately beautiful, and of a subtle wisdom not yet degenerated into cunning and deceit, but also noble and elevating;—those of modern Egypt, bespeaking the selfishness, the utter extinction of all public spirit, the poor, mean, sordid, and ignoble stump of the whole character of the people, with only a few faintest glimpses of that romance which one usually attaches to the East. And so on with other ethnological groups.

His comments on some of the proverbs he selects for elucidation are generally thoughtful and interesting. In the German saying, *One foe is too many: an hundred friends are too few*, he points out the sense of the sorry truth that hate is often a much more *active* principle than love—the hundred friends will *wish* you well, but the one foe will *do* you ill—their benevolence will be ordinarily passive, his malevolence will be constantly active, will be *animosity*, or spiritedness in evil. He quotes, *Where the devil cannot come, he will send*, as setting out to us the *penetrative* character of temptations, and the certainty that they will follow and find men out in their secretest retreats, and so rebuking the absurd supposition that by any outward arrangements, closet retirements, flights into the wilderness, sin can be kept at a distance—for temptations will inevitably overleap all these outward and merely artificial barriers. In the French proverb, *It is easy to go afoot, when one leads one's horse by the bridle*, we are taught how easy it is to stoop from state when that state may be resumed at will—how easy for one to part with luxuries and indulgences, which he only parts with exactly so long as may please himself. “No reason indeed is to be found in this comparative easiness for the not ‘going afoot;’ on the contrary, it may be a most profitable exercise; but every reason for not esteeming the doing so too highly, nor setting it in value beside the trudging upon foot of him, who has no horse to fall back on at whatever moment he may please.” In another French proverb, *Take the first advice of a woman, and not the second*, we are certified, that in processes of reasoning, out of which the second counsels would spring, women may and will be, inferior to men; but in intuitions, moral ones above all, they surpass them far—having what Montaigne ascribes to them in a remarkable word, *l'esprit primesautier*, that which, if it is to take its prey, must take it at the first bound. Our own, *A burnt child fears the fire*, good as it is, is shown to be inferior to that proverb of many tongues, *A scalded dog fears cold water*;—for while the former expresses only that those who have once suffered will henceforward be timid in respect of that same thing from which they have suffered, the latter adds the tendency to exaggerate such fears, so that now they shall fear even where no fear is—a fact which clothes itself in a rich variety of forms: thus, one Italian proverb says, *A dog which has been beaten with a stick, is afraid of its shadow*; and another, which could only have had its birth in the sunny south, where the glancing but

harmless lizard so often darts across your path, *He who has been bitten by a serpent is alarmed by a lizard*—another reading of what the Jewish Rabbis had said long before, *He who has been bitten by a serpent, is afraid of a rope's end*; even that which bears so remote a resemblance to a serpent as this does, shall now inspire him with terror; and similarly the Cingalese, with imagery borrowed from their own tropic clime, say, *The man who has received a beating from a firebrand, runs away at sight of a fire-fly*.

Another proverb of many tongues, *One sword keeps another in the scabbard*, furnishes Mr. Trench with a text against the "puling yet mischievous babble of our shallow Peace Societies, which, while they profess to embody, and they only to embody, the true spirit of Christianity, proclaim themselves in fact ignorant of all which it teaches; for they dream of having peace the fruit, while the evil root out of which have grown all the wars and fightings that have ever been in the world, namely, the lusts which stir in men's members, remain as vigorous and strong as ever." And another, *Far-off water will not quench near fire*, is his motto for an appeal to keep our English coasts guarded by an English fleet:—"for let us only suppose that a blow were struck at the empire's heart, at the home and sanctuary of its greatness—no improbable supposition, when force and fraud are met together, and are watching their opportunity to strike it—what profit would it be then that her mighty armaments covered the distant seas, that her soldiers were winning comparatively barren victories in Africa and India?" By the way, Mr. Trench loses no opportunity of "taking a rise" out of a certain imperial personage—bidding us observe, for instance, in confirmation of the proverb *Extremes meet*, how, "as lately in France, a wild and frantic democracy may be transformed by the base trick of a conjuror into an atrocious military tyranny;"—and again, still more bitterly, in noticing the too characteristic Egyptian proverb, *If the monkey reigns, dance before him*, he proceeds to say, "The monkey may reign in other lands besides those of the East; but the examples in a neighbouring land, not merely of statesmen and warriors, of men such as Guizot and Changarnier, but of many more in every class, erect amid a too general prostration, abundantly testify that reign as the monkey may, *simia in purpurâ*, all will not therefore count it their part and their wisdom to dance before him." If Napoléon-le-petit should settle in Buckingham Palace, let not Mr. Trench count on a private chaplaincy: indeed, as a matter of "prudential morality," it might be well (*verbum sap.*) to eschew a too frequent discussion of so ill-esteemed a character, if regard be had to the proverb, *Talk of So-and-so in Black, and he's sure to appear*. Fancy the French Emperor's "sure appearance," press-censors *en suite*, and Mr. Trench within shot—or invited to dinner, *without* a long spoon.

DISCOVERY OF THE BLUE GROTTO IN THE ISLE OF CAPRI.

ONE summer day I landed with my friend Ernest Fries in the beautiful bay on the north coast of Capri. The sun was fast approaching the distant Ischia as we sprang on the rattling shingle, and never will I forget the pleasing emotions I then experienced, and which came crowding on me now that my long cherished desire to tread this lovely island was at length fulfilled. The waves, lashing with boisterous though harmonious fury on those wondrous masses of rock which had already excited my admiring attention from Naples, seemed to me to be singing of my departure from a lively town to this humble cliff, inhabited only by simple fishermen and gardeners, where the horse's hoof never reverberates, and brilliant equipages are unknown.

The island, with its rocks and caves, its weather-beaten ruins and newly-erected towns, its hanging-gardens and steps boldly cut in the face of the rock, had, however, from a distance, almost impressed me with the idea that it was a little world in itself, filled with wonders, and surrounded with traditional lore ; and as I was by no means limited to time, I resolved thoroughly to search each nook and corner, and anticipated no small degree of pleasure in the result.

The beach, shortly after our arrival, was crowded with the inhabitants of both towns, who, by their pleasing aspect, strongly reminded us of their ancestors the Greeks, by whom the place was originally peopled. They received the small cargo of the market-boat in which we had crossed, and with wonderful activity carried part up the steps hewn in the rock, to the town of Anticapri, and the remainder to Capri by a more gentle ascent. A brisk lad shouldered our valise, and we followed slowly in the latter course. We soon found ourselves in what bore the appearance of a vast amphitheatre. In front was a row of white flat-roofed houses, over which was raised terrace above terrace clad with the graceful vine, until a bold rock crowned with the overhanging town shut out all further view. Our path wound along these terraces, which were ornamented here and there with myrtles, laurels, and luxurious evergreens, interspersed with graceful palms and mastich-trees. A few birds passed us on the way to their nests in the surrounding clefts ; and the cheerful though monotonous hum of brilliant insects which abounded in the olive-trees rendered the path less wearisome than we should otherwise have found it. It was a delightful evening, and all that I had heard of this beautiful spot was recalled to my memory by the lovely scene before me. On casting our eyes behind, the enchanting Bay of Naples, Ischia, Procida, and all the Pontine islands, bathed in the glowing colours of the setting sun, were presented to our gaze, and combined to enhance a prospect seldom excelled.

We at length reached the heights, and passed through a gateway into the small town of Capri, which is built somewhat after the Oriental style, and were conducted by the youth who bore our luggage to the clean-looking *locanda* of Don Guiseppe Pagano, where, for a moderate remuneration, we received a hearty welcome.

Our host, a little, hale man, some fifty years of age, led us step by step through his quaintly but comfortably built dwelling; and, as he observed me glancing over a small collection of old books I found in one of the rooms, informed me that he had obtained them in Naples when studying there, and represented himself to be the notary of the place. I was not a little delighted to find in him a well-informed man, and to see that several of his books, written in Latin and Italian, treated of the island of Capri. On discovering that it was my intention to examine the island narrowly, he in the most friendly manner handed me all his books that would assist me in my research, and promised me to obtain, on the following morning, further information from his neighbours.

Nothing now remained to complete our object but to sail round the island and examine the coast; and as we had hitherto been prevented from doing this in consequence of the heavy swell which had prevailed, we resolved to devote the first calm morning to the purpose. A serene evening seemed at last to prognosticate the desired opportunity, and we made our hope known to our host, who participated in it, and promised to secure the aid of an experienced boatman, who, to use his expression, would row a man from yonside the Styx in the face of Charon. "He is old," said he, "but has the eye of a hawk, a firm heart, and a powerful arm." Such unqualified approbation quite prepossessed me in the man's favour, and he was accordingly sent for. We had subsequently much reason to be pleased with him, as he was the means of saving our lives on two occasions.

During the absence of the messenger, I employed myself in asking the notary for every possible intelligence respecting the proposed expedition, and took notes of what I thought would be likely to interest us most. As an old islander, he gave me detailed information as to those places which were most worthy of a visit, and which were very incorrectly given on the maps I had before me. After finishing, I gave him the paper for his perusal, and observing him, after a short time, screwing up his mouth, and nodding his head in a very shrewd manner, inquired if anything occurred to him.

"Why, yes," said he, after considerable hesitation, "something does occur to me, but there are some strange circumstances connected with it. I have now seen fifty-six summers, and have not yet been able to persuade any one to it—but I think I had better drop the subject."

With that he stopped short, but my curiosity being now awakened, I inquired what he referred to, and, after repeating my question more than once, he continued:

"Yes, I am fifty-six years of age, and for the greater part of that time I have entertained a desire which I have earnestly wished to see carried into effect. Allow me to explain it to you. On the north-west point of the island there is a tower called Damecuta, in the neighbourhood of which there are many Roman remains; and there is every reason to believe that Tiberius had a palace in that quarter. There is a tradition current that the place was originally termed 'Dame Chiusa,' or the Ladies' Prison, because the emperor is supposed to have here confined not a few of the fairer sex for the furtherance of his base designs."

I hinted, by way of jest, that he surely did not contemplate the idea of releasing and letting these antiquated dames loose upon society.

"Oh no!" answered he, smiling. "But a palace of Tiberius certainly stood there. Now attend," continued he, seriously: "at the foot of those ruins, on the shore, there is a place called Grotella, where the action of the waves has worked out several caves, which penetrate more or less into the rock. One of these, with an extremely confined opening, is held in bad repute, and even in broad daylight the fishermen avoid the place, imagining that it is tenanted by a host of evil spirits; I, however"—and he glanced round to see if any of the family were within hearing, and added in an under tone—"I, however, give no ear to these tales, although, should it be known in the island, I would be held for little better than a Pagan; but as an educated man, you will allow that piety consists in more than a belief in goblins. Suffice it to say, that since my youth I have cherished a strong desire to swim into the place and look about me. I confess to you, however, frankly, that a dread has always attached itself to the idea, and that never, nor now, as father of a family, for still greater considerations, would I dare to enter it alone. God forbid! But as man and boy, many are the powerful swimmers I have asked to accompany me, in vain! The fear of the devil was too strong in them to allow of my gaining them over. My desire to penetrate the mysteries of the cave was much increased about thirty years ago by a circumstance connected with it related to me by an aged fisherman in whose family a tradition was handed down, that upwards of two hundred years before some priests had resolved to brave the terrors of the place, and actually swam a short distance in, when they were simultaneously seized with sudden fear, and hastened back. According to their account the grotto has the appearance of a large temple, in which there is a high altar, surrounded by figures representing the heathen deities. They stated also, that the water in the interior was of such peculiar properties that it filled the minds of those swimming in it with an indescribable perturbation. In all the books which refer to the island notice is taken of the grotto, and writers agree that for several centuries no individual has had the temerity to visit it. To this," said our host, grasping my hand, "I have only to add my firm belief that the ruins above decidedly formed a palace of Tiberius; and as the emperor had no palace without a secret outlet, I maintain that the passage from the ruins leads through the grotto. In this case, the grotto, if of considerable dimensions, might well have been employed as a temple of Nereus and the nymphs; and this idea is confirmed by the classics, from whom we learn that Tiberius, in many instances, made use of the caves in the island, and ornamented them with much taste. All strangers with whom I have hitherto conversed on this subject have derided my opinion as a fanciful dream. I feel assured, however, that from the kind attention you have bestowed upon my story, you will grant I am right in asserting that the matter is one worthy of strict research."

"My worthy host," said I, "the strangers who laughed at your conclusions appear to me nearly as weak as the fishermen with their fear of the devil. Everything you have mentioned bears so plausible an aspect, that I am burning with curiosity to visit the haunted temple with you."

"It can only be entered swimming," said the notary, in a doubtful tone, "and the water in the interior is deep."

"So much the better," I interposed; "we can duck under if the fiery breath of the spirits should torment us."

"You are jesting," said he.

"Not I," I answered. "In me, after fifty years, you have at last found the man who is willing to undertake the adventure with you; and to convince you that I am in earnest, I invite you to accompany us to-morrow. As we intended under any circumstances to bathe, it will make little difference to us if we take our bath in the water that so much terrified the priests."

"Agreed!" cried the notary, and a beam of delight shot over his manly countenance. "I can tell you, that old as I am I will swim with the best of you. But let us speak quietly, that none in the house may hear of it, or they would not suffer me to go, so great is their anxiety on this head."

We now consulted as to what arrangements we should make; and as the opening to the cavern was but small, I concluded that the interior would be dark, and that it would be advisable for us to take torches with us. The notary agreed with this suggestion, observing that we could push them before us through the entrance on floats, and thus see the grotto to great advantage on entering, and promised that Angelo, the boatman, should have everything in readiness for us on the morrow.

My travelling companion, who had hitherto been merely a listener, now observed, that in his opinion the affair was one which would consume much time that might be more advantageously spent than in hunting for such a mare's nest, as he termed it. He was, therefore, opposed to our going. At this, a cloud passed over the face of the notary, which, however, was dispelled on my assuring him that the adventure should certainly be carried out. I now represented to my friend that (as we intended under any circumstances to bathe on the morrow) a bath in the grotto would not consume more time than in any other place, and that we could easily combine this with our proposed trip round the island. After no little trouble, I at length succeeded in inducing him to meet our wishes, and he promised to accompany us. Our host was now in ecstasy, and a period was only put to his joyful exclamations by the arrival of Angelo Ferraro, the boatman, an elderly man, whose skin was bronzed with exposure to the sun and sea-breezes, and who, hat in hand, stood respectfully before us. We asked if he would venture to take us round the island.

"As soon as another, gentlemen," was his ready answer.

The notary now gave him instructions as to the preparations to be made for our visit to the grotto. At this the man stared, and asked whether the gentlemen were determined to enter the grotto.

"Yes; and I too!" exclaimed the notary. "Will you not accompany us, Angelo?"

"You, too?" cried the astonished boatman, starting back. "Well," added he, "since that is the case, I will enter with you. Yes! Angelo goes with you!"

"Bravo, Angelo!" said the notary.

Angelo continued:

"Often have I wished to see the place, but could never venture in alone; now, however, there are four of us, and 'the devil flees from four,' as the proverb goes. I will take a small boat and row in first,

driving the torches before me; you will then be able to look about you much more comfortably than if you had them under your nose."

"Bravo, Angelo!" repeated our worthy host.

"Bravo, Angelo!" was echoed softly and ironically from a corner of the room, towards which our eyes were instantly turned.

"Alas! alas!" said, or rather sighed, the notary, "my brother, the canonico!"

The canonico approached with assumed politeness, boiling over with ill-disguised rage.

"Excuse me, gentlemen, for intruding in so indecorous a manner; I should never have thought of doing so, had my brother acted as becometh a good Christian. I stood for some time behind that glass door, fixed with astonishment at the pranks this old man, who should by this time have known better, proposed acting with you strangers and Angelo."

"Oh! to think that *he* should come," said the notary, shrugging his shoulders; "there's an end of it now. Pray leave us, my dear brother; I wish to speak to these gentlemen."

"Oh, indeed! to speak? What then? Nothing but evil!—nothing but evil! Look, gentlemen, here is my brother, the esteemed notary of the place, Don Guiseppe Pagano, a studied man, a learned man (our host raised his hat at every sentence, in scorn), a good father to his family, a worthy husband, a discreet instructor of his children, honoured and beloved by every one; but—a bag of wind and a vessel of folly, boiling over—yes, boiling over!" repeated he, warmly.

"Go, Angelo!" said the notary—"go and do as I bid you."

Angelo went; the canonico, however, turned to us, and continued:

"You, gentlemen (excuse me for saying so), as strangers here, have allowed yourselves to be drawn into an affair, by the talkativeness of my brother, which is more dangerous than it appears to you. To swim into a cave may seem easy to those who have breasted rapid rolling rivers, or mounted the waves of the ocean; but are you aware, on that account, of the peculiarities of the water in that grotto? Do you know whether the water will sustain you? or whether it is not a deceit of the devil, and that you may sink into eternal flames? You cannot know it. You may, perhaps, not have heard that the waters round the island swarm with ravenous monsters, in consequence of which it is only safe to bathe under shelter of rocks. Good, you may say; when we are in the grotto we *are* sheltered by rocks, and need not fear sharks. But do you believe that the devil does not foster other monsters therein, compared with which they are but as lambs? Do not smile. What I say is not mere imagination. It is corroborated by facts—undoubted facts! You must, doubtless, have frequently read of syrens and tritons. Now, these are nothing but evil ones, which assume those and other shapes to injure men, and seduce them from eternal welfare!"

"My dear sir," I interjuncted, "those are nothing but old Grecian fables, not worthy of belief!"

"Old Grecian fables?" exclaimed the canonico, raising his arms in astonishment. "Would to God they were only fables, and that men now-a-days were not doomed to see them! How long ago is it since one of our fishermen, I forget his name——"

"Nobody ever knew it," cried the notary, angrily.

"Oh! indeed! many know it," continued the priest; "suffice it to say, then, that the fisherman died of a horrible and painful disease, because he had seen a merman. And how was it, think you, that it took place? He had steered in the direction of that very grotto to spear fish. The morning was beautiful, and the water so calm and clear, that he could see the muscles at the bottom of the sea, which is twenty fathoms deep there. Suddenly he beheld the fishes below him dart from the spot, leaving only one, at a great depth, which kept circling round his little bark, and rising nearer and nearer to the surface. As the fish appeared to him to be of a considerable size he seized the largest of his harpoons, adjusted the line, and poising the weapon in his right hand, his left on an oar, anxiously awaited the near approach of the fish, which still kept rising, and assumed at times a reddish or a greenish hue. At this the fisherman, who had never before beheld such a thing, began to lose courage, but, instead of repeating a pater-noster like a good Christian, to drive away the monster, he took heart, as the men of the world say, and with a fearful oath drove the harpoon into the back of the fish. The water was immediately so much discoloured with blood that he could no longer see the bottom, and as the line was not taut he imagined that he had killed the fish, and commenced hauling up, when lo! he brought the harpoon to the surface divided in the middle, not broken, but as it were melted! Terror now seized the man; he dropped the fragment of his weapon in the boat, seized both oars, which he plied with all his strength to bear him from the place. In vain—the boat would only move in that dread circle formerly described by the fish; at length, however, it stood quite still, and a bleeding man rose from the purple water, the end of the harpoon projecting from his breast, and rushed with threatening mien towards the fisherman, who sunk unconscious in the bottom of the boat, which drifted on shore. There he was speedily assisted by his friends, but remained for some time in a state of stupor, and it was not until the fourth day after this occurrence that he was able to explain these circumstances to them. A sudden and wonderful change then came over him. The hand with which he had thrown the harpoon dried up and withered like a leaf in autumn, as also did his arm and the rest of his members, and death at last terminated his excruciating agonies. His body, after death, bore little resemblance to a human corpse, but looked more like a dried root from some apothecary's shop."

"Like the tail of my wig!" exclaimed our host, starting from his seat and pacing the room impatiently. The canonico, however, did not allow himself to be disturbed, but continued talking on, and seemed to have an inexhaustible store of tales respecting the grotto, all of which he firmly believed in. He told us that fires were sometimes seen within, and that at other times animals like crocodiles peeped out. That the entrance changed daily seven times, and was now large, then small; that the voices of syrens were heard therein during the night singing to an audience of skeletons. Now and then children's cries were heard, and nothing was more common than groans and sighs; and it was no unusual circumstance to hear that young fishermen had suddenly disappeared in that neighbourhood.

"All nonsense! pure invention!" cried the notary, whose patience

was now exhausted. "Pray leave us, brother! We have come to a determination, and nothing in the world shall move us from it!"

The canonico now endeavoured to work upon the mind of his brother by spiritual admonitions; mildly at first, but as the notary only offered more opposition, the dispute at last waxed so warm, and they spoke so loud, that the wife of the notary, with the whole family at her heels, rushed into the room to learn what had set them thus at variance.

"Listen, my dear sister," said the priest, solemnly—"listen to what your husband, my brother, is about to do. Listen, my dear children, to what your father purposes. He intends to swim into the cave to-morrow with these gentlemen!"

"Into the cave? What cave? Not the haunted cave?" said the wife. "My husband will surely not do that."

"Yes, now I *will*!" said the notary. "Will you come with me, my son?" said he, addressing his eldest, a fine boy of twelve or thirteen.

"Yes! where father goes I will go," was the reply; and the boy sprang to his father's knee.

This was too much for the good canonico, who departed to his chamber, praying for the welfare of his brother's soul.

"Quiet at last!" exclaimed the notary. "Now, wife, prepare supper, whilst I fetch some of our best wine." With that he left the room, and our hostess, with a deep sigh, made the necessary arrangements. His daughters, however, drew near to us, and asked whether we really intended to stake both soul and body in what appeared in their eyes so dangerous an undertaking, and were not at all satisfied with our making light of their fears. Their father entering with a liberal supply of the juice of the grape, and observing their sad looks, ordered them to depart for the night, and invited us, now that we were alone, to be seated.

We responded willingly to his call, and commenced a vigorous attack on the wholesome repast, drinking more than once success to our proposed adventure. The notary, now that he saw his long-cherished desire on the point of being fulfilled, could hardly find words to express his joy, and entertained us with no brief recital of his golden anticipations. My friend, however, who was less inspired with the affair, cut short his discourse, by saying that all he expected to find was a damp, disagreeable and gloomy grotto, and finished by suggesting that we should retire for the night. The notary rose, and embraced us in the excess of his gladness, and we hastened to repose.

I passed half the night in dreams. My thoughts naturally led me to the grotto: we had landed there, and discovered long passages; here and there were chained skeletons in all attitudes, one of which, methought, was abusing me in no measured terms in Latin. Suddenly, steps were heard approaching, and Tiberius stood before us, attended by an old soldier of the imperial city, who demanded the reason of our intrusion; when, deliberating as to my reply, I awoke. Sleep, however, again conducted me to the grotto. We were before a brazen door; we had levers with us, which we immediately applied, and saw through the crevices of the yielding hinges that we were on the threshold of a splendid saloon. The door at last burst open, and we were immediately overpowered by a violent storm which threatened to annihilate us. The

sea rose also into the gorgeous hall, and with unbridled vengeance overwhelmed thrones, statues, and tripods, involving them in inextricable confusion, the boiling waves dashing us against the painted walls. At last, thrown violently against the roof, I grasped an iron ring, which yielded to my hold, and the gilded ceiling following with a horrid crash, again awoke me. Morning at length dawned; I roused my friend, and we dressed in all haste. On leaving our rooms we found the notary in full trim, contemplating his preparations for the trip, amongst which a well-filled provision-basket, and an immense lantern, which he thought would be useful in case we were able to land in the grotto, were most conspicuous. After partaking of a hurried breakfast, we set out, accompanied by our host and his little son, followed by the sad and anxious looks of his family.

We arrived in half an hour at the landing-place from which we were to embark, where we found Angelo and our muleteer Michelo Furerico, who were awaiting us. We took our places in Angelo's boat, towing after us a smaller one containing torches, a large iron vessel filled with pitch, besides lanterns, and some yards of small but strong rope. Angelo and his companion plied their oars, however, so vigorously, that we had to request them occasionally to lessen their exertions, that we might have a better view of the wonderful coast. We kept the shore on our left, and passing over against the Neptune villa of Tiberius, soon found ourselves under the bold and almost overhanging precipice, at the foot of which we observed many holes and caves, ornamented with stalactites of every possible shape. I now looked out impatiently for that we were seeking; my friend, however, the nearer we approached, showed less desire to enter it, supposing that our host intended to laugh at us. I convinced him, however, that we should have the laugh all on our side when we got into the grotto, if we found such were the case. We now began to cast off our encumbering garments, and exhorted the notary, who in the mean time had become rather grave, to follow our example.

"In one minute—I am rather too warm at present," said he, without stirring. The rowers, who up to this time had been very loquacious, now grew remarkably quiet. Not long after we shot past the extremity of a small headland, the oars were drawn in, and our boat remained at rest. Not a lip moved.

"Well, what are we stopping for?" said I.

"Here is the grotto," replied Angelo, after a little hesitation; and he pointed out the small entrance to me, in and out of which the deep blue water was rolling. All were silent—Don Pagano had become rather meditative.

"Now then, Angelo," cried I, breaking silence, "look after the torches; we have not much time to lose, and must be sharp."

Angelo stepped into the small boat, struck a light, and in a short time we had the pitch in the iron dish blazing famously. The fumes and heat were so great, that the worthy boatman, in setting the fire-pan on to the surface of the water, screwed up his face until it looked more like a squeezed lemon than a human visage, causing a hearty laugh on the part of us strangers; the notary, however, looked more serious than ever.

"Quick, Mr. Notary! quick!" said I; "we want to jump in."

"I am still rather warm," was his reply; "but do not let me hinder you. Swim in, I will follow immediately."

"No, no," I answered; "that is not as we arranged. We must all enter together."

"But why all?"

"Because it would otherwise appear as if you were afraid, my dear sir. Come, let me assist you to undress."

"Oh no. But pray leave me alone; I *really* am too heated."

"Very well, then, we will wait a little."

The notary at last began to remove his upper clothing.

"Go in," said he; "I will certainly follow immediately."

"No, Mr. Notary," I replied, seizing him by the shoulders; "if you do not prepare for the water immediately, I'll throw you in!"

The words, spoken half in earnest and half in jest, had the desired effect, and he was speedily freed from all artificial covering. Jump in, however, he would not. I availed myself of a favourable opportunity, gave him a slight push, and plump! he lay in the water, from which he immediately emerged, shooting up like a cork. He was one of those who by nature can scarcely sink in water. We strangers now sprang in, and frisked merrily round him. He had taken my sport in good part, but felt by no means inclined to join in our mirth, for the eventful moment was now approaching. Angelo, squatting down in the little boat something after the custom of the Turks, drove the blazing pitch towards the opening. Not one of us, I believe, was perfectly free from fear. Not that I was terrified at the fabulous reports I had heard; but I certainly thought of the horrid sharks referred to by the canonico, and asked Angelo if he thought we were in danger from them? His answer, "There is no cause for fear—they never come between rocks," did not afford me much satisfaction; for it was all very well for him to say so with *his* legs in the boat, and *mine* in the water. Now, however, he had reached the opening, and groped his way in by the side of the cavern. The thick smoke of the burning pitch was extremely oppressive both to him and me as we made our way under the low arched roof, and I was compelled to shut my eyes to avoid the disagreeable sensation. On reopening them, everything was dark around me except where Angelo was groping his way along the humid wall, and it was only by the reverberation of the breaking waves that I could form some idea of the extent of the place. I swam on in strange and anxious expectation, straining my eyes in vain to catch a glimpse of the looked-for antiquities, when I observed my friend and the notary, who followed me, both turn at the same time to make their exit, and glanced round hooting at their fears; but—good Heavens! what a sight met my eyes. I sprang, involuntarily, almost out of the liquid element, overcome by the most horrible feelings; for I now perceived that the water beneath me bore the appearance of inflamed spirits, burning fearfully blue. For the moment, dazzled with the brilliancy of the colour, I imagined that it was a volcanic phenomenon; as I became sensible, however, that the temperature of the water still remained the same, I cast my eyes towards the roof, supposing that the beautiful spectacle must have its origin in reflection; but there the dark and frowning rock alone met my gaze, and, with my back turned to

Angelo's pitch fire, I began at last to make out its sombre shape. The water still remained wonderful in its properties, and when the waves were for an instant quiet, I felt as if I were swimming in the clear blue sky, and, almost intoxicated with delight, I cried to my companions, "By all that is lovely, come here! Were there nothing in the grotto but this beautiful water, it would still remain a world's wonder. Come, fear not; there are neither sharks nor devils to be seen, but the most splendid display of colouring ever beheld!"

Emboldened by my words, the two worthies took fresh courage, and again entered, and participated in my transport. We were not, however, able to comprehend the wonder which caused us so much astonishment. We could now understand the origin of the terror experienced by the priests who had entered the cavern some two centuries before us. Angelo had in the mean time reached the background, and discovered a favourable point for landing, whither we accordingly swam, and discovered, on stepping on shore, that the cavern extended considerably farther into the island.

"There's the emperor's passage!" shouted the notary, before he was well out of the water.

I thought it was not unlikely, took a lantern from Angelo in which a small lamp was burning, and went, shivering, onwards. The ground was very uneven and slippery, and pointed stalactites, hanging from the roof on every side, threw perplexing shadows on the curiously-shaped walls, and made me think every now and then that I saw something moving. My phantasy, excited by the incomprehensible phenomenon of the water, conjured up innumerable thoughts and shapes, and the idea seized me that we had stumbled upon the residence of a horde of pirates. I now suddenly observed the reflection of my lamp grow paler, and stopped to regard it more attentively. My friends asked me the reason of my shrinking back. I had almost replied "that I saw a skeleton;" but, on throwing the light of the lamp full on the object, I perceived that it was only a stalactite to which my imagination had assigned so horrible a shape. I stepped forward, but again my heart was almost in my mouth as I found my shadow, not behind me, as before, but at my side. "What can cause that?" thought I; "some door must open this way, and I stand a chance of being set upon by murderers, with little hope of assistance from my companions." I turned round, and perceived an opening, evidently artificially made, which looked towards the entrance of the grotto from which the light streamed in.

"Here is a sign of man's hand," cried I to my friends—"a window hewn in the rock."

The notary, followed by Fries, scrambled towards me as fast as the slippery rock would permit.

"A hewn window, certainly," said the notary, in a self-satisfied tone. "My head for it, this is the emperor's secret way."

From the window the grotto was visible in all its splendour; and we could perceive the large and deep basin, vaulted over with picturesque masses of rock, from which elegantly-formed stalactites were pendant on all sides, glittering in the faint blue light of the water rolling like a heaven beneath, whilst the waves, breaking on the landing-place, to

which animal remains had imparted a deep red tinge, dashed up showers of sparkling brilliants, and the bright daylight gleaming through the entrance shed a moon-like light over its narrow path.

Forgetting both the emperor and his passage in the beauty of the scene, we sprang into the water for our drawing materials, to make a sketch of the grotto, with the view of endeavouring at some future period to commit it to canvas. Returning with the needful articles, we seated ourselves in the window, one holding the lantern to the other, and completed two views of the place. In the mean time, little Pagano and the muleteer had given our boat in charge of some other which had approached, and swam shouting in, darting about in the splendid water like imps of darkness, and throwing fiery sparks on all sides. Our host, however, who had business to transact in Capri, was compelled to leave us, much against his inclination. On the outside he found the owner of the property, who, having heard our shouts, had sprung down the rocks like a goat, and with open mouth and inquisitive gaze was peering into the cavern when he made his exit. Not a little astonished to see a well-known face, he exclaimed :

"Can that be you, Mr. Notary, coming out? What shouting is that within?"

"The devil's within!" cried the now courageous notary, waggishly. "Look in yourself, and you will see him."

The astonished proprietor soon gathered courage, threw off his garments, and swam in, meeting with a hearty reception from the muleteer and the landlord's son. The huzzaing, the cave, the water, the fire, and our arrangements for sketching, all combined to increase his astonishment; and he more than once gave utterance to his feelings of wonder at our temerity in entering a place which he, although the owner of it, whose life had been spent on the spot, had never dared to explore.

Having now completed our sketches, we resolved to penetrate farther into the cave, and, lantern in hand, I led the way along a passage on our left, the path winding like a labyrinth, in consequence of the position of the stalactites, and frequently leading us over a surface of stony incrustation scarcely half an inch thick, which, however, bore us safely. This passage brought us at last through an entrance, evidently formed by human hand, again into the large grotto. We retraced our steps, and, a little more to the right, discovered a longer passage, along which we proceeded.

In our way we stumbled on some stones, which bore the appearance of masonry, and on which the proprietor immediately threw himself, exclaiming, "Here is a treasure! It is mine!" Nothing was, however, discovered, and we enjoyed a hearty laugh at the expense of the poor man, who, however, was not to be discouraged on that account, for the scene was repeated several times, to our great amusement, until at length a little circumstance bereft him of all courage. He had been eagerly skipping on before me, when he suddenly stopped short and turned tail, almost dashing the lantern from my hand in his unexpected retreat.

"What is the matter?" I asked, astonished at his movement.

"Listen!" said he, in a whisper, pressing on me, and grasping my arm; and I could feel how he trembled. The muleteer and the little Pagano laid their fingers on their lips, and were silent. We now heard a

noise like dropping water sounding out of the pitchy darkness of the passage, and finding this was the cause of our treasure-seeker's fear we stepped forwards. The lantern, however, now burned strangely, quite dimly when held near the ground, and brightly when held above our heads. This did not escape the notice of the three Capraers, who exclaimed, crossing themselves, that there must certainly be something wrong in the place, and begged of us to return. To this we assented, as being only prudent; but before doing so I stepped a little farther forward, holding the lantern on high, and observed a thick heavy vapour rising out of the ground, which I knew must be "fire-damp." Never having seen this phenomenon before, we strangers stood for an instant to regard it; the islanders, however, besought us to return, and were already making the best of their way out in the darkness, not one of them wishing to be last. Amusing as this hasty retreat appeared to us, we grew rather serious on discovering that we were no longer in the passage we had at first penetrated. The confused groping about of those who preceded me distracted my attention, and prevented my observing our error, even by the light of the lantern, until the spot we at length reached was strikingly different from any we had before seen. "Heaven save us!" exclaimed the islanders, on perceiving from its greater size and regularity that we were in a new passage.

At the point where we had discovered our mistake I now laid some stones in a certain position as a mark, and begged of them all to search this, which I concluded was the principal passage, the other appearing to me too small for a Roman work, expecting by the aid of the stones to be enabled to retrace our steps easily. The islanders, however, entreated me to give up my new adventure, and my friend was on the point of calling my attention to the small supply of oil remaining, when the light suddenly became extinguished, and we were left enveloped in impenetrable darkness. Thus lost in the thick gloom, without any knowledge of the locality—for it was now impossible to find the mark I had made—the islanders lost all heart, trembling with fear, and looking only for a death of starvation, and crying to all the saints for help. As I laid all the blame of our unfortunate situation on myself, my utmost efforts were alone requisite to enable me to preserve my presence of mind.

"There is nothing now left for us but trust in Providence," I cried. "One of us must stand still whilst the other four search about for passages. By calling to each other we shall easily keep together, and set ourselves right by the one who remains here."

This idea was approved of by my German friend, and we were about carrying it into execution, when a terrible cry resembling the roar of a wild beast penetrated through the darkness, causing us all to huddle together in fear. The cry was repeated.

"God be praised!" exclaimed Michelo, the donkey-driver, "it is Angelo's voice which the echo renders so fearful—he is shouting Michelo!"

"He is in truth an angel!" I cried. "He is not far distant, and we shall soon find the way out."

We moved cautiously forward, now shouting, then listening, in the direction of the sound, and had hardly gone fifty paces when we perceived a faint light, and shortly after the hewn window. After the thick darkness, the wonderful illumination of the water shone upon us with

twofold magnificence, and we all hailed good Angelo with a joyous "Eh viva!" He was still paddling about in his skiff; the fire, however, had burnt out, and as we had been so long a time absent he feared we might have met with an accident, and had shouted so lustily—half in fright for himself, and half for us. Gladly we plunged together into the subterranean sky, and as it was now ruffled by a fresh breeze Angelo begged of us to quit the grotto, observing that we must hurry if we hoped to complete the circuit of the island. We once more landed, threw our portfolios and camp-stools into the skiff which had carried the fire, regained the beautiful element, and swam out full of delight, but without the slightest idea as to the cause of the colour of the water, fully determined, on my part at least, to investigate the cause of it thoroughly at another time. The islanders thought themselves heroes, and looked with feelings of pride on the entrance to the grotto, thanking St. Anthony, however, that they had at length emerged. The donkey-driver anticipated a glorious reception on the part of the inhabitants of Capri, put the skiff into the smaller of the two boats, and went on board himself with the younger Pagano (the elder had already gone with a fisherman in another boat to Capri), whilst we embarked with Angelo in the larger.

"Does no one row us but you?" I asked.

"Be comforted," replied Angelo; "I am as good as two."

He then seized the oars, hung on the pegs, and rowed us out of the small bay, turning to the left, round the north-west part of the island. We observed more small caves in that direction, and, as the wind became fresh, very beautiful breakers on the numberless rocks. In a wedge-shaped opening the waves hurried in, dashing up on high in a pillar of water, and descending in dazzling spray, refulgent with all the colours of the rainbow. As we passed the numerous cliffs steering southwards, the waves rose higher and higher, and the shore became more bold and precipitous. With a firm grasp, Angelo battled with the foaming waters, whilst our light bark with its painted eyes danced over the sea like a dolphin. My companion could not enjoy the pleasing spectacle of Angelo's daring; having but recently recovered from a fever, the tossing of our boat brought on a severe headache.

"Saint Anthony!" suddenly, however, shrieked Angelo. One of the oar-pins had given in the hard struggle, and Angelo, losing his balance, allowed the oar to slip through his hand, when it was borne on the boiling waves, and was dashed against the rugged shore. I was terrified; for with a single oar what could we do in such raging waters. Swimming would prove of little avail, for the jagged rocks mounted almost perpendicularly to a height of 1000 feet. Our danger was increased by submerged cliffs, whose presence the broken waters and lashed-up foam too plainly indicated. On a projecting ledge I observed a man, who had lowered himself by a rope to collect plants. On seeing us he flung down his staff, and raised his hands heavenward at beholding the danger we were in. To descend further was impossible, and to expect assistance from him, although he appeared most anxious to aid us, was therefore out of the question.

Angelo did not suffer our embarrassment to deprive him of his pre-

sence of mind. With the one oar he so guided our bark as to enable me to regain our lost oar and hand it to him. Before he could fix another pin, however, a swelling wave bore us on its crest towards the frowning rock, but he skilfully succeeded with both oars in stemming our course, although, in anticipation of the shock, I recoiled with horror, when rolling back with tremendous force it carried us away from the dreaded shore.

"Bravo, Angelo! bravo!" shouted the man on the rock; and with rejoicing hearts we repeated the cry.

It was truly a masterpiece of skill. Angelo's figure rose at the momentous period; the oars grew suddenly under his hands, his eyes flashed fire, his whole frame seemed suddenly rooted to the bottom of our boat, and—we were saved.

Our approbation produced but little effect on his features; he worked quietly on, but after a few seconds he gazed upon the rocky wall and exclaimed, "God be praised! Had you not given me the oar, we should all have been lost." Then striking in the new pin with his horny hand, he bent with renewed strength to the oars.

A DAY AT THE BARRICADES.

FORTUNATELY for themselves, few Englishmen are in a capacity to join with me in saying that they have also spent a day at the barricades; the inhabitants of this happy island are still blessedly ignorant of even the first principles of their erection, and none of our generals have been yet compelled to exchange the sword for the pen, and explain the proper method of scaling them. The only barricades we ever see are those raised in our thoroughfares when repairs are going on, to the profit of our cabmen; and the only weapons with which they are assailed are winged, but not death-dealing, consisting, as they do, of a volley of ob-jurgations on the heads of the leaders of the destructive and constructive band.

Our political excitement ends in a very different fashion from that which was formerly *en vogue* on the Continent: when a thing grievously annoys us, and cannot by possibility be endured any longer, we even join together in a peaceful conspiracy, and abolish it by the employment of moral force—a more powerful weapon than all the warlike equipments to be found in Woolwich Arsenal. For all that, though, our cousins-german must not be utterly blamed for their appeal to the sword: they never were in a position to understand the real blessings of liberty, and persons under such circumstances are only too prone to be seduced by the meretricious blandishments of that painted lady, Democracy.

For my own part, I was led to comprehend the delights of revolution by a very peculiar process: at the first outbreak of hostilities I may safely avouch that there was not a more peaceful *Civis Britannicus* in the whole territory of Baden than myself; but I presume the enjoyment of revolution is something like that of opium—the first taste is inexpressibly

nauseous, but, by degrees, it becomes a necessity to existence. . At least, it was so in my case ; when the news arrived across the frontier that Louis Philippe had scented the danger and betaken himself to England, under the vulgar name of Mr. Smith, I felt rather more than curious to know what would be the result of the movement in the ducal residence of Carlsruhe. Thither I went, and had the distinguished honour of forming one of the body-guard hurriedly raised to protect the grand duke from any hostile attack. Fortunately for myself, the only opportunity I found of exhibiting my prowess was in wielding my knife and fork, and drinking several bottles of the celebrated white wine from Eberstein, which, though heretofore exclusively kept for the grand ducal table, was, by the levelling process going on, considered not a whit too good for his gallant defenders.

As the political excitement waxed fiercer, in equal ratio did mine, and I gradually found myself shouting vehemently for Hecker and other worthies, who have since left their country for their country's good, although up to that time their names were almost unknown to me, and it was a matter of perfect indifference whether the National Guard were formed or not. But here I must correct myself; for, after it came into existence, the unlucky drums used to beat the *reveillé* every morning at four o'clock, and I, consequently, lost a considerable portion of my natural rest.

The first great popular meeting that was held took place at Offenburg, and an ominous sign of the times was rendered by Hecker's reply to the request that he would accept office as minister of justice, "*Ich kann kein Fürsten Diener seyn*;" words which, although placed by Schiller in the mouth of the Marquis Posa, had a terrible significance here, as they left the people to choose between a grand duke who was indifferent to them, and a man like Hecker, who was born to be the darling of a mob.

The popular ferment increased instead of becoming diminished; armed meetings grew into fashion through the whole length of the land, from Heidelberg to Basle, and, to my sorrow I must confess, I went regularly to all of them. Hecker and his friends retired to Switzerland after the breaking up of the Vor Parliament, and all threatened a very lively episode in the history of Baden.

Towards the close of the month of May, the political refugees, wearied of the monotony of peace, thought it high time to have their innings, and word was soon brought that they were moving on the Rhine, as some said, with half a dozen red-trouserred French regiments at their back. The excitement was of course intense, and a popular armed meeting was immediately convened at Freyburg, to see (in the words of the programme) what encouragement should be given to the progress of the Republic. But, before telling you what they said and did there, I may as well give a short description of this most interesting town.

Freyburg is situated in an exquisite valley in the Black Forest, at no great distance from the Swiss frontier and the Rhine. It contains a population of about 10,000 souls, and enjoys the usual gentle dulness of collegiate towns. It is the seat of the Catholic University of Baden, and would scarcely ever be visited by strangers were it not for the very splendid cathedral it boasts. It is, in fact, the finest specimen of Gothic architecture in a complete state to be found in Germany, or, I might

almost say, in Europe. At least I cannot, at the moment, recollect any other great church completed in accordance with the original design, except, perhaps, the Madeleine in Paris, or our own St. Paul's. The cathedral of Cologne may be grander in conception, but it is not yet finished, and never will be, unless they progress considerably faster than they are doing at present. "Besides this, Freyburg Cathedral is remarkable from being the result of the united energies of the people, for they completed it, after kings and princes had given up the task in despair. Houses and lands were mortgaged to raise the money; and where a man had neither, he voluntarily gave his days and labour to complete the noble work: the result was one of the most beautiful buildings it is possible to imagine."

The presence of the cathedral in Freyburg has had considerable influence on the fortunes of the town; the inhabitants are perfectly well acquainted with the current value of English sovereigns, and do not evince the slightest objection to receive any quantity their distinguished visitors may feel inclined to exchange for Dutch clocks and straw hats, the staple articles of barter drawn from the Black Forest. From these data it might be inferred, naturally, that the population of the town would be disinclined towards revolution or rebellion, if you like to call it so; and so they would have been, if the season had commenced. As it was, they felt dull after a severe winter—their blood had been put in active circulation by the various *émeutes* all around them—strangers had not yet begun to appear, that is, those who were worth shearing, and the consequence was, the good people of Freyburg thought that they would have their fun as well, though it might be death to others: nor were the means and appliances wanting.

At the close of May, then, the long-talked-of armed popular meeting took place, and thousands flocked to Freyburg, myself among them. My knowledge of such assemblies was becoming rather extensive, and I soon saw that there was some mischief in the wind, through the number of strange faces I perceived, and which could only belong to Poles, those carrion crows of revolution. It was a most peculiar fact that, during the whole progress of the outbreaks in Vienna, Berlin, Frankfort, &c., Poles were immediately found in the front ranks as soon as the first gun was fired in anger. Whence they came nobody appeared to know, or how they disappeared; as soon as hostilities ceased they modestly retired, without waiting to receive the meed of valour at the hands of a grateful mob, or anticipating it by carrying away with them a few dozen silver spoons, and such unconsidered trifles, as a reminiscence.

As for the rest of the assembly, they were the old familiar faces; the detachment of blouse, or scythe, men, as they were indiscriminately termed, I had seen before, but, as my readers may not have enjoyed that peculiar good fortune, I may as well devote a few lines to them. They were a corps of picked men, of herculean forms, dressed in blue linen blouses and grey-felt *sombremos*, adorned with red feathers, and carried a most extraordinary weapon, formed of a combination of scythe and reaping-hook, fastened to the end of a pole about five feet long. This curious instrument was a reminiscence of the last Polish war, and was intended to be employed in repulsing cavalry attacks: the reaping-hook serving to catch the rider by the neck and drag him from the saddle, when the

scythe effectually settled him. I believe, however, its value was never properly established, at least by a fair trial, for when it came to cavalry attacks the rebels used to remember the adage of "running away" in order to "live to fight another day," and very speedily took themselves out of harm's way.

The remainder of the mob collected on the market-place of Freyburg consisted of Turner, or members of the gymnastic societies, dressed in their white linen jackets and trousers, and armed with muskets the grand duke had been good enough to give them, at considerable expense to the country, and a vast number of long-booted, red-waistcoated peasants, whose armament was, to use the mildest term for it, extraordinary. An antiquarian would have gloated over the guns and pistols, swords and daggers there brought to light, with intense satisfaction. There were the long rifles with which their forefathers had repulsed the French in 1794, now quite disabled by rust, and weapons of such quaint and peculiar form that it would not have required any great stretch of imagination to suppose that they had been employed in the terrible peasant war of 1525. Add to these a quantity of fat citizens from the towns of the Underland, some dragging huge sabres rattling at their heels, others tripped up by their straight court swords, and the reader may form a tolerably correct idea of the components of a German armed meeting in those days.

As heterogeneous, however, as the assembly was, it was just the same with their opinions. The majority of the peasants was only animated with one wish, that of eking their revenge upon the Jews, who certainly deserved punishment if all behaved in the same way as one of whose villany I was once witness. I had been out shooting, and in the afternoon turned into a village inn to have some refreshment. The only inmates of the room where I sat were an old peasant and two children of Israel, money-lenders or corn-dealers, for in Germany they generally unite both professions. The peasant wanted to borrow the sum of forty florins, or about three pounds ten, on mortgage of his farm, to which the Jews consented, but the main difficulty appeared to be that they had not so much money with them, their united capital only amounting to twenty-six florins. They, however, drew up a bill, handed over the twenty-six florins to the peasant, inserted the amount in the document, and all appeared to be going on correctly. One of the Jews, however, suddenly recollected that he had some money to receive in the village, and promised the peasant that, if he succeeded, he would let him have the other fourteen florins. He went out for a time, and returned with the money, which he handed over to the peasant, and duly inserted in the document. I had forgotten all about the affair, when, some three months afterwards, the old peasant came to call upon me in a state of terrible tribulation, and begged in the name of all the saints that I would help him. It appeared that the Jews had begun an action against him for 2614 florins, which they swore they had lent him, and which was borne out by the bill he had signed. They had put down the first 26 florins they had given him, and added the other 14 close by their side afterwards, so that it read 2614, and had it not been for my active interference, and after an infinity of trouble, caused by the Jews' perjury (for they would not give in until the chief rabbi of Carlsruhe was summoned to

take their oath by some dreadful process peculiar to themselves), the poor old peasant would indubitably have been sold out. Nor was this an isolated case; but as it occurred in my own presence, I can vouch for the fact. Indeed, in Alsace many of the Jews were terribly maltreated about this time, and even the great Israelite, Baron von Rothschild, according to popular rumour, was glad to remove his treasures to the strong fortress of Mayence, not deeming them sufficiently secure in Frankfort. By the way, I wonder what his mamma, Madame Rothschild, if she be still living, thinks about the complication with Russia. It is said that, at the time when a war was apprehended between France and Germany, several years ago, one of her *commères* ran in to tell the old lady the terrible news; she was, however, speedily consoled by the reply: "Pah, pah! my son won't permit it—he won't lend them any money." Surely Mr. Cobden must have derived his notions of finance from this worthy dame, when present at the Peace Congress at Frankfort. After this long digression, let me return to the good town of Freyburg.

The balcony of the first floor windows in the Hotel zum Ritter was selected as the oratorical tribune, and it was soon densely crowded with students, newspaper editors, and other dissatisfied heroes, who wished to make a little noise in the world. The usual turbulent speeches were held, the flags were waved from below, guns and pistols were continually fired, regardless of danger and expense, and I breathed somewhat more freely, for I fancied things would end in the accustomed manner. In this, however, I was lamentably mistaken, for a horseman came suddenly riding in who brought the news that Hecker and Struvé had, that afternoon, passed the Rhine at Lörrach, and were hurrying with forced marches to Freyburg, fully determined to do or die. It was surprising how this intelligence inflamed the hearers. Hecker's name was idolised by the people, and the feeling had been maintained by many artful rumours. One, for instance, I remember, was universally circulated and believed, that he was the second son of the Grand Duchess Stephanie of Baden, and carried off, when born, by the White Lady from the palace of Carlsruhe. This was an adaptation of the Caspar Hauser legend, which had never been satisfactorily cleared up, but was so fully credited that reputable persons pointed out to me the actual murderer of the boy, who was a gentleman held in high repute, and personally received at the grand ducal court. But this is ever a misfortune contingent on absolutism, that the most *outré* stories obtain credence through the exertions of the police to suppress them. For my own part, I succeeded in procuring the secret history of Caspar Hauser, and studied it carefully, and I have no doubt that the suspicions cast on the Grand Duke Leopold could have been easily dissipated at the time; he, however, dared public opinion, and has gone to the grave with the unenviable reputation of having been implicated in an assassination. Be this as it may, the original story had been so successful, that it was thought advisable to spread reports that Hecker was the younger brother of Caspar Hauser, and removed by the same process; and it was not at all a bad scheme, for it reconciled many, who would have shrunk from rebellion, to an armed interference in favour of the legitimate heir.

As I said before, the arrival of the messenger caused the greatest excitement in Freyburg, and the armed meeting formed the groundwork

for a very successful attempt at rebellion. A student of the name of Von Langsdorff proposed that the town should be held on behalf of the "Apostles of Liberty," and the regular troops kept in check until Hecker and his merry men threw their weight into the scale. This proposition was unanimously agreed to, and a "rider" was appended in the shape, that no one be allowed to quit the town, but all be tarred with the same brush. I now thought it time to beat my retreat gracefully, but on wending my way to the gate that led to the railway station, I found it already held by a party of the scythe men, who would not allow me to pass. My attempts at the other gates were equally unsuccessful, and I found the rather unpleasant conviction forced upon me that I must stay in Freyburg and be witness to a real contest, my only experience in that line having been hitherto confined to theatrical combats of two—up to a dozen.

The night was passed in various preparations for the anticipated fight, for two regiments of infantry and a field-battery lay within twenty miles of the town. The plates were pulled up for some distance on the railway, the omnibuses and various carriages confiscated and formed into barricades in certainly a very practical manner by filling them with paving-stones, but the great achievement consisted in carrying two four-pounders to the top of the Schwaben Thor. The citizens of Freyburg had amused themselves in happier times by playing at soldiers, as is the case in every German town, and their scarlet-fever broke out in the form of an artillery corps. The grand duke had very kindly made them a present of four little field-pieces, which they had been accustomed to limber and unlimber, load and fire, at every possible opportunity. These guns, when not in active service, were kept in the town-hall, together with the fire-engines, and thence the rebels carried them off in triumph, after intimidating the porter by holding a pistol at his head. I may as well state that it was unloaded, and the official was perfectly well aware of it; but then it is just as well to go through the proper form, and I believe the worthy janitor received afterwards the Zähringer order of the twenty-ninth class for his heroic conduct. After this affecting scene, two of the cannon were planted in the centre of a barricade at the Schweizer Thor, and the other two dragged by sheer strength to the top of the Schwaben Thor, where they were loaded with old iron, nails, and stones, in readiness for the morrow.

I retired for the night to the Zähringer Hof, where I found quarters at the very top of the house, whence I could enjoy a view over a broad expanse of country. The town remained in a state of great confusion during the whole of the night, as the insurgents ransacked every house from top to bottom for arms, and even stripped part of the lead from the roof of the cathedral to melt into bullets. I obtained an hour or two of broken sleep, and, as soon as day dawned, I posted myself at the window, to see if anything fresh had turned up. The first thing I noticed was a body of about 600 men, as it seemed to me at a rough calculation, collected in a narrow valley, about three miles from the town, but strange to say, in a remarkable state of inaction. I soon found, however, on looking to the other side, what it was that held them in check. Two regiments of Hessians, and a field-battery of six guns, were drawn up

close to the railway station, and evidently meant mischief. I had not much time, though, to watch them, for the door of my bedroom was suddenly burst open, and a party of armed men rushed in, who, with many fierce oaths, insisted on my coming down and helping to remove the barricade at the Schwaben Thor, so that their friends might come in. With much repining at my folly at running my head into such unnecessary danger, I went down stairs, and betook myself under a guard to the gate, where I found several more involuntary revolutionists assembled. The policy of the insurgents was, however, far from being despicable: the barricade was the most exposed place in the whole town, being only four feet high, and covered by the enemy's guns; only those, therefore, were to be employed in its temporary removal by whose fall the ranks of the fighting men would suffer no loss. At it we went, then, and very rapidly cleared away the paving-stones, carts, &c., of which the barricade was formed, being much hastened in our movements by the dropping fire of one of the Hessian regiments, who seemed to make us their especial target. Fortunately though, they, in all probability, aimed at us, and this accident saved our lives, for regulation muskets are notorious for not carrying straight. Be this as it may, the barricade was very speedily removed, and all the neighbouring houses lined with tirailleurs to repulse the soldiers if they attempted a storm. It was all of no avail; the insurgents in the valley either would not, or dared not, face the enemy's fire, and they could not be induced to make a bold rush, and enter the town. In fact, we were again driven to rebuild the barricade; and I may as well mention here, that, although we carried it away three consecutive times, the heroes without had too much regard for their skins, and gradually retired farther and farther up the valley.

This, of course, inspired the soldiers with fresh courage, and they soon commenced a tremendous cannonade upon the barricade at the Schwaben Thor. Myself and a few others mounted the cathedral tower, whence we had an uninterrupted view of the whole engagement. The soldiers soon gave up the use of their artillery through fear of injuring the cathedral, and prepared for a storm. They were twice repulsed with considerable loss by the insurgents, who were materially aided by the two little cannon on the top of the gate, which were served with very great precision.

At length the barricade was captured, and the soldiers rushed in; the fellows on the gate, with a courage worthy of a better cause, would not desert their guns, but were cut down to a man. This, I must candidly state, I was not an eye-witness of; for being tolerably well acquainted with the amiable disposition of soldiers after an engagement, and their proneness to shoot people first and inquire into their guilt afterwards, I had gradually found my way to the top of the castle hill, whence I hurried off, with several other co-revolutionists, into the recesses of the Black Forest.

I was not at all deceived in my anticipations as to the conduct of the soldiery, for I afterwards learned that they had killed everybody they found in the street, without any compunction. They merely requested them to hold out their hands, and the least trace of dirt upon them was a proof of complicity in the rebellion. The victim was then planted against a doorway, and either impaled on a bayonet or else shot. An old Eng-

lish gentleman, so the story ran, who was very far from feeling charitably disposed to the insurgents, opened his shutters to cheer the soldiers, but, in doing so, had two of his fingers shot off.

After we had succeeded in placing some six good miles of ground between ourselves and the soldiers, we held a consultation as to our future progress. We were six in number, and if it be true that "poverty makes us acquainted with strange bedfellows," I am sure it may be said with equal justice of revolution. The party consisted of two students, two *handwerksbursche*—a tailor and a shoemaker—the editor of a Mannheim newspaper, and myself. Our united property amounted to seventeen florins, and the only persons laden with luggage were the journeymen, whose knapsacks were arranged on little trucks for the purpose of easy locomotion. We lit our pipes, had a pull at the "*Schnaps budel*," and talked about our future prospects. The world was certainly before us, but not where to choose: behind us were the Badenese troops—before us Switzerland, where we well knew it would be no use for us to go in the present state of our finances. After a long deliberation, it was agreed that we should separate and shift for ourselves; so, after fairly dividing our money, the students went off for the Rhine, in order to take refuge at Strasburg; the journeymen determined on going to Switzerland; and the editor and myself decided on trusting to our good fortune to return home safely. We had not much to fear as long as we kept out of the way of the soldiers; our passports were *en règle*, and our only apprehension was that we might starve on the road. As it was, we remained nearly six weeks in the Black Forest, where we were most hospitably treated by the peasants, and lived on the fat of the land, for my comrade was a famous singer, and that was enough to secure him a hearty welcome among the unsophisticated sons of the mountains. At length we were reluctantly compelled to quit this happy spot, for detachments of soldiers were sent into the Black Forest to rout out the refugees, and we trudged off to the Lake of Constance, stopping at Schaffhausen by the way to "do the falls" as long as our finances would permit us, which was no great length of time, for we indulged rather too extensively in wine, after having been subjected during nearly six weeks to the annoyance of drinking potato-brandy—the most horrible decoction that can be conceived. How we eventually got to Stuttgart has ever been a mystery to me, for we positively walked upwards of one hundred miles without a penny. We did get there, however, and our troubles were at an end; we procured money and clothes, and set off leisurely on our homeward route to Heidelberg. By the time I got back to Baden-Baden, though, I had had quite enough of revolutions for some time at least, and I consequently soon packed up my portmanteau and returned to England, where I had no fear of being forced to build barricades, or become a firing mark for soldiers.

THE CHINESE REVOLUTION.

THE revolution in China—unquestionably the most important event of the times we live in—the greatest revolution, it has been justly remarked, the world has yet seen, comprising in mere magnitude a population equal to that of all Europe and all America put together—has had its origin in the same causes that brought about the war with Great Britain—the stubborn ignorance and the insufferable pride of the Tartar dynasty. On ascending his throne, Ta-u-kuang, or Tau-wang, entrusted the conduct of public affairs to statesmen who were, in the eyes of all, the mere guardians of superannuated Chinese traditions. Every nation that has institutions of any duration has its conservative party. During times of little excitement, the government may be safely left in the hands of such representatives of the old national faith; but when the time for modifying ancient guarantees comes, as it inevitably will, their tenacity in upholding a state of things no longer compatible with the new circumstances and new opinions that have come into existence, becomes a source of extreme danger. This political truth has at length made itself as manifest in the history of the Celestial Empire as it has in our own history and that of neighbouring countries. The servants of Ta-u-kuang, in mere wanton contempt of barbarous nations, involved their country in a disastrous war. They did not understand that the moment was come when they must step down from the diplomatic heights to which their ignorant presumption had raised them, and in which European forbearance had so long upheld them.

Hian-fung, the son and successor of Ta-u-kuang, derived no benefit from the lesson so justly inflicted on his imperial father. Mu-chang-ha and Ki-in, ministers who, during the latter years of Ta-u-kuang, had been unusually zealous in the cause of a liberal and progressive state of things, were rudely dismissed, and successors were appointed, distinguished by their inveterate hatred to Europeans. This change was accompanied by other violent reactionary measures, which only increased the mischief. Notwithstanding the obstinacy and perversity of the successive emperors, the war of China with Great Britain had the effect of opening the eyes of a large portion of the population to the advantages of European civilisation; and this movement received a further impulse from the progress of secret societies, more especially the “Chinese Union,” by the founding of military and naval stations, by throwing open the commerce previously monopolised by the East India Company to the vessels of all nations, by the increase of consular and mercantile agencies, by the labours of missionaries, and by the emigrations of the Chinese themselves to other countries, more especially the East Indies, the Indian Archipelago, and California; also by the aid given by Great Britain to its new ally in extinguishing piracy from its seas and rivers. By all these circumstances combined, the way for China (Shin-wah, like the French Chinois) entering into the community of nations was inevitably prepared, and woe to the dynasty that cannot move with the people!

No sooner were the hopes of the Chinese patriots crushed by the dis-

missal of Mu-chang-ha and of Ki-in, than a rumour spread far and wide that prophecies of old had predicted the re-establishment of the Ming dynasty in the forty-eighth year of the cycle, corresponding to our 1851. To this general prophecy one of a more definite character was added: it was, that he who should raise the standard of Ming, preserved by an apocryphal patriarch, who lived at the time of the last of the dynasty, should ascend the throne. This movement soon assumed a formidable character; people discussed the downfall of the Tartar dynasty at their secret societies—the higher, the middle, and the lower classes alike, came under the dominion of the new opinions that were so industriously spread abroad, and the public mind was everywhere prepared for revolution. But that not before a small body of insurgents, averaging probably a few hundreds, and over-estimated by Messrs. Callery and Yvan at 100,000 men,* had collected together in the province of Kuang-si, a province immediately north-west of Canton.

The two Kuangs, Kuang-si and Kuang-tung, of which latter Canton is the chief city, constitute the two great south-westerly provinces of China.† The first is a hilly, rocky, woody, and in parts desert and mountainous country. The inhabitants are poor, hardy, and adventurous; they have plenty of time on hand, being only for a short period of the year engaged in collecting the products of the cinnamon and aniseed-bearing plants—and of such components was the nucleus of the revolution made up. The same district is highly metalliferous, and a quantity of lead nuggets miraculously discovered, when the insurgents were engaged in erecting a monument to commemorate the uprising of the revolutionary standard, served at the onset to procure the necessaries of life for the patriot army.

It was not till August, 1850, that the official *Gazette* of Peking condescended to notice the Chinese insurrection. According to the official paper, it had its origin in a body of pirates who had escaped the shot of the English on the coasts of Fu-kien. The insurrectionists, strengthened in the mean time by the adhesion of the Mia-u-tsi—a race of hardy, warlike mountaineers, who have never been completely subjected by the Tartars, and whose very name is a source of terror to all pacific Celestials—opened a campaign, destined to be of such long duration and of such vital importance to the future of China, by an attack upon Ho, or Hu, one of the most commercial cities of the province. The two Kuangs, it is necessary to observe, form one vice-royalty, and one Siu, an officer in no way adapted to meet the exigencies of the case, held at that time the vice-

* L'Insurrection en Chine depuis son origine jusqu'à la prise de Nankin. Par MM. Callery et Yvan.

† There are certain terminable syllables constantly repeated in the Chinese, a knowledge of the meaning of which facilitates the memory of the word. Thus fu, or foo, is a town of the first magnitude, or of a canton averaging a population of 1,000,000. Chu, or choo, a town of second magnitude, averaging 500,000 souls. Hin, a township of third magnitude. Tung is east; si, west; nan, south; pe, or pa, north. Others, as wang, kin, &c., are titles, as Pakin, or Peking, north king; Nan-kin, south king; Wang-si, king of the west; Wang-tung (Canton), east king. Tung-fu, east city; Nan-chu, south town; Si-nin, west town, &c. Wang is variously written Kuang, Quang, Kouang, as Kuang-si, or Wang-si, the west king, and Kuang, or Wang-tung, east king, whence Canton. Curious enough, Europeans call the town Canton, the province Kouang, or Quang-tung. The proper name for Canton is Kuang-chu, "king town of second class."

regal sceptre. This Siu sent troops to disperse the rebels, but they were defeated, and for the most part exterminated. The tactics of the insurgents has always been to feign a retreat before the Manchus, to draw the latter by such a feint into a difficult country, and then to exterminate them ; for, as far as the war has yet gone on—it is grievous for the sake of humanity to have to relate—it has been one of extermination of a Tartar or Manchu race by Chinese insurrectionists or patriots.

Encouraged by these first successes, the Chinese, under the two chiefs Chang-kia-sung and Chang-kia-fu, advanced into Kuang-tung, where they were met by the Manchu troops, towards whom they adopted their usual tactics, and every single individual of the enemy, it is said, no doubt with the exaggeration of success, was slain.

Siu, terrified by these reverses, fled to Peking, and Lin, the impracticable, obstinate old mandarin, who involved the emperor in war with Great Britain, was sent to disperse the rebels. To an imperial edict which was issued at the commencement of these more serious hostilities, the Chinese gave an answer, which at once declared their objects and made their intentions manifest.

"The Manchus," said they, "who for now two centuries have enjoyed an hereditary usurpation of the throne of China, sprung from a small foreign population. Aided by a warlike army, they seized upon our treasures, our lands, and the government of the country, which shows that to usurp the empire it only requires to be the strongest. There is, therefore, no difference between us who levy contributions from the towns which we gain possession of, and the authorities sent from Peking to levy the same. What is good to take, is just as good to keep. Wherefore, then, do they send troops against us without reason? Such a step appears to us to be very unjust. What! the Manchus, who are foreigners, have the right to levy the tribute of eighteen provinces, and to name the officers who shall enforce those very acts of oppression, while we, being Chinese, are forbidden to levy any money whatsoever from out of the public revenues! Universal sovereignty belongs to no individual to the exclusion of all others, and a dynasty has never yet been seen that counted a hundred generations of emperors. The right of governing lies in possession."

The Mandarin Lin died on his way to the insurgent province, and he was succeeded by Li-sing-uan, who endeavoured, with true Manchu astucy, to inculcate Siu, while Siu, on his part, threw the responsibility of past disasters upon the governor of the province of Kuang-si. The young emperor, puzzled by these contradictory reports, left each in the enjoyment of his authority. The patriots, who in the mean time had discarded the tail imposed upon the Chinese by their Tartar conquerors, and had exchanged the Tartar cloak for the open garment worn by their ancestors in the time of the Ming dynasty, captured in March, 1851, the town of Lu-nan, and levied the usual contribution from the inhabitants. The next day, the Manchu troops arriving in strength, the latter succeeded in expelling the Chinese patriots, and also levied a large contribution. The citizens, struck with the injustice of such a proceeding, rose to a man, cut off their tails, and opened the gates to the insurgents, who came in in the dead of night and massacred the imperial troops. At this very time the official papers were publishing bulletins

of imaginary victories won by the "great army," and declaring that the insurrection was stifled at every point.

The Imperial Commissioner Li had established his head-quarters at Kuai-lin, and appointed for his lieutenant the terrible Chang-tian-siu, notorious for cutting off the lower lips of all opium smokers. This ferocious mandarin put to death thirty-six suspected persons in one day, as a kind of precautionary measure, and to strike terror among the disaffected. Such sanguinary measures, however, not sufficing to arrest the progress of the insurrection, the prime minister, Sai-chang-ha, was sent, accompanied by two other Manchus, Ta-hing and Ta-tung-ha—the latter implicated in the massacre of the crew of the *Nerbuddha*—to Kuai-lin, and Canton was put under contribution to assist in the expenses of the war, which was opened by marching several bodies of troops into the insurgent province of Kuang-si.

The patriots replied to these hostile manifestations by proclaiming that a descendant of the Ming dynasty was at their head, that he was the rightful Emperor of China, and that his name was Tian-ta, or Tiente, that is, Celestial Virtue. The portrait of Tian-ta was, at the same time, distributed throughout the empire, and the Anglo-Chinese journals declared that he was a Christian; some said a Catholic, others that he was a Chang-ti, that is to say, a Protestant. The insurrection spread at the same time in the west of Kuang-tung, and the patriots obtained possession of Ka-u-chu-fu, a maritime town and chief city of a department. The districts of Nan-hai and Tung-kuan refused at the same time to pay the imperial taxes. Siu sent a mandarin to compel the latter to submission, but they dragged the official from his palanquin, and nearly tore him to pieces. The renowned Tartar general, U-lan-tai, was then despatched from Canton to attack the patriots at the pass near Lu-ul, when, as usual, the imperial forces were defeated, many were slain, and the general lost his arm in the engagement.

Upon hearing of this disaster, and that the Chinese were assembled in force at U-chu-fu, one of the most easterly cities of Kuang-si, the Viceroy Siu marched out of Canton at the head of three thousand soldiers, with a numerous retinue of attendants, palanquin-bearers, and coolies, the latter of whom had charge of a treasure-chest of imposing magnitude. Having occasion to pass a narrow bamboo bridge, this chest was one evening unfortunately tumbled into a river. Great was the ire of the viceroy. He would have bastinadoed the coolies on the spot, but he wanted their services to recover the chest. This was not effected without a long delay and much labour, but at length the chest was recovered, no longer recognisable from its coating of mud, but intact, and as heavy as ever. Arrived at Cha-u-king, where the viceroy established his head-quarters, the chest was opened, and found to be full of stones and lumps of lead carefully wrapped in tissue paper! Needless to say that the coolies had taken themselves off to the patriot army previous to the examination of the chest. One of the patriot generals, Chu-lu-ta-u, endeavoured to entice the viceroy to an engagement without the walls of the city: but the old mandarin was too wily to try his prowess in aught save the usual policy of bribery and dissimulation. Add to this, it was well known that the soldiers of Tian-ta treated the Manchus with barbarous severity, giving no quarter to rank or file, and Siu was far too

prudent a general to trust his valuable person, or that of his followers, to such an unceremonious enemy. The gallant viceroy contented himself, therefore, with sending despatches to Peking, which duly appeared in the official *Gazette*, and recorded extraordinary exploits of courage, victories hard won, and personal feats of valour unexampled in Chinese history, more especially one instance of a great gun so skilfully used that it destroyed at a single discharge a whole file of the enemy, and a reward was claimed for the imaginary gunner!

In July, 1851, a new incident came to increase the general apprehension that prevailed throughout the empire. The young emperor was walking in his gardens, when a stranger rushed upon him, and would have assassinated him, but for the intercession of an attendant, who received the blow intended for his imperial master. It was never known if the assassin belonged to the party in insurrection; but certain it is, that, according to the laws observed under such circumstances, eighteen mandarins were put to death, as were also all the members of their family; not so much for their connivance in the crime, as for their guilty ignorance of such a conspiracy being in existence.

Nor did affairs prosper better in the provinces. True that the patriots had been unable to subdue Kuai-lin, the capital of Kuang-si, but a great number of towns, and a vast booty, had fallen into their hands. Lu-ting-chu and Li-ning-hian were carried by assault; and Chu-lu-ta-u, the patriot chief, followed up these conquests by despatching a flotilla mounted with 6000 men to besiege U-lin-chu. The Tartar general, U-lan-tai, went out to give the insurgents battle, but his troops were caught in an ambuscade, and the greater part of them, among whom many chief mandarins, were put to death. Before the expiration of 1851, the victories of the patriots succeeded to one another so rapidly that the *Gazette* of Peking was obliged to supersede its encomiums of the imperial forces by accounts of the progress of the rebels.

It was after all but a war of skirmishes. Neither party seemed either willing or prepared to throw the chances of the campaign upon the events of a general battle. One of the most decisive engagements of 1851 took place on the 29th of September, in the district of Yun-gan, when the imperialists were defeated with great slaughter; and the patriots followed up their success by the capture of Yung-gan-chu, Huan-mu, and the city of Ping-lu. All mandarins and official personages who refused to acknowledge the supremacy of Tian-ta in the newly-captured towns, were mutilated or put to death. The property and persons of the inhabitants were, on the other hand, respected and held inviolable. Those of the inhabitants who would not recognise the supremacy of Tian-ta were allowed to retire elsewhere with their property. Many availed themselves of this privilege, and on joining the imperialists were invariably robbed and subjected to all kinds of ill-treatment. The unfortunates are said to have exclaimed in their indignation to the Tartars, "You are but mice before the rebels, you are tigers before us!"

Siu, in the mean time, upon whose head the patriots had placed a reward of 10,000 piastres, advertised 80,000 taels as the honorarium to whosoever would bring in a sack the heads of Tian-ta, of Tian-ta's father, and of his prime minister. Siu thought everything could be done with money, and having offered 20,000 taels more for each of the chief rebels

than had been set on his own head, he quietly awaited their being laid at his feet.

After waiting, however, a long time, and nobody bringing the heads of the offenders, Siu got tired, and wrote to the emperor for permission to withdraw to Canton, which he said, in a letter published in the *Pekin Gazette*, was threatened by the troops of Donna Maria da Gloria, Queen of Portugal! Served by lying, incapable mandarins, and defended by mercenary, cowardly troops, the whole of this gigantic empire was, indeed, threatened with dissolution from the moment that the insurrection declared itself; and, except in the occasional holding out of a walled city or stronghold, the Tartars appear never to have offered any very serious obstacle to the progress of the rebellion from the first moment of its existence, till from Kwang-si it had spread to Kiang-nan, and the patriots became masters of Nankin, the capital of the ancient dynasty, and the hereditary seat of a Chinese as distinguished from a Manchu empire.

The Manchu emperor actually aided the cause of the insurrection by his pride and his cruelty. Generals that allowed themselves to be defeated were at once degraded, or still more frequently put to death; and governors who could not stay the insurrection were deposed, degraded, or exiled. There was no chance of escape except by a lying despatch, or that frequent resource of a Chinese official, self-immolation.* U-lan-tai, being deposed, wrote an account of an imaginary victory, and was restored to his dignities. This Tartar general was one of the few efficient Manchu dignitaries, and the Homers and Ariostos of the empire spoke of him as a hero and a conqueror; even the young emperor himself is said to have composed a poem descriptive of his feats of valour and paladin-like prowess.

The patriots, in the mean time, contented themselves with simple prose, and with acts instead of despatches and proclamations. They did not care even to keep the cities or citadels that fell into their hands. Fu Chu or Hin was alike indifferent to them; they thought of nothing but marching forward in the career of conquest. They knew that when Peking fell into their hands, all the rest of the empire would acknowledge the supremacy of the conqueror. This has been the principle upon which all barbarian chiefs have acted in those great invasions which are recorded in the pages of history.

Thus two more towns U-Hian and Cha-u-ping soon followed the fate of Ping-lu-fu and Yung-gan-chu. The emperor was so much annoyed at the fall of the latter city, that he sent orders to Sai-chang-ha to retake it before the lapse of a fortnight, or to send the heads of the generals Hiang-ing, U-lan-tai, and Tian-san to Peking. The zeal of these brave Tartars was singularly animated by this edict; they marched against the insurgents, and, it is almost needless to add, were signally defeated. This new disaster was followed up by a proclamation from the city of

* The Manchu mandarins, in a spirit of retaliation that cannot be wondered at, practised the same cruelties upon the people that the court pursued towards them. Upwards of 700 suspected individuals were put to death in Canton—one of the few places where Europeans could get at positive information as to what was going on—and not a day passed but prisoners were removed from thence like wild beasts enclosed in bamboo cages to the province of Kiang-si.

U-chu-fu, in which the division of the empire into several sovereignties, and several princes of the dynasty of Han or Ming, was more plainly spoken of than heretofore. The proclamation was also no longer signed by Tian-ta but by Tian-ki-u. It called upon the people of the province of Canton to join the insurrectionary party. It also spoke of the decrees of Heaven, of prostration before the Supreme Being, after having learnt to worship God. These were formula unknown to the idolatrous Chinese, and foreign according to our two Catholic historians, Messrs. Callery and Yvan, to the language of the Catholics; it is to Protestantism that the honour is due of having introduced them into China, and it appears that a Protestant disciple of Gutzlaff enjoyed high rank, and exercised almost paramount authority among the patriots. This personage was a well-known member of the secret society called the "Chinese Union," which was founded by Gutzlaff before his death, and which had for objects the conversion of the Chinese to Christianity by the Chinese themselves. It does not, indeed, appear certain if this disciple of Gutzlaff's is not Tian-ta himself!

The Tartar general, U-lan-tai, bent upon revenging these disasters, once more marched against the insurgents at the head of 13,000 men. The two armies met upon the borders of the Kuai-kiang. The imperial troops advanced, as usual, to the sound of gongs, bearing their shields, decorated with all kinds of hideous paintings, in front, making horrible grimaces, and yelling the most discordant cries. The insurgents appeared to be terrified by so frightful a demonstration. They abandoned their positions on the hills, and took refuge among some groves of bamboos. Unfortunately, the Manchus deemed it proper to pursue them there, and no sooner were they entangled in the wood, than a new force made its appearance on the heights, with a strong detachment of artillery. U-lan-tai found himself surrounded, and the gongs beat a retreat. It was too late, however, and the hero of the Peking lyrics returned to his camp with only half his troops; many had been slain, still more had prudently gone over to the enemy.

The Viceroy Siu swore by his moustache to take summary vengeance for this defeat, and to this effect he matured a plan which reminds one of the wooden horse of Troy and the foxes of Samson. Collecting four thousand buffaloes, he had torches of pine attached to their long horns, and these being lighted, they were driven by four thousand soldiers into the enemy's camp, where they were to produce the most frightful disorder, killing the enemy and firing their habitations. The insurgents allowed the buffaloes a free passage, and waiting for the Tartar cowherds, favoured by the vice-regal illumination, they put upwards of two thousand of them to the sword. This ingenious stratagem of the prudent Siu would scarcely be credited had it not been related at length in the columns of the *Friend of China*.

The strategetic system of the patriots served them to better purpose. A Tartar chief having ventured to pursue a body of insurgents amid the rocks of Hai-nan, the great islands south of the province of Canton, his troops were never afterwards seen. The general alone was found, in a state of starvation, with his ears and nose cut off.

The news that the insurrection had spread into the provinces of Hunan and Hu-pa, sometimes spoken of together under the name of Hu-

kuang, or Hu-wang, produced a deep sensation at Peking. The leaders of the new insurrection were said to be independent of those in Kuang-si, and the cities of Ta-u-chu and Kiang-hua were at once taken possession of. A chief from Kuan-si, called Tai-ping-wang, soon effected a junction with the new insurgents, and, notwithstanding that all the disposable forces of the neighbouring provinces were directed against them, they seized upon three more of the chief cities of the province, acquiring thereby immense additional resources. They still, however, always respected private property, contenting themselves with appropriating the public revenue and the riches of official personages.

The mysterious Tian-ta was all this time holding his court in a very strong position on the mountain of Si-hing, not far from Kuai-lin, and the governor of Kuang-si decided upon opening a diplomatic correspondence. With this view an embassy, composed of Siu, lieutenant-governor, and of two men of letters, was despatched to seek an interview with the pretender. It appears that, after much ceremony, and being obliged to exchange the Tartar for the Chinese costume, they were admitted to an audience. The results were that Tian-ta reiterated his claim to being an eleventh descendant of the Emperor Sung-ching of the great dynasty of Ming, and said, that strong in his right, he intended to seize by force of arms the inheritance of his ancestors. "You," said Tian-ta to the ambassadors, "understand the doctrines of Confucius and of Mencius, how can you then disavow the legitimate prince, and remain peaceably the subjects of strangers?" When the governor heard of the results of his embassy, it put him into such a passion as for a time to endanger his life.

Immediately after this interview, Tian-ta descended from the mountain unto the plains, and taking possession of Lu-chu, once more assailed Kuai-lin, but without success. This city, the capital of Kuang-si, stands upon a great river called Kuai-kiang, and the same as the river of Canton, it is defended by lofty walls, well provided with guns. The population is said to amount to 400,000. To the north is a range of mountains with a peculiarly sharp outline, and the rocky environs of the city constitute one of the delights of Chinese—let us hope also one day of European tourists. Close by the banks of the river is an enormous rock, called by the Celestials Siang-pi-chan, "rock of the elephant's nose." The pachydermatous quadruped is half covered with bamboos, and carries on its back a round tower, roofed with porcelain, and surmounted by dragons. At another point a great cone of rock rises out of the soil, a pathway is carried up in a circular ascent, with little oratories at each turning, while on the summit are two lofty masts, ornamented with streamers. This rock is called by the Chinese the Isolated Wonder, and according to the same authorities Kuai-lin abounds in marvels.

U-lan-tai was wounded in his gallant defence of this remarkable place. The advice of Dr. Parker, of the United States' mission at Canton, was sought for, but as the laws of the Celestial Empire would not allow the doctor to go to U-lan-tai, the Tartar general was obliged to go to Doctor Parker, and so the hero of an imperial epic died on his way to Canton.

Siu was busy in the mean time concocting a new stratagem, still more ingenious than the renowned onslaught of fiery-horned buffaloes. Having caught a petty chief of the Chang-ti, or Protestant rebels, as they

were generally designated, he sent him off to Peking, carefully packed up in an iron cage, and ticketed as Tian-ta. This unfortunate captive was put to death, and a long confession, which incriminated the Christians and Gutzlaff's "Chinese Union," was indited for him. This confession produced a great sensation, and the judicial death of the renowned Tian-ta was in everybody's mouth, when it was suddenly succeeded by another report of a totally different character, which was, that Tian-ta had gone with his followers into the Hu-kuang district, where he had commenced the erection of a temple to the Supreme Being. Certain it was that Tian-ta, executed at Peking, was apocryphal; but Messrs. Callery and Yvan also reject the last rumour, for, say they, had such a thing occurred, the Catholics would sooner or later have united themselves to the insurrectionary party.

The mandarins, at the same time, did everything in their power to prejudice Tian-ta with the Europeans; they declared that his intentions were hostile to their interests, that he would shut the ports, and expel them from the country. All this Sir George Bonham's expedition in the *Hermes* has shown to be lies, the Chang-ti, or Protestant insurgents, being most anxious to establish the closest relations with Christian nations. Many missionaries dwell in the provinces held by the insurgents, and they have had reason already to congratulate themselves upon the change of rulers.

While Hung and Ki, two young patriots, were drinking their own blood mingled in a marriage-cup, preparatory to an invasion of Formosa, Siu had given battle to the insurgents in the neighbourhood of Lu-king-chang, and, as usual, the "tiger troops," as they are called, from the most common device on their shields, were vanquished. But the time had come when the patriots were to have their turn of disasters. The viceroy of Hu-kuang had raised a body of four thousand northern warriors; the insurgents attacked at Cha-u-chu-fu lost two hundred men, and as many were made prisoners. A few days afterwards they were as rudely treated at Yung-chu-fu. Their fleet also engaged in pursuing the enemy, with fire-boats in advance, had the latter turned against themselves by a sudden change in the wind, and numbers of their own junks were devoured by the flames. But they took a cruel revenge for these disasters. Having taken the city of Kuai-yang by assault, it was delivered over to fire and sword; all the public buildings were burnt down, ten mandarins had their heads cut off, and the principal inhabitants were only spared on condition of a heavy ransom. Ping-gan, which surrendered without firing a shot, was simply amerced in a sum of 200,000 taels.

In September, 1852, Tian-ta established himself with his suite and personal guard in the city of Hing-gan, not far from Kuai-lin before described. He was thus almost face to face with the ingenious and prudent Siu. Tian-ta, on his side also, as king of kings, could not take part in the progress of the war; that was left to his captains; so for different apparent reasons, yet, perhaps, not so different in reality, the two chiefs were satisfied with each respecting the position held by his adversary. The new monarchy had been everywhere proclaimed, dating from the first year of Ming-ming. Attached to this monarchy there were three Kungs, nine Kings, twenty-seven Chu-hua, and eighty-one

Sis. This gives some idea of the value of these terminal and honorary syllables. Independent as a federal monarchy, still Hu-nan acknowledged the imperial rights of the descendant of the Mings. Ming-ming being, it is to be supposed, equivalent to Tian-ta, or rather Tian-ta represented the Ming of the Mings. Other leaders began at this time, and after the example thus set to them, also to claim the rights of federal sovereigns.

The year 1852 closed with a long list of disasters to the imperial troops; wherever they had ventured to give battle they had been defeated, and the number of towns captured by the Chang-ti had swelled up to a long and monotonous length. Only once had 40,000 imperialists assailed a town in the possession of the insurgents, and they had been repulsed with a loss of 3000 men killed and 500 taken prisoners to the patriots. This happened at Ta-u-chu, which the imperialists being unable to reduce, they turned into it the waters of the Ta-u-kiang, to the great discomfiture of the rats, the only sufferers by this unusually ingenious stratagem of the tigers.

Kuai-lin still held out. Su-ming-hu, the governor, attributed this impunity to the god Kuan, who supplied the garrison with additional artillery, fought in person in defence of the city mounted on a gigantic charger, brandishing a fiery sword; and betrayed a night-surprise by means of an immense lantern suspended in the clouds, and bearing for motto, "Great Felicity." For all these services the governor claimed of the emperor new titles for the god Kuan, King of the Great Felicity.

Notwithstanding these happy omens, the emperor degraded Sai-chang-ha, and Siu was appointed to his place; a single lettered mandarin, Y, succeeding to the governorship of Canton. The old servants of the crown, Ki-chan, who had been disgraced for negotiating with the English, and Ki-in and Hing-gan, both dismissed for their partiality to the barbarians, were called to the imperial councils, but unfortunately without affecting the imperial policy.

Our ingenious friend Siu made a brilliant start in his new capacity. He actually relieved the capital of Hu-nan, celebrated for its annual regatta—a race of boats, gilt and coloured to represent dragons, serpents, reptiles, and all kinds of antediluvian monsters, from a close siege, and obliged Tai-ping-wang to take refuge in a fleet of junks on the Siang, a tributary to the Yang-si-kiang, or Blue River. This slight advantage was of no avail to the Chinese. On the contrary, it seems purposely or otherwise to have established the insurgents on the great artery of Central China—the mighty Blue River. The imperial government was cramped by the greatest financial embarrassments: the governor of the insurgent provinces refused to give any further accounts of the public revenues, but demanded more money to carry on their war. Under these difficulties an extraordinary edict was published, advertising for sale all descriptions of places and titles. Governorships, magistracies, seats on the bench, titles, peacocks' feathers, were announced for sale; exile, degradation, imprisonment, and all other punishments, save death, could now be bought off by money!

The insurgents, however, were now, we have seen, in their junks on the Blue River, and before the month of February had expired they were masters of U-chang-fu, capital of Hu-pa. This city is one of three

built at the confluence of the river Han with the Blue River. The latter is at this point a real inland sea, its waters are furrowed by from 5000 to 6000 junks, around which innumerable porpoises sport about as in the open sea. The aspect of the three cities, U-chang, Han-yang, and Han-ku, the first of which alone boasts of a population of 400,000 souls, and situated on the opposite banks of the rivers, is one of the most imposing in the world. Pagodas of nine stories tower up above the roofs turned up at their edges, and flags of a thousand colours float in the air above a whole forest of masts. This is one of the great commercial centres of the Celestial Empire: the manufactures of Manchester and Glasgow are exchanged here for teas of Moning, porcelain of Ya-u-chang, woods of Kiang-si, salt and smuggled goods, more especially opium.

Great was the dismay at Peking when it was known that the insurgents were at U-chang-fu, and European merchants began for the first time to tremble for the safety of the empire. Nankin was put in a state of defence, and levies were made from every town in Kian-nan and Kiang-si; but with what effect may be judged of from the fact that the consular city of Chang-hai, or Shanghai, with a population of 200,000, only furnished a contingent of 100 regular soldiers and 100 volunteers.

An appeal was now also made for the first time to the magnanimity of the English and Americans; this, with the usual astuteness of the Chinese, by the Ta-y-tai, or Intendant of Shanghai, in the first place as a feeler, so that in case of refusal the dignity of any of the great men of the empire should not be ruffled by barbarian insolence. The tone of the request was, at the same time, anything but suppliant, demanding rather than entreating that ships of war should be despatched at once, to act in concert with the Lorchas that were already at Nankin, and which city was at that moment threatened by the patriots. All those most intimate with Chinese diplomacy aver that if the British and American plenipotentiaries had acceded to this request so couched, the emperor would for ever afterwards have numbered those nations among such as are tributary to the Celestial Empire.

The Chang-ti, in the mean time, after having reduced the capital of Hu-pa, continued their descent of the Blue River, successively occupying Kiu-kiang, Gan-king, and U-hu, and at length appearing before Nankin with a formidable fleet and an army of fifty thousand men, commanded by five chiefs, each of whom claimed the insignia of royalty. The news of the arrival of the insurgents at the second city of the empire caused the greatest sensation, not unmingled with alarm, at the Chinese cities of the north that were frequented by Europeans, and attempts were now first made to enter into communications with the mysterious patriots of the interior. With this view Mr. Marshall, the representative of the United States, sailed up the Blue River in the *Susquehanna*. Unfortunately, when the active co-operation of the English and Americans was requested, and not acceded to, the Intendant of Shanghai, who had already enrolled some Portuguese Lorchas of Macao under the yellow banner, bethought himself of purchasing sundry European vessels and guns, and among others he succeeded in obtaining an old American receiving-ship, called the *Science*, belonging to the house of Russell, which let it out for 5000 piastres a month.

This old ship was in reality hired for purposes of Chinese diplomacy, and, therefore, worth in reality more than appeared on the surface of

things; for no sooner was it obtained possession of than it was sent up the Blue River, with the report that it was but the first of an European fleet which was sailing to the succour of the Manchu dynasty. This subterfuge had an unfortunate effect, as it roused the ire of the Chang-ti against Europeans, and, as a consequence, when they saw the *Susquehanna* coming up the river they closed the mouth of the canal leading from the Blue River to Nankin, and cutting off the head of a mandarin supposed to be in communication with the Europeans, they stuck it, as if in warning, at the end of a bamboo. The *Susquehanna*, thus hostilely received, was obliged to retrace its steps, Mr. Marshall announcing on his return that sufficient water had not been found to get as far as the quarters of the insurgents.

The insurgents had, it is to be observed, made themselves masters of Nankin as early as the 19th of March. The details of the siege and capture of the imperial city of the Mings are little known, but it is reported that, on the day above mentioned, the Chang-ti sprung a mine under the wall near the northern angle, which effected a breach of about twenty or thirty yards in extent. They immediately rushed in by this, encountering only a slight resistance from some of the hereditary garrison of Tartar Bannermen and a few Shan-tung and Kuai-chu troops, who attempted to dispute their progress to the inner city.

The strength of the Chinese imperialists was reckoned at 5106 men, and that of the Bannermen at 7000 to 8000 men. It was expected that these Tartars would have fought desperately in self-defence. They were well armed and trained, and they well knew that the "Heavenly Prince" had openly declared that the first duty of his mission was the utter extermination, not only of themselves, but also of their women and children; yet they are said scarcely to have raised an arm in defence of their wives and families, but to have thrown themselves on their faces, and implored mercy in the most abject terms, submitting to be butchered like so many sheep. Only 100 are said to have escaped out of a Tartar population of more than 20,000; the rest, men, women, and children, were put to the sword!

On the 31st of March the insurgent fleet of river-craft sent down from Nankin approached Chin-kiang. Only the Macao Lorchas, despatched up the river by the Shanghai intendant, attempted resistance, the rest of the imperial fleet flying in dismay at the sight of the enormous number of vessels moving against them. The Lorchas were also soon forced to retreat, and were pursued as far as Silver Island. From this the insurgents returned to Chin-kiang, which they occupied without resistance, the garrison, among whom were 400 Northern Manchus, having fled without firing a shot. The families of the resident Tartars, warned by the fate of their compatriots at Nankin, had also evacuated the place to the number of 20,000; only a few hundreds were caught and slain in the surrounding villages. On the following day, the 1st of April, the insurgents occupied Kua-chu, or Kwa-chow, and the large city of Yang-chu, on the northern bank of the Blue River, also without resistance. A long battery of three miles of guns that lined the river-bank fell into their hands—not one had been discharged against them. By the last accounts, Tai-ping-fu, a city of great strength to the westward of Nankin, had fallen, as had also Yang-ping-fu, close to the great

city of Fu-chu-fu, or Foo-chow-foo, in the direction of Su-chu. At Canton, also, everything was ready for a general rising, and a simultaneous attack upon the Tartar encampment and the officers of government was to be their death-knell, and a signal that the work was begun.

Amoy, one of the consular cities, was taken on the 19th of May without much loss of life. The public offices were gutted, and the mandarins fled. Not a single private residence was molested. The European residents were treated with civility, and a guard sent to protect their residences. The insurgents in possession of Amoy are said not to be of the same party as the great body of Chang-ti, but members of a secret society, called "Short Knife Society," and to be acting on their own account. As they agree in one point—the overthrow of the Tartar dynasty—no doubt the minor insurrections in the south will be swallowed up ultimately in the greater successes of the Chang-ti, especially when the latter are at Peking, and a head monarchy is firmly established. Shortly after the fall of Amoy, a much larger city in the same neighbourhood, Chang-chu, to which Amoy is but as a port, fell into the hands of another party of insurgents. Some slight dissensions that arose among the insurgent chiefs at Amoy induced the Chinese admiral to make an attempt to recover the place; but the imperial forces were driven back, and those that were made prisoners were tried by courts-martial, at which Europeans were allowed to be present. All the Tartars taken were immediately beheaded, but the Chinese soldiers, being generally pressed men, were usually acquitted. Thus whatever dissensions may exist among the insurgents themselves as to the right to command, none at all events exists as to the determination to exterminate the Tartar race.

Shortly after the unsuccessful expedition of the *Susquehanna*, a man of remarkable courage and most enterprising spirit presented himself as an envoy to the insurgent camp, in order to ascertain what sentiments the Chang-ti really entertained towards Christian nations. Mr. Meadows, interpreter to the English consulate, started alone on the 9th of April for Su-chu-fu, from whence he intended descending the Great Canal, and joining the insurgents at or near Nankin.

Unfortunately the news that a further lying proclamation had just been issued by the intendant of Shanghai, to the effect that a fleet of foreign steam-ships of war were preparing to act against the insurgents, obliged the envoy to retrace his steps, the report having increased the irritation against Europeans which had been already created by previous misrepresentations. Under these circumstances Sir George Bonham determined at once to proceed in person to Nankin, to explain to the chiefs of the insurrection our perfect neutrality. The *Hermes* steamer was got in readiness for the purpose, and it proceeded without difficulty to Chin-kiang-fu, where the Grand Canal crosses the Blue River. The insurgents were in great force at this point, and had possession of both sides of the river. Leaving Chin-kiang-fu, the *Hermes* got to Nankin without any further trouble, and on arriving there Mr. Meadows was allowed to communicate with the leaders. The letter sent by Sir G. Bonham, as well as the very satisfactory answer given by the Chang-ti leaders, have been published at length in the daily papers.

Mr. Meadows was introduced to the second in rank, Pa-wang, King of the North, who said no one was permitted to see the chief, Tai-ping-wang, and who, Mr. Meadows was duly informed, was considered by the Chang-ti as a brother of Jesus. With the usual inconsistency of a false and impious claim, although asserting his divine origin, it being believed by his followers that he had visited heaven, and that the Ruler of the Universe had condescended to visit him on earth, it is stated that the mysterious leader of the insurgents will not allow the title of "holy," or "Celestial," to be applied to him, but he is styled plainly, Tai-ping-wang, or Prince of Peace. We have no longer here any notice whatsoever of Tian-ta, or had Tian-ta become Tai-ping-wang? The insurgents were said, at the same time, to be Christians of the Protestant form of worship, but on what grounds, except that they were strict anti-idolators, does not clearly appear. If they acknowledge a younger brother of Jesus, they must be Christians of an entirely new order. They are said to acknowledge one God, the Heavenly Father, the All-wise, All-powerful, and Omnipresent Creator of the world; with him, Jesus Christ as the Saviour of mankind, and also the Holy Spirit as the last of the three persons of the Trinity. If to this Trinity they add a fourth member, their idea of a triad or triune faith must be very latitudinarian. Their moral code, or as they call them Heavenly Rules, are said to be the Ten Commandments. They attribute all good to the glory of God, as also all evil as chastisement for sins. They refrain from smoking, the use of opium, and all other vices. They insist on the adoption of the new religion by all adherents. During a long ride of ten or twelve miles into the city of Nankin and back, along the streets of a large camp, Mr. Meadows did not hear one of those abusive and derogatory epithets applied to himself or his companions which have always been hitherto so liberally bestowed on passing foreigners by the Chinese.

On her return from Nankin, and while passing Ching-kiang-fu, the *Hermes* was fired upon from two forts garrisoned by the insurgents, and, after receiving four or five round shot in her rigging and hull, she opened fire, which quickly quieted the forts. Mr. Taylor, an American missionary, who subsequently visited Lu, "the fifth arranger of the forces," at Ching-kiang-fu, ascertained that these acts of hostility arose from a mistake. Lu adverted especially to the *Hermes* being "followed by a fleet of impish vessels belonging to the false Tartars," the said "impish vessels of the Tartars following in the wake of European ships."

Most truly may the Chinese insurrection be looked upon, whatever may be the results—a worship to the glory of God and a true regard for the Trinity, or the superadding of another divinity of human origin—as the greatest religious movement since the days of Muhammad; and, it is much to be feared, as another colossal example of the vagaries of the human mind. This, however, is by no means certain yet, and there are many reasons for hoping better things. The insurgents have the Bible, and that will not teach them to worship Tai-ping-wang. It is even asserted that the Great Pacificator does not wish to be worshipped; but if so whence the impious title claimed by him, or the sanctity attributed to him by his followers? It is curious, too, that the mysterious Tian-ta, the representative of Celestial Virtue, who never made his appearance, has, since the capture of Nankin, been totally superseded by Tai-ping-wang, the Great Pacificator,

who is alone looked upon as the future sovereign of China. It seems probable, then, as was surmised at first, that Tian-ta is a myth, an apocryphal personage, around whom the first inaugurators of the insurrection grouped themselves, as a point of unity itself by virtue of its intangible and ideal character, not liable to defeat or disaster of any kind. In such a case it was Tai-ping-wang who removed himself to the mountain, and represented Tian-ta before the envoys of Sin.

Sir John Davis pointed out twenty years ago the importance of the junction of the Grand Canal and the Blue River in a strategical point of view. "A blockade of the Great Canal and of the Yang-si-kiang," he said, "would affect the whole empire, and more especially the capital, which is provisioned from the southern provinces." When the British forces took possession of this leading position, the mandarins came and made submission, for they knew that the enemy held the keys of the empire.

The Chang-ti insurgents have acted evidently upon a knowledge of the same fact. They have put a total stop to the provisioning of Peking—already in a state of great distress—and the paid garrison of which alone comprises 100,000 Manchus and their families. Notwithstanding the confiscation of the property of many former ministers, chiefs, and wealthy individuals—measures of a perfectly suicidal character—the government treasuries are said to be quite empty.

As to Tartar chieftains moving down from the north with their people at their own cost, such offers can only have emanated from some of the hereditary Mongol princes, of whom no one knows better than the members of the Manchu court they have never forgotten their descent from Genghis Khan and his associates, the former rulers, not of China merely, but of all Asia, and the east of Europe. They have, indeed, always been objects of apprehension and jealousy to the reigning dynasty.

It is by no means improbable that they and their followers, bred in the saddle, and accustomed to the hardy life of nomadic herdsmen in sterile regions, would, if now brought in, be able to hold all that portion of China north of the Yellow River for years against a dynasty established in the south; but it is equally probable that they would hold it for themselves, and not for the Manchu sovereign.

Such a Tartar sovereignty would form an excellent frontier between the Chinese and Russian empires. The latter, it is well known, have long been preparing to take part in the struggle of the Chinese for their emancipation. A Russo-Greek monastery has been established in Peking ever since the time of Peter the Great; and although the reverend missionaries are said to be also commissioned officers in the Russian army, who are changed every ten years, they boast of their 4,000,000 of converts, who had formed themselves into secret societies, ramifications of which had extended themselves throughout the whole empire; and it has even been suggested that the words *Xam ti houoi*, "the religion of the great emperor," borne on the banners of the insurgents, have reference to the Tsar, and not to Tian-ta. The Bible, however, in use with the insurgents has been found to be Gutzlaff's translation; their catechism is Dr. Medhurst's. They call themselves Chang-ti, or Protestants, and they have their own great emperor and great pacificator; although as the latter—Tai-ping-wang—has chosen to declare himself, since the capture of Nanking, to be a younger brother of Jesus Christ, it is not

probable: that any sect or denomination of Christians, Greek Orthodox, Latin Apostolic, or Protestant dissentient, will have much to boast of in their Chinese allies: more probably, as history has too often shown us to be the case, the reputation of the Redeemer will, among the poor ignorant people of the Celestial Empire, be transcended by that of his impious brother, and with the progress of time the same inveteracy will spring up between the followers of the junior prophet and those of the older Saviour, as exists between the followers of Ali and Muhammad, or any two successive founders of religious dogmas.

To understand the true position of Russia with respect to China, a relationship which has been much misunderstood, it is necessary to take into consideration where the vast population of *Shin-wah* has sprung into being. That idea will not be gained by contemplating any ordinary map; it will by a glance at *Petermann's*, or other orographical maps. On the banks of the great Blue and Yellow and other great rivers, and their numberless tributaries—on, in fact, what is almost a delta—one great and continuous hydrographical basin, with its outlying islets—is where this vast population is concentrated. This country, so constituted, is separated from most others by chains of lofty and very rugged mountains (*Yun-ling*, *Ala-Shan*, and *Khin-gan*), which pass off beyond into the high uplands or plateaus of *Thibet*, *Gobi* or *Shamo*, and *Hanhai*. The Chinese, strictly speaking, are, by reason of this configuration of their land, brought more under the influence, and into closer relationship, with maritime nations, as Great Britain and America, than with Russia. *Manchura*, *Kirin*, *Mongolia*, *Thian-ghan*, *Thsiang-hai*, Greater and Lesser *Thibet*, will, in case of the declaration of a Chinese as distinguished from a Tartar Empire, of necessity detach themselves from a power to which they owe no allegiance by race or by custom, and constitute independent states, which will always oppose a barrier to the encroachments of Russia in China. Proper, much more formidable than what is presented by the wide ocean. On the other hand, there is little chance of the Mongolian or Tartar races overrunning China, if once brought into contact with European civilisation, so easily as they have done of yore. How low and effete the Tartars have become in China, experience has just shown; and as for the horsemen of the north, the low canal and river-intersected districts of China Proper would present most formidable obstacles to races to whom a junk must be somewhat of a curiosity, and a steam-boat an object of apprehension, if not of positive terror.

It has been supposed by some that the Mongolian and Tartar tribes of Central Asia would, having no bonds of political unity, be likely to fall under the influence, if not the dominion, of Russia, as the paramount authority of Northern Asia, which would thus bring that colossal power in immediate contact with Hindustan. But such a supposition is quite out of the question. The Tartars have a bond of unity in a common race, faith, language, and religion; similar habits of life, pursuits, and sympathies. They are not an indolent, submissive, yielding people, like the Hindus and the Chinese; they would be as independent in Mongolia as they are in *Bokhara*, where they have long been in presence of the bugbear of Western Europe. Much more chance of mischief might be anticipated, if a false policy were to dictate to the Anglo-Indian government an advance into *Thibet*, or an attempt to establish political relations

with the countries beyond or within the Himma-leh. Then the ubiquitous, wary Russian would form alliances that would be a perpetual thorn in our side, and a source of unceasing apprehension and irritation.

We may for the present, however, fairly turn our attention to considerations of a far more promising, more cheerful, and more hopeful character—and these present themselves in the wonderful adaptability of the country to locomotion, whether by steam-boat or by rail. It is not unreasonable to anticipate that China, once opened to civilisation, with so vast a population, so much native ingenuity and educability, such great pecuniary, agricultural, and mercantile resources, its rivers and canals will, within the space of a very few years, be covered with steam-boats, which will at once serve for the intercommunication of natives, and will convey the curious stranger to the innermost recesses of the empire. Rails, for which the greater part of the country is peculiarly adapted, will ultimately complete these facilities. It will no longer require the intrepidity of a Fortune to visit the strange freaks of nature and art displayed by the Sung-lu and Bohea hills. Thousands of tourists will annually trudge across the long bridge of Fu-chu-fu and the bridge of boats at Ningpo. The regattas of Chang-cha will be open to all the world. Golden pheasants, mother-of-pearl partridges, and gigantic edible bats, await the sportsman. The jonquil *Aspasias* of Su-chu-fu will alone, it is to be hoped, be kept in the background.

No nation can present works to be compared with the Great Wall and the Great Canal, the latter extending in a continuous line from Peking to the Blue River, a distance of 500 miles. Nothing in Europe can give an idea of the fertility of Kian-nan, where two harvests reward the labourer annually, and the soil gives forth vegetables, fruit, and flowers, uninterruptedly. Apricot-oil will succeed to olive-oil, and li-chi, lung-yan, wang-pi, and other delicious fruits, will come into fashion. The disciple of Walton may hook fish in armour (*tetrodon*) which eat like veal, whip the lakes for gold fish as he does here for trout, or net fish like crocodiles with inflammable fat!

What, again, will the tourist think of pleasure-grounds which extend over 60,000 acres, and comprehend thirty separate palaces as at Yuan-min-Yuan?—what displays of squibs, crackers, gongs, and trumpets, hail the full moon? A constant succession of large villages, towns, and cities, with high walls, lofty gates, and more lofty pagodas, will present to the traveller an animated picture of activity, industry, and commerce, almost without a parallel. What an outlet for manufactured goods, from broadcloth to glass, does this dense population lay open! In the lakes and morasses, every little islet is crowned with villages and hovels. There birds are used for catching fish; while men in the water, with jars on their heads, are fishing for birds. Shoals of ducks may be seen issuing from floating habitations, obedient to the sound of a whistle; while carts on the land are driven by the wind.

The meanest hut is constructed of blue bricks, and its tiled roof is supported on pillars; the luxury of glass is alone wanting. Almost every terraced hill is terminated with a clump of trees or a pagoda. Bridges of every variety of fanciful shape—circular, elliptical, horse-shoe, and Gothic, attract notice by their variety and novelty; the monumental architecture that adorns the cemeteries under every form is as peculiar

as everything else. Within the great cities the traveller fancies himself, from the low houses with curved, overhanging roofs, the pillars, poles, flags, and streamers, to have got into the midst of a large encampment. The glitter arising from the gilding, the varnishing, and the painting in vivid colours, that adorn the front of the shops—and in particular the gaily-coloured lanterns of horn, muslin, silk, and paper—the busy multitude, the confused noise, the numerous processions, the itinerant vendors and workshops, the musicians, mountebanks, quack-doctors, and comedians, will be enough to dazzle even the Titmarshes of Cornhill.

Then, again, without, on the Great Canal or great rivers, the multitude of vessels of all descriptions—the banks covered with towns and villages as far as the eye can reach—the vast number of light stone bridges—the temples, with their double or triple tiers of roofs, if not destroyed by the Chang-ti—the Pai-lus, or triple gateways, in commemoration of some honest man or chaste virgin—the face of the surrounding country, beautifully diversified with hill and dale, and every part of it in the highest state of cultivation—and lastly, but not least, the apparent happy condition of the numerous inhabitants, indicated by their cheerful looks, and improved by a new clothing and the removal of the odious Manchu tail—will present altogether a scene magnificent beyond description.

China will require something more than the scanty notices given to us by a Du Halde, a Grosier, a De Guignes, a Barrow, a Staunton, an Ellis, an Abel, a Gutzlaff, a Mailla, a Bell, a Morrison, a Remusat, a Fortune, a Huc, or a Davis. The cookery will also require correction. Rice, garlic, and cabbage fried in oil are not artistic. The flesh of horses and asses is objectionable, and worms, frogs, rats, dogs, and offal of all kinds are not *symposiac*. Soyer must remove to Peking. The *cordon bleu* must be exchanged for a *cordon jaune*. As the Chinese had boats propelled by wheels long before us, so it is worth mentioning they not only hatch ducks artificially, but also the spawn of fish, a piscatorial proceeding much vaunted of late as a new discovery in Europe. The *habitué* of Baden-Baden will find cards and dice, and may add tsoi-moi to his resources. There is cock, quail, and even locust fighting for those who take pleasure in such things. The public festivals, the feast of lanterns, and the fireworks, rival the displays of the French imperial *fêtes*. The concerts are not first-rate. Noise and rapidity are the great criterions of excellence. There will be a decided opening at Peking and Nankin for a few adventurous Philharmonic Societies.

Su-chu-fu—the Venice of China—is the resort of the fashionable and the voluptuous. “Paradise,” say the Chinese, “may be in heaven, but Su-chu-fu is on earth!” Among the show places of the Flowery Empire may also be mentioned the mountain cemetery of the princes of the Tai-ming-chau family; the fine tower of Yang-chu, erected in the sixth century; the warm baths and mineral springs of Fuan-ho; the octagonal porcelain tower of Lin-chin-chu, like all the rest, a temple of the now bygone Fu or Fo, whose image is placed in the highest chamber; Hu-nan, the navel of the world; the observatory of Chu-kong, an astronomer who lived 1000 years before Christ; Tung-wa, “the central flower;” the Nestorian monument at Sin-gan; the tomb of Fu-hi on the mountains of Kung-chan, and that of Kung-fu-su (Confucius) at Kiu-fu; the military road

of Shan-si; the natural and artificial beauties of Hang-chu; the marvels of Kuai-lin; the sacred snakes of Nan-chang; the regattas of Hu-nan; the pyramidal temples of Suan-chu; the monasteries of the Bonzes; and the splendid temples of Fu. But little is as yet known of the curiosities, natural and artificial, of China; the travels of Huc and Fortune have made known a host unheard of before, but much, very much, must remain that has as yet to be described. China is certainly not "done" yet, nor can Cockney critics repeat, as they do once a week of the Nile, the Amazon, and the Ganges, that the Blue River and its Yellow congeners are as familiar to them as the Thames! There is something new in China—something genuine and undiscovered. It is undoubtedly great, ancient, curious, and original. Let the Europeans only assist to swell up those continuous streams of travellers, on horse, on foot, and in litters, which Huc and Fortune describe to us as some fifteen hundred miles in length without a break, ever and continuously pouring on under avenues of trees, with coffee and tea-shops, restaurants, pleasure-gardens, and guard-houses every few steps; and truly, till steam-boats and railways operate a little clearance, China will be the greatest wonder of the world!

The most remarkable feature in the latest news from China is that the insurgents were moving south, towards Canton, through the principal tea-districts, instead of northwards, towards Peking. This we should consider to have originated in some erroneous rumour, as it is opposed to the system pursued from the beginning by the insurgents, who have always gone onwards, looking to Peking as the goal of their ambition. If, for "insurgents moving south," we were to read "the insurrection is spreading southwards," the origin of the rumour would be at once understood.

From Shanghai the statement, on the contrary, was that a large force was moving to the north, towards Peking. It was also positively asserted that the progress of the insurgents to the westward had extended to Nan-chang, the capital of the Kiang-si province, the most central city of the Chinese Empire, and next in importance to Peking. Mr. Meadows had been up the Blue River again, with an officer of the *Hermes*. Fu-chu was in a state of riot and confusion, and there was also fighting going on at Yan-ping-fu.

It has been known that the governor of Shanghai has been some time past organising a fleet at Canton, with which to attempt the recovery of the mouths of the Grand Canal. The attempt is said to have been actually made, and, as was to have been anticipated, to have been signally defeated. A considerable imperialist force is also said to have made a similarly unsuccessful attempt to recover Amoy; and the insurgent and imperialist fleets are reported to have come to an engagement in the same neighbourhood, to the disadvantage of the latter. The chief of the insurgents at Amoy has, as we have anticipated, proclaimed himself a general in the service of the Ming party. T'ian-ta is still asserted by some to be no myth, and is said to be only abiding his time to come forward and take his position as lawful sovereign of the empire.

TALES OF MY DRAGOMAN.

BY BASIL MAY.

No. I.

THE HADJ MARABOU'S JUDGMENT.

IN contradistinction with the usual custom of the East, where one man takes unto himself many wives, a certain Moorish lady of Algiers took it into her head to have two husbands. One was a porter, the other was a baker. The porter's business kept him out during the day; the baker was never at home at night. Thus the reader sees there was no fear of the *cari sposi* coming in contact with each other.

In the course of time the lady was as ladies like to be when they love their lords, and the approaching event was looked forward to by both husbands, individually and separately, with mutual feelings of undivided satisfaction.

"It shall be a holiday," said the porter.

"Were the whole community dependent on my night's labour for their next day's bread, they should fast," affirmed the baker.

And they kept their word.

The hoped-for day arrived. They met, and, strange to relate, both were grateful; and both believing in their claim to the title of father, both insisted on their right to exercise parental authority over the child. How should this difficult question be settled. They would go to the *cadi*, and lay the matter before him.

"Mustapha," said the *cadi*, addressing the baker, "you say the child is yours?"

"As I live, by the grace of the true prophet, your most sublime personification of the effervescence of wisdom hath spoken truly."

"Mahmoud," continued the *cadi*, addressing the other, "thou maintainest that the brat is thine?"

"Rather so, Joseph," answered Mahmoud, who had heard English sailors make use of the expression, and who, from the fact of the *cadi* having frequently to decide between them and the Algerines, thought he was paying a tribute of admiration to the *cadi*'s knowledge of modern languages.

But the *cadi* frowned. "Let him receive twenty stripes," said he.

The eunuchs prepared to seize upon him, but the unfortunate Mahmoud prostrated himself at the feet of the *cadi*, crying, "Allah! Allah! and Mannikin's his brother!"

The *cadi* bowed; the attendants threw themselves upon their faces, and Mahmoud was saved.

There was a moment's pause, during which the whole assembly seemed to be digesting the solemn effect that Mahmoud's appeal had had upon them, and then the *cadi*, addressing him again, said, "Thou sayest the brat is thine?"

"The moon," answered Mahmoud, reverently, "lights the pilgrim on his way, and shows him the precipice; but thy words, oh! son of Allah, are like the sun's rays, which not only——"

"Cut it short," interrupted the *cadi*. "Yea, or nay?"

"Yes, oh Allah!"

"Listen, then, for this is my judgment," said the *cadi*. "If the child was born during the day, Mahmoud is the father, but if the child came into the world at night, then—(here he looked round as if in search of a third claimant)—then

From infant lips a Mustapha,
Rejoicing, shall be call'd *Pap'ia* ;"

and with this horrid attempt at a poetical pun the *cadi* dismissed the parties.

As fast as their legs could carry them, they rushed towards home to hear the truth from the *sage-femme*. Of course she could tell. But here another difficulty occurred, for the child was born neither during the day nor during the night, but at twilight, which is neither day nor night.

"Holy Prophet!" ejaculated Mahmoud, as soon as he heard this.

"What shall we do?" inquired Mustapha.

"Go," said the nurse, "and consult the wise man of the hills—the *Kebur Hadj Marabou*." *Marabou* implying that he had gone on a pilgrimage to Mecca, which probationary undertaking was supposed to impart to those who accomplished it the supernatural powers of the diviner. "I shall accompany you," she added, "and take the child with me. It may be wanted."

The *Hadj Marabou*—the anchorite, or wise man of the hills—dwelt upon the highest of a clump known as the *Khorzarrah*. There his days were spent in worshipping the true prophet, and settling for the Algerines those knotty points which were beyond the wisdom of the *cadi*.

Having, in the present case, heard both sides of the question—as all impartial judges should do—the *Hadj*, from his dwelling, which happened to be a stupendous rent in the mountain's side, brought forth three walnut shells, which he placed in a pair of small scales and reduced to equal weight.

"Mustapha, my son, bare thy arm," said he.

Mustapha did as he was bid, and the *Hadj*, drawing from his pocket a small and well-pointed lancet, proceeded to open the vein, from whence he drew as much blood as would fill one of the nut-shells. Having subjected Mahmoud to the same operation and filled the second shell, he took the child from the nurse, bled it in the same manner, and filled the third shell. He then alternately weighed the shell containing the blood of the child against each of the shells containing that of the men, and him whose blood the child's more nearly equalled in weight he declared to be the father.

We are not told whether Mahmoud won the day, or whether, in the words of the *cadi*,

"From infant lips a Mustapha,
Rejoicing, shall be call'd *Pap'ia*."

WINE ADULTERATIONS AND DUTIES.

BY CYRUS REDDING.

MISSART charged us with getting drunk very sorrowfully. He thus is long ago as the reign of Edward III. We had some idea that melancholy bibaciousness, so different from that of all other nations, either from the weight of duty paid for the wine, or from the adulterations viciously administered by the dealer. It does not appear that we are correct in this our view as regards the reign of Edward III.; the question must, therefore, remain somewhat obscure. The adulteration of wine in later times practised under the old company of 1756, has enormously increased. The legalising adulteration by the Act of 1802, under an order to the Board of Customs, was reserved for the day as a grace "beyond the reach of art." A duty of six hundred per cent., with the addition of sanctioned adulteration, just at the era of the trade,* is what Lord Liverpool would have called "too bad." The College horn, Oxford, once filled at a cheaper rate than now—will oftener replenished, still contained wine—let the university look to its Latin that it does not deteriorate too:

And when that he well drunken had the win,
There would be spoken no word but Latin.

Chaucer is certainly valid evidence—but now! Again we say, let us look to the care of her Latin; we have pure wine—port wine at no longer, under a Treasury order.

O for a bowl of fat Canarie,
Rich Palermo, sparkling Sherry!

no longer be read so; we must substitute for the distich of our fathers:

O for a bowl of Gerupiga—
Elderberries, treacle, brandy!

no more of port. During this day of fair-trading pretension, when the grocers' shops are analysing, when other adulterations are justly condemned, wine adulterators are to be specially indulged. "John, have you watered the sugar?"—"Yes, sir." "Have you watered the tobacco?"—"Yes, sir." "Have you gerupiga'd the wine?"—"Yes, sir." "Come in to prayers." Can this sort of game long be played in this nation? Why condemn adulteration in any article? Let us, for example, have coculus indicus in porter, chalk in flour, potatoes wrooth—the State, to which we pay enormous duties on wine, will not have it pure. Can it be so?

As regards the duties, the chairman of the committee, Mr. Anstey, has read an elaborate table of them from 1660 down to the present.

The honourable chairman doubtless feared he should shock the members of the Exchequer by going farther back than a period when

we do not believe that the Lords of the Treasury were at all aware of what was needed. Some intriguing adulterator, perhaps, had made false representations to them. Had their lordships read the evidence of the witness first examined before the committee last year, that of an eminent, and what is more, an open-spoken wine-merchant, they would have seen the tricks played with wine to bring all qualities to a level: a thing getting fatal to its consump-

the duties were a hundred and fifty shillings per tun in London, and a hundred and twenty in the outports, imported in British vessels—only three pounds fifteen shillings per pipe, in London, to thirty-three pounds at present. But even taking into consideration the difference in the value of the money, the duty in the first year of Charles I. was large to that which preceded, and must have shocked our excellent chancellor still more had it been detailed. Port and sherry at four or five farthings a bottle duty might well make the reign of Charles “merry.” Even in his father’s time, according to Sir John Suckling, the satire of Froissart was hardly applicable. “My lads,” says he, “come to the Bridge Foot—come and meet Colonel Young, with some few troops of Canary, some few of sherry, two or three regiments of claret to follow, and the rear to be brought up with Rhenish and white!” Not a word of gerupiga, sugar, elderberries, or the treacled wine of Portugal and London—all was the pure, exhilarating, healthy, merry-making juice of the grape, if it were French, Spanish, or Portuguese, for the wine of the latter country is excellent when it can be smuggled out pure, but its honest visits partake of the angelic character at our tables, “few and far between.” Many quaff a mixture for the pure wine, and think they have it—illusions in this life constitute with many the great portion of their enjoyment:

O fortunatos nimium, sua si bona norint!

Nothing moved by the consideration that might have moved the chairman of the committee in relation to the nervous system of the Chancellor of the Exchequer, we shall run the hazard of a charge of contumacy, if we fill the retrospective hiatus from the reign of Charles II. to that of John Lackland. John, though not a very wise nor very prudent prince, never dreamed of laying a duty of six shillings upon an article that cost but one, although he had no more idea of free trade than of the Great Western Railroad. He was a stanch protectionist, too, to which colour we owe the present duties, but here he was reasonable. Wines of Poitou and Anjou were twenty shillings the tun of two pipes when he came to the throne, and the best French wines one pound six and eightpence—a pound sterling then being equal to four pounds at present. This monarch claimed *prisage* of wine, or a tun before and one behind the mast, when a ship had twenty tuns on board. But some assert that this claim was only taking wine at what was called the “king’s price,” or twenty shillings, let the cost be what it would to the merchant. Wine was retailed by royal order at fourpence and sixpence the gallon, until raised to sixpence and eightpence, on account of the oppressive character of the regulation upon the merchant. The duty called *guage*, of a penny a gallon, was levied by Henry III. The importation of wine in this reign, in about thirteen months, was equal to seventeen thousand five hundred pipes in the ports of London, Southampton, Portsmouth, and Sandwich only. The scanty population of England at that time compared to the present, the extensive contraband traffic, and the receipts at the outports, render this a very large quantity, when the country, too, was in a state of villanage. Our nobles must have drank like so many Cyclops. The next duty upon wines was denominated tunnage, and was generally coupled with poundage, a different impost on merchandise alone. It was first granted by parliament in the reign of

Edward III., to defray the expenses of his wars. These duties were separate, being two shillings on the tun of wine, and sixpence on the pound sterling upon all merchandise for two years. In the 6 Richard II., two shillings per tun on wine. This was granted, according to Sir Edward Coke, for one year only; and it was granted again, 7 Richard II. In this reign the amount of these grants was varied, for fear the king should claim them of right as duties, and place them in his own purse. They were first two shillings, then one and sixpence. In 11 and 13 Richard II., three shillings, and 14 Richard II., two shillings, so jealous thus early was parliament of the crown. Henry IV. had a tunnage of two shillings, and then one of three shillings for three years. When the term expired it was renewed for one year, upon conditions, 6 Henry IV. In 1413, Henry V. had the grant of three shillings for four years, and after that for life. In 1422, Henry VI. had the same for two years, renewed every two years down to 1453, for two and for five years together. In the next reign the sovereign obtained the grant for life—the very concession which parliament had carefully avoided making in earlier reigns. The avaricious character of Henry VII., it may well be conjectured, did not omit to demand a similar lease of the tax for him, and he appears to have had, or taken, with the old three shillings levied upon the wines of native Englishmen, six shillings the tun on that which was imported by the foreigner. His successor was not likely to meet with any want of subserviency in the parliaments of his reign. We know that they voted as if there were neither reason, honour, nor conscience, extant. Not only was tunnage for life confirmed to this sovereign, but he levied two shillings a tun for the first time under the head of “butlerage.” Edward VI. obtained the same grant, and he enacted that the wines of Guienne and Gascony should not be sold for more than twopence the quart, and no other French wine for more than threepence. James I. obtained a similar grant of the duty, but abused it in his frantic extravagances with his favourites. He added to the tunnage duty without consent of parliament, which rendered it discontented at the violation of one of its fundamental privileges, so that when his son accended the throne the legislature would not vote the duty for more than one year. The legislature was right, because its previous grants had been abused. In 1626 the king took the duty in defiance of the parliament and country, but he paid a dear price for the outrage. It remained a heavy and just charge against him when he was shorn of his power.

During the Commonwealth, from 1640 to 1659, we find that the tunnage and poundage together reached annually three hundred thousand pounds. There was also at that time a return of twenty-two thousand three hundred pounds annually into the treasury under the denomination of “wine licences”—very similar, it is probable, to those at present granted to dealers in retail. The civil war appears to have been hastened by the determination of Charles I. to follow the unconstitutional example of his father in this regard. He even issued a proclamation from York, as late as 1642, for levying tunnage by his own authority. This was fourteen years after the Commons had declared that these duties were free gifts of the subject to former sovereigns, and that receiving them like his father with his own additional impositions, was a breach of the fundamental laws of the realm.

The system of duties adopted in 1660, in which year it was first taken up by the parliament of the committee, being the first year of Charles II., now took effect. This is given in the shape of a return appended to the report, evidence, simplified by Mr. Pitt in 1797, the duties the year before having been nearly a hundred pounds on French, and about half that sum on Portugal wine per tun. After continual fluctuations, the differential duties were swept away in 1831, and all wine, except Cape, changed a duty of five shillings and sixpence, to which threepence was subsequently added. With this change of duty the increased consumption of French wine was considerable, port declined, and Spanish wines increased in use rapidly, until they exceeded port. A new wine from Sicily, called Marsala, came into the market, its importation rapidly increasing. This wine, naturally strong, received, after the Portuguese custom, a portion of brandy. The strong loaded wines go much further in the economical point of view, than the light and purer kinds, owing to the high duties. The temperance of the stomach has not yet become a serious consideration.

In glancing retrospectively at the opinions of different individuals in the last century upon the question of trade, we are astonished to perceive how long ago most of the principles upon which we are at present acting were promulgated by insulated and neglected individuals. The immediate and lesser interest prevalent kept the greater out of view with the short-sighted multitude, as a small object close to the organ of vision conceals a mountain at a distance. Then there are old habits to be overcome, and the whole brood of prejudices, as well in trade as in other things. A maiden lady is said to have been so loyal to George III. at the treaty of Amiens, that she would not touch a French egg lest she should imbibe Jacobinical principles. One cannot but suspect that our hereditary anti-Gallican taste, in regard to open trade with all the world until the other day, arose from its having been originally the French proposition which Lord Bolingbroke scouted—in fact, the reciprocal tariff tendered us in 1713. In those days the cry was “Our woollens are in danger.” Restrictions on French wines and goods, with the Methuen treaty and a market for our woollens, were considered a triumph in commercial science, a notable piece of trading diplomacy worthy the ablest negotiator, showing the true insight into the secret of commercial greatness. It was pronounced a well-considered policy not to be too close in contact with any people who could export goods of which England in like manner could make a profit by the exportation. The receipt of French wines, and the non-sale of certain bales of woollen goods, were looked upon as productive of the worst consequences to the nation. Our fathers would shun us with an expression of horror could they know that we were at this moment upbraiding the French with that policy which they consumed their lives in impressing upon their children as of invaluable service, as the great foundation of our superiority in commerce. The reasons urged for and against a reduction of the duties, apart from all considerations in regard to the imperial revenue, judging from the evidence, should be well sifted. Traders are wary people. Thus individuals, in no way connected with the public, in the course of their examination were too transparent in urging the fear of a diminished duty to cover private objections. Such a motive must be boldly apprehended.

The consideration of revenue belongs exclusively to the government, which takes evidence to guide its own decisions. That this is not erroneous, may be judged from perusing the evidence. One witness stated that a former reduction in the wine duties had laid the foundation of his own fortune. He was a holder of six thousand pipes of wine; he should not much object to a reduction of the duties for himself; he should gain from five to ten pounds a pipe by such a reduction, but then the revenue would suffer by any change. How patriotic! Translate this into plain English, and it means, "I cannot on any account hazard a loss to the revenue, though it is no business of mine. I therefore refuse to accept of forty-two thousand pounds fairly obtained, out of a consideration of the risk the revenue would run through the inexperience of the government." We may imagine a general cachinnation from the Docks to the Exchange at the perusal of such sophistry. It is positively consoling that we have wine-merchant Hampdens in these degenerate days. It is all very well to censure official men for errors in fulfilling their public duties, after we see the difficulty of getting at facts. The labour they have to encounter in ferreting out plain truths on which to frame legislative measures, renders venial a multitude of sins, and too often gives an appearance of wilful misjudgment where none really existed.

The reasons urged by the friends of the reductions of these duties consist, first, in the decrease of consumption since 1801, with an increase of population, to the extent of seven hundred thousand gallons annually, spirits and malt consumption having increased cent. per cent.; secondly, Mr. Pitt, finding the duties falling off, made an important reduction, and in three years doubled the consumption. In the present instance the wine consumption has decreased forty-eight per cent., and in twenty years the duties have been increased nineteen, while on all other articles they have been reduced! The increase on some is out of proportion to the increment of the population. Tea three parts out of five, paper tripled, soap the same, coffee, cocoa, all showing similar results. Another argument is the enormous disproportion of these duties to the cost of the wine in the country of its production. This prevents an interchange of our manufactures to a very large amount with countries that have nothing besides to offer us. It is therefore for our advantage that all kinds of wine should be imported which the foreigner may tender in exchange for English produce and manufactures at a reasonable rate of duty. The public have an undoubted right to select the species they may prefer. Let it have the opportunity.

The advocates of the reduction of the duties assert that good French wines would be consumed to a considerable extent by those who will not touch spirits or malt liquors, and by those who now consume a million of gallons of those extraordinary compounds called British wines, of as little benefit to the revenue and to commerce as to the consumer's stomach—why should not grocers, for example, sell foreign wines in place of these? It is contended, too, that the duties press heavily upon the poor and the hospitals; medical men assert that they cannot administer wine in necessary quantities—although it is worth all the *materia medica*—to the poor, on account of its costliness. The objection that the introduction of wines at a low rate of duty would diminish the consumption of other articles from which large duties are now derived, the friends of

the measure meet by the experience of the last reduction of duty upon brandy, which increased the consumption, but did not affect other spirits in the slightest degree. That increase arose either from those who had before taken it adding to their use of the spirit, or from its adoption by those who had before refrained from the use of any spirit whatever. The late Mr. Porter, of the Board of Trade, gave this as a fact in his evidence before the committee. The additions made to consumption from those who had before refrained were owing to the expense of the article being removed: thus, when duties are lowered, there would be found no shift from the old accustomed article to the new, but new consumers of the article would come in. In the case of wine, the spirit drinker will not go to the weaker potable, it is too cold for his use. The new consumers of wine, when rendered cheap, will not have recourse to ascent spirits, as they will consist of those who only desire something of a less injurious nature to the stomach—something wholesome and harmless. Then come the moral reasons. The prevention of frauds, adulterations, minglings, and monopolies. The consumer and revenue would be alike benefited; the latter, if not immediately in the increased amount, still ultimately. The troublesome system of drawbacks would cease, and the payment of the duties be instant. Such high duties as those on wine are the remnants of the old system. High duties are great immoralities, generating uniformly more or less of crime. The trade would and should be as free and open as with any other article of import, under the superintendence of the customs alone. Nor, say the advocates of a change, must the employment of nearly three hundred sail of merchant shipping more, nor the large amount of business that would be transacted in England, be omitted, in place of the preparation and cellaring in foreign depôts. Jersey, Guernsey, and other places would no longer be made deposits for wine to acquire age in bottle before the payment of the duties, or for fraudulent blendings here to ripen in those places, as is the case at present. The supporters of a reduction also assert that the diminished consumption of wine arises solely from the enormous rate of duty, which has made that consumption at the present time less than it was in 1801, with a population double in amount. The equalisation of the duties in 1832 was a proper measure, but it was no reduction of duty, for it raised one class of wine—that most in use—while it lowered another of which much less was imported. Sir Henry Parnell at that time stated, alluding to the Irish revenue from wine, that it returned £50,000*l.* in 1796, that the duties were doubled in amount, and the consumption fell one half, returning to the revenue but 130,000*l.*

It would appear that on all articles consumed at the table the duties should be low, and the revenue rely for increase upon augmented consumption. People in these grasping times, much more than ever they did before, because wealth rapidly acquired in traffic renders the eagerness for fresh accumulation stronger, regard the money they eat and drink as a species of waste, because it can no more fructify, while about that expended in other things they hesitate less, because, though not a means of profit, such things are still tangible property—something to show in the way of return. This is a trait of the time, and should have weight in considering disproportionate duties on transitory articles of domestic use. The friends of reduction allege further, that the people of England had a

to be placed on a footing of independence in the choice both of their vices and luxuries. That if the soil of other countries more favoured us wine, and they can exchange for it the produce of their industry, equalising the inequality of climate, that it is a duty of their government, under the principle upon which it now regulates commerce, to afford all classes of the people that which is pleasurable and useful at a reasonable cost, no longer judging for them, but giving them a choice, of which they are not less worthy than legal in the claim, Europe over-
g with the choicest wines unknown here.

The foregoing opinions, judging from the evidence, were the wit-
examined, who were dealers in a variety of wines, and had travelled
in wine countries, as well as those who, not of the trade, had con-
sidered the subject upon the ground of economy and revenue combined.
The evidence of those who opposed the measure consisted for the most part
of merchants, who rested their opinion of the change upon the desire to
abolish the duties as they were, under the mask of anxiety, as already ob-
served, lest there should be a diminution of the revenue, which would be
effected by any reduction of the duties. They preferred that to which
they were habituated. The tea-dealers did not like to hear of the re-
duction of their duties the other day. The reduction of the duties to one
shilling per gallon, they said, would produce a dearth, if the con-
sumption increased here too far. Some declared, in ignorance of facts,
that Europe did not grow wine enough for English consumption; and as
Portugal would be most in demand, according to their conclusions,
that the wine of Portugal, in the teeth of the fact that we consume
more Spanish than Portuguese wine, the quantity (under the
present system of monopoly no doubt) would be inadequate. New
vines might be planted, but that was the work of time. The present
cultivated grounds might be permitted a full bearing, but not enough
to produce strong full wines in a large quantity, but in general the
evidence of those who were dealers principally in the two well known
wines of Portugal and Spain, exhibited a deplorable want of information
concerning other wines and countries throughout the evidence—why should
they not trade where they did not trade? They seem to have been satisfied
with one or two solitary species of wine upon which to operate, and gave
no evidence accordingly. This is a proof how much the monopoly of
the wine trade has changed the commerce in wines, from the time when fifty-six French
and thirty kinds from other nations, entered the cellars of the mer-
chants, as already noticed. The sensitive character of this branch of
commerce, the nervousness of the trade—how ludicrous against the public
interest in argument—is thus comprehensible. One individual alleged
an argument against reduction, that he had always considered the
one “we could carry to market to get a benefit in exchange for it
from some one of the wine countries; in this way we had sold it to
Portugal in 1703, and about eight or nine years ago there was a nego-
tiation set on foot for a similar sale to the same country.” That is to say
in substance, that the differential duties abolished by the government in
1703 were to be restored; the public was to be re-sold by a ministerial in-
tervention, and to pay many millions more for an article under a new monopoly
than would pay under a free and open trade. We do not credit this mis-
statement. Sir Robert Peel must have indeed reversed his former

opinions, between 1842 and 1846, if such were really the case. It is true, negotiations were pending for a time, but they ended in nothing; nor can it be believed any modern minister would restore the stipulations of the Methuen treaty. The differential duties were the favourite duties of the close traders. The ministry of 1832 consulted some of the heads of houses of this class, who recommended strongly their continuance, not wishing to be turned into new paths in their trade; or, as the phrase was, to have "their trade unhinged," or have their "sensitiveness" wounded. The ministry was too wise and just, and answered the recommendation by equalising the duties. It is well known that French wines now go for port, or are mingled in large proportions with port, and the cheat passes without detection. Some witnesses feared their cellars would be glutted with low wines, against which the public were protected by the existing duties. These wines were not so good for Englishmen as those to which they had been accustomed. But this was not for them to judge; leave the choice to the consumer. One or two sadly driven and very stolid witnesses asserted that we had no right to lower duties to promote an exchange of wine for manufactures, because malt and beer were our proper liquors, to which we owed our physical superiority to foreigners—"best-drinking Britons" would become children if they did not stick to malt and hops; but our field labourers would hardly forsake their old liquor for wine if they did for gin. English labour would hardly thus pass away. This argument, not new, was the resource of inveterate mental imbecility. The number of persons who dealt in wine, too, would be increased; a thing not desirable among the merchants; one of the witnesses observing that they were too numerous as matters stood at present, in his opinion; and no doubt of it, because competition benefits the public, exclusion the individual. We had until then imagined that the extension of the sale of an article benefited the merchant, revenue, and consumer.

In answer to such arguments on the side of those opposed to reduction, came the formidable one of the low scale of morality existing in the traffic, abundantly displayed throughout the evidence. The stratagems and frauds to which recourse is had; delay in the payment of the duties; the mixtures of low-priced with good wine; these were matters of common occurrence. But these and other dishonest doings some of the parties examined treated as fabulous; others had heard of them, but were never acquainted with any direct instance of such frauds. The custom and dock officers examined confirmed the existence of these deceptions, and several eminent merchants admitted their existence. Under a process called blending or vatting, to give an instance: A merchant is required to send to a customer half a dozen pipes of a wine exactly the same in flavour. He empties his half a dozen pipes of the same growth into one vat, and then returns them to the casks, by which means a uniform flavour is attained, which, despite care, can be obtained no other way. This is done in the docks, and is perfectly justifiable. Let us see how this process is abused. Port, French, Sicilian, and Spanish red wines, the latter two at half or a fourth the price of the former, are blended, and if it suits, the gerupiga mixture also. The wine is then exported, because the customs will not let it come out for home consumption. It goes perhaps to the Channel Islands, where it remains a few years to mellow, and is then re-imported, and passes off here for port wine!

This is one of the more innocent of the frauds practised. Sixty-five thousand gallons of this mixed wine are known to have been thus treated in a year. The custom-house officers, when the wine is returned to this country, cannot refuse it admission. The officers may give a shrewd guess as to the real fact, but they cannot identify the wine; besides, they have only to look after the revenue. To examine into the genuineness of imported goods, where the task is by no means an easy one even to the initiated, would be to obstruct trade generally, and to depart from their more immediate public duties. Twenty thousand gallons of port thus increased to sixty thousand, must give a large illicit profit. The Portuguese monopoly, defying nature, varies the flavour and strength of the wine by adulteration according to the demand, rendering fraudulent imitations more facile. One of the witnesses, who seemed aware of much more than he stated of these deceptions, and who observed the affected ignorance, the virgin coyness of some of the witnesses in the trade, remarked, in reply to a question from the chairman, that any merchants who exhibited it "could not know their business, and were surely not London wine-merchants." This obliquity in morals is but too distinctive a feature in the evidence, and is justly charged in a great degree upon the high duties by their opponents. Of the commercial integrity which has been the boast of the traders of this country in times past, little can be said in relation to wine. There is corruption at the core. The evidence in this respect is very painful, and too conclusive. The matter has not been mended by the enhanced cost placing wines out of the reach of the great mass of the people. While improvement in cultivation was stopped abroad from want of popular action upon the article, there was no interest in dragging to light malversations which only affected a limited number of consumers, whose palates in the case of port were too often regulated not by the natural wine, but the wine by the unnatural palates.

The main point to be considered in a reduction of this duty to such an extent as to take the traffic out of the old protective system of trade and place it on a footing with other interchanges in the new, is the chance of a defalcation of the revenue in the first instance — the mere circumstance of a deficiency of half the duties for a year or two. That amount would not exceed what the government has had to refund more than once on the repayment of the duties to the merchant, when they have been reduced. But there are other obstacles mainly arising out of that complication of duties which was formerly considered the life-spring of the revenue. Mr. Pitt removed a number of these when he consolidated the duties in 1787, but he left those which remained still divided between the customs and excise, in place, as at present, of giving their control entirely to the former: hence the bad system of repayments of duty. These we really believe are already abolished *de facto*. Time will prove it. The system of licences must be altered and extended, those for wine alone being given to the inland revenue department to dispense; the duties on wine for home consumption being paid at once, there must be different arrangements in regard to bonding; different rates of duty have to be considered, a difficult if not impracticable measure in regard to wine. Thus, though the Chancellor of the Exchequer stated that "he knew no article burdened with a

fiscal chain, under our financial system, with respect to which any stronger reasons for a change could be given," it becomes a question for deliberate consideration on the part of the government, strengthened by the recollection that such a decision should be final, in order that no uncertainty and apprehension may break in upon the fair working of the traffic under another adaptation to improved fiscal purposes, and to the extension of our manufactures as combined objects.*

After the triumph of our liberal commercial policy, it is satisfactory to discover, that in place of reiterating to weariness those irrefutable principles which have just prostrated all worthy opposition, we have little more left to do than apply ourselves to the removal of incumbrances, and amongst them such as these overloaded duties. The curious may examine whether the advocates of the old system piled their arms through an honest sense of the hopelessness of their cause, or whether their submission to reason was not the result of a conviction effected by the seductive charms of political power. These are abstract questions which may be legitimately subjected to ethical examination by those whose inclination tends to the amusing rather than the useful. The more earnest and active minds will be directed to the consolidation of the measures which, in the new state of things, are so obviously calculated to augment the national prosperity.

The committee on the wine duties, in the course of its labours, disclosed many circumstances, independently of the main question, which show that there is great room for improvement in our mode of conducting our fiscal business. A revision here seems necessary. Some regulations are inert and unmeaning under a new system of things, with our foreign and domestic relations so much more comprehensive than before. Others clog the wheels of our vast and rapidly advancing commerce. In revising and remodelling, the old modes of investigating and judging must be discarded; amendment must no longer be resisted because it is innovation. Reason and fact must guide us in place of policy supported by inexperience.

The security of the revenue was not the sole object of the legislature in days gone by. It took upon itself officiously the guardianship of the merchant, and prescribed rules for the conduct of his business, of which it practically understood nothing. The excise, for example, arrested the

* The minister's or politician's objection to reducing the duties is met by the fact that lessening price increases consumption, and that the heavy duties have caused the following astounding results. Population of England and Ireland, 1801—15,842,646; in 1851—27,435,325. We consumed, 1801—6,876,710 gallons of wine; in 1851—6,280,653 gallons only! We had augmented our population 12,192,679! and we consume, by one account, annually, 725,657 gallons, by another, 596,057 gallons less than we consumed fifty years ago. All other articles have increased in the same period; tobacco, from 16,904,752 lbs. to 27,553,158 lbs.; malt, from 19,643,345 bushels to 38,935,460 bushels; soap, from 52,947,037 lbs. to 197,632,280 lbs.; tea, from 20,237,753 lbs. to 50,021,576 lbs.; paper, from 31,699,537 lbs. to 132,132,657 lbs.; spirits, home made, from 9,338,036 gallons to 22,962,012 gallons. Rum and brandy have also largely increased, as well as all other articles but wine, proving that the duties are inimical to the consumption.—[From the returns of the "Committee for the Reduction of the Wine Duties," which has met weekly since August, 1852, at the Royal Exchange Buildings: T. C. Anstey, Esq., chairman. See also the cheap Abstract of the Evidence published under the authority of this committee by Skipper and East.]

progress of improvement in arts and manufactures. It followed goods that had passed the custom-house into the private sanctuary of the merchant's dwelling. Its duties were not confined to the workshops of domestic manufactures, but to levy taxes upon goods that had already undergone the vigilant scrutiny of the customs, to which department they are now wisely confided, and to which establishment alone they pay duty. The necessity of ripening wine before it was fit for the market suggested the idea of re-taxing the duty-paid stock additionally upon any change of impost through excise agency. The minister who so greedily planned this injustice upon trade should have known how futile all attempts are, even in matters of revenue, that are based upon injustice, for it greatly enhanced the price to the public. If he levied the new duties upon the merchant's home and duty-paid stock when he raised the duty generally upon importation, he was bound to refund when he lowered the duty. The balance upon the payments and repayments was thus so trifling, if the expenses attending the system were included, that it seemed rather a useless vexation than an advantage to the revenue. This principle has been changed, but it left difficulties in the way of future ministers who may seek to establish sound principles. The excise is become more correctly an inland revenue. Its supervision has been wisely narrowed from its incompatibility with free action in those with whom it is connected. Let us have the wine duties reduced to render our proceedings consistent. We must no longer tolerate those who support a dying system—a system for a hundred and fifty years past resembling, in the praise of its restrictions upon the free exchange of manufactures for foreign productions, the turnkey's commendation of his irons in the play: "Do but examine them, sir—never better work, sir—how genteely they are made! Sit as easy as a glove, and the nicest man in England need not be ashamed of them."

RESIGNATION.

BY W. BRAILSFORD, ESQ.

WE are too angry with our ills, and stray
 Out of the record to proclaim our grief,
 As if the human heart could find relief
 In every weary moan and idle lay.
 We underrate our strength, and seem a prey
 To hapless anguish, past all men's belief.
 This is the worst of sorrow, and the chief
 Sad stumbling on our short and toilsome way.
 It were a far more noble part to bear
 Our sufferings meekly, even as we know
 The gentle birds will work and persevere,
 When cruel hands have wrought the overthrow
 Of home and love. To labour and forget
 Shows higher nature than to pine and fret.

THE PAIR WHO LOST THEIR WAY: OR, THE DAY OF THE DUKE'S FUNERAL.

A SKETCH.

BY CHARLES MITCHELL CHARLES,

AUTHOR OF "HAMON AND CATAN" AND "CLAYTONSTON."

At four o'clock in the morning of Thursday, November 18, 1852, James French was violently aroused from his sleep. He had gone to bed early in order to be able to rise at that unaccustomed hour, but sad and irritating thoughts had kept him awake till long past midnight, and he had only fallen into a kind of preliminary, restless, unrefreshing sleep, when he was thus awoken.

"What sort of a morning is it, William?" he said, sitting up in his bed, but making no motion to leave it.

"Horrid, sir," was the answer. "Raining like mad—a very high wind, and raw cold."

"It's very dark I think," he said, drowsily.

"Yes, sir—very. Better turn out, please," said the old servant, lighting his young master's candle.

James did not reply; in fact, he leaned back among the pillows to reflect a little. William looked round. He was asleep again.

The man was provoked. He felt disposed to leave the young gentleman to sleep on. But his orders over-night had been strict. He must try again. He did so, and by dint of vigorous shaking expelled sleep once more from the weary frame.

"I must open the window if you don't wake, sir," he exclaimed, desperately. "Mr. James! Mr. James, I say!" Then, in a totally different tone of voice—"Mr. James! it's time to get up."

"Eh?" said James French.

"Do throw them clothes off. You'll get up quite easy if you will, sir," said the elderly man.

"Yes, yes; all right," answered James, spasmodically. And he did so.

He got up, but did not at once dress. Care returned, now that he was thoroughly awake. Why, after all, should he go to this sight? He did not want to see it—with such weather it would be a failure; but even if it went off well, what had he to do with it? Had not he lost his hopes of happiness? And though Eliza was to be of the party, would not Phillips be there too? He would not go.

He sat down on the side of his bed. Would he let her know then that he took her coldness so much to heart that he was careless about seeing this grand funeral pageant? Let her know? She might attribute his absence to a hundred other causes. Well, then, would he shrink from facing his rival? Ah! perhaps Frank Phillips would not be there—why, he might have her to himself in that case—perhaps her coldness had been assumed after all. He might conquer his rival—might defeat Phillips! So he might! He would not give her up yet! He would go! And he began to dress.

He heard William in the next room arguing with, and trying to talk, sleepy brothers into wakefulness—with very little apparent success.

And he determined to be out of the house, before they were down. They were not in the party of which he was one. They were to take his sisters to a good place in Fleet-street. His party had hired a room in the Strand.

But he could not evade his eldest sister. She was anxious about him, and he found her in the dining-room, when he descended, making tea.

"Is it raining still?" she said, after some brief chat.

"I'll see," he said. "Not so fast as it did," he reported, returning; "but it is very dark."

"It must be near day, then," she said. "The proverbial dark hour which precedes the dawn."

"Precedes the dawn?" he echoed, despondingly; for his heart had sunk again. "Ah, Maria! this is a dark time to me, but it seems to follow, not precede day; for I *did* hope——"

"My dear James, that's nonsense," said his common-sense sister. "Darkness does not come after dawn, till the death of day, at nightfall; and you're not *dead* yet. You're disappointed, and see things through coloured glasses. But nature is unchanged. Take off the spectacles, and put yourself into sympathy with reality, by using your natural eyes, and you'll soon recover. Do now, throw away your glasses."

"What do you mean?" he said.

"Why, look at Eliza as if she were no more to you than Miss O'Leary, the old fruit-woman. Criticise her as your friend——would criticise a book by a new author for the *Athenæum*. Don't let your heart interfere! You know *my* opinion of her."

"Yes," he said, hotly. "But you're wrong; you'll own that one day."

"If I am wrong, I will," she answered. "I tell you what you will see if you will look—a hollow heart, a vain, flirting——"

"Enough, enough!" he exclaimed. "Don't torture me. I will try to criticise her as you say; but love is above reason. If I were even to despise her—and everybody is despicable in some respect—I cannot help it, I should love her still."

"Well, look now, fairly and judicially, without your spectacles," said his sister.

He kissed her, and soon after started.

It was a dreary morning. Much rain had fallen during the night; it drizzled still. There was a high wind, too, driving the small drops against the face; and, above all, the darkness was as yet unbroken by the faintest indication of dawn.

The gas-lamps burned dimly; to his eyes they seemed weary of their night-watching. But a strange sentiment of life was prevalent in every house. Lights shone upon the blinds of the upper windows in them all.

"What various reasons these people must have for turning out of their beds at this uncommonly early hour," said James French to himself, yawning. "Do many of them care about the dead warrior? Do any of them? I don't suppose that that man (and he looked up at a window where the shadow of a head being violently brushed was thrown upon the blind) would have paid the money which he has given for a seat in a shop front, to a subscription, if such a thing had been set on foot and could be paid, for the purpose of bribing Death to spare the veteran. He is thinking more of the line of procession than of the lines of Torres

Vedras; more of himself, and how he will see and hear, and, above all, be seen, than of paying respect to the Great Duke. Well, why not? What do I care about the business? I want to see the soldiers, and hear the 'Dead March,' and the drums; but more than all, to see if I can yet win Eliza—to hear her ringing voice again."

As he turned into the high road an omnibus came up. It was greatly overcrowded, inside and out, but this was not a morning to be particular. The conductor hailed him, and, as there were four horses, he did not hesitate—the only animals ill-treated were the riders. He tried to get upon the roof, but it was covered with humanity as close as they could be stowed. Men on the knifeboard—men on the edge, their legs dangling over the wheels—men between their backs and the knifeboard, lying on the roof. He had therefore to stand by the conductor.

Everyone seemed in the highest spirits; many of them aggressively musical. One youngster was pre-eminent. He *would* sing. "Look always on the sunny side, 'tis wise, and better far," he shouted, as the vehicle moved on. It was as dark as ever. Another requested his fellow-passengers to behold how brightly breaks the morning—the rain running off his oilskin cap the while. At last, as several joined in a glee of which the town has had quite too much—"Oh, who will o'er the downs so free?"—the driver, a gruff and surly man, turned round and spoke to them.

"You don't seem to know as you're going to a funeral, gentlemen," he said.

"We're not going to be mutes to it," was the answer, and the glee recommenced.

It would be untrue to say that our despondent friend sympathised with all this, but it drew his attention from himself. "Surely all these people must have had cares and disappointments in life," he thought—"no one escapes *that* fate; and yet here they are as jovial and, under cover of the darkness, as noisy as if their lives had been one long schoolboy's holiday. Why should I, who have succeeded in almost everything to which I have put my hand, plunge into misanthropy and despondency at the prospect of a single failure?"

At last they were on the stones. The omnibus professed to go to the Bank, *viâ* Holborn; but in deference to the wishes of the passengers, it made for the Strand. The streets were already crowded with vehicles and pedestrians. A belief that there would be no room anywhere seemed to possess everybody. All was excitement and hurry—strange enough at any time, but more so in the darkness.

When they reached Wellington-street the omnibus stopped, and its living cargo was discharged. James hastened to find the house where his party had a room, and pushed his way through the crowds which blocked up the great thoroughfare as quickly as he could. The belief seemed to have taken possession of him, too, that he would be too late. At last he reached it. Some of the party had come. He ran up the narrow stairs.

He entered the room. It was of some size—a table in the centre, on which were some bonnets, and cloaks, and shawls. His heart beat as he scanned the faces assembled.

It was hard to recognise them. One sad candle on the table drooped

its unsnuffed wick, as if ashamed of its condition. It gave out very little light; it wanted assistance before it could do so, like a friendless author. By degrees, however, James made out who was present. *Eliza was not.* Phillips was not.

The people who were there are not important to this narrative. There was a painter, who would have been a pre-Adamite if Adam had painted, so violently was he enamoured of what was ancient. There was an amateur musician, who doted on compositions which nobody ever seemed to have heard, and who thoroughly despised what was popular; he admired that style of music especially which, like the house of Gray's aunt, is full of passages that lead to—nothing. There were several young human beings in men's dresses and women's dresses, remarkable for nothing beyond the fact that they were nobodies. James was accustomed to meet them at the parties of their set, and see them pursue the ennobling and useful occupations of dancing silently, and—eating and drinking. He did not care for any of these, and as he was now sure that he should have a seat, he determined to get rid of some of his impatience and anxiety by a stroll in the streets.

It was now beginning to grow light; day was breaking, and the rain had ceased. The crowds increased with every moment—drivers were shouting, police trying to keep the people to the pavements—all in confused order. Our acquaintance, James French, elbowed his way down to Temple Bar; he desired to see the decorations of that sightly edifice—it was an object for his mind. Workmen were still employed in hanging the drapery, and arranging the gigantic and mysterious ornaments. The flaring torches of gas flung a strange light over them and their works, and the crowds of men and carriages below. He stood and contemplated the scene for some time with wonder; and then, as daylight grew, and the gas-lights became useless—they were not extinguished all day—he suddenly bethought himself of his room in the Strand, and returned thither with all possible speed.

"Has Mrs. Tyrwhitt's party come yet?" he asked.

"Yes, sir."

His heart beat even more violently than it had on entering before. He was uncertain then—he knew now. She was up-stairs.

He did not hurry up this time, he went quite leisurely. A bevy of old women stood at the head of the stairs, all, as it seemed to him, speaking at once. Mrs. Tyrwhitt was among them. She hastened to shake hands with him.

He felt very cold—his hands were absolutely clammy. He was angry with himself for thus yielding to nervous feeling. He entered the room. The candle still stood on the table burning, its wick with a great head to it. There were more bonnets, and shawls, and furs. There she was! talking to—no, not to Phillips—he did not seem to be there—talking to the painter. He advanced to her.

She was certainly a lovely girl. Rather short, her figure was exquisitely rounded, and her waist not too small. Her hair was dark auburn, worn in short ringlets all round. Her face was oval, her eyes were blue, her lips red, and with a dimple always waiting their instructions; above all, however, her complexion was the most transparent, delicate, and yet health-tinted, that ever crossed a poet in his dreams. If the mind

equalled its prison in beauty; what a treasure was here! No wonder James loved—generous natures attribute loveliness of mind to loveliness of body.

She greeted him warmly. He was in the seventh heaven when breakfast was brought in. He had never known her so kind before. Criticise her! Nonsense! He had been a fool to despond; she had not meant to wound him; there was nothing to find fault with in her; he was sure she loved him.

Eliza Thornhill was an heiress. Her mother was of good family, but poor. She was sent out to Madras—a very distant uncle so wanted a friendly face from home. She was engaged to a civilian there within three months; he had a fortune; was rich enough to be uncle in India to a dozen heroines; was on the whole a pleasant, steady, easy man. In three months more she married him; in twelve she buried him, and came with her infant daughter and fortune to England immediately afterwards.

Unhappily she did not remain long a widow. A rigid, excellent man, himself possessed of large fortune, met and loved, and ere long married her. The match was not altogether to her liking; but she did not find that out till afterwards. She was a pretty, empty-headed thing, and did not fancy his exactness and rigidity. There were, therefore, differences of opinion between them; and the young Eliza (there were no other children) had to study and suit herself to both. She liked to be petted and loved, and spared no pains to secure the heart of her step-father, as well as to keep that of her mother. Thus, though they quarrelled, she was "friends" with both—a little first at twelve.

The table had been cleared for breakfast, and all sat down round it, James next to Eliza. As it proceeded, several additions were made to the party—one that James at least did not notice. As the meal concluded, however, and he happened to glance up from his bright companion, he saw fixed upon him the eyes of—Frank Phillips.

"Then he is here?" he exclaimed.

"He? who, Mr. French?"

"Phillips."

"Ah! so he is. How d'ye do, Mr. Frank," said Eliza, as Phillips came to her. Mr. Frank? Could James believe his ears? Frank! Why she called *him* by his surname! Mr. French. Frank!—Confound him!

Mr. Phillips was a tall, well-made young man, with a large light-complexioned face, grey eyes, and sandy moustache. His clothes fitted him well, and he had the whitest of hands. We may obtain some glimpses of his life presently; enough to say here that he was one of those men—numerous enough in our metropolis—whom everybody seems to know, but whose history nobody knows. He had a good address, lived well, appeared to have money; but his dearest friend was ignorant of his family; never heard of his father or mother; would, in fact, have had to acknowledge, if pressed, that on reflection he was even to him a living mystery.

To James's vexation he found himself coolly supplanted by this handsome, serene intruder; without any opportunity of being angry, too. The man did everything calmly, and, worse than all, Eliza *would* not snub him; Indeed, if he had not been very much in love, and therefore

very blind, he would have seen that he did not get even a fair share of her conversation.

The breakfast being over, the party assembled round the windows, and began to amuse themselves by watching the crowds below. It was now eight o'clock: broad day, and the rain had altogether ceased.

James, Eliza, and Phillips joined one of the groups, and a sort of general conversation ensued. But James could not shine. Somehow Phillips took the wind out of his sails.

"What a wonderful career this has been," said a very stout gentleman, who had made his fortune in Australian shares lately. "But, of course, it was all good luck—the Duke had talent no doubt, but his successes were luck. Success always is."

"Permit me to doubt that," said the pre-Raphaelite painter. "I believe that success comes from attention to minutiae—hard work, and an eye to details. It does in painting."

"It doesn't in music," said the amateur; and he was proceeding to give some reasonings, which would have been more interesting to himself than to others, when James French spoke.

"You may set down the Duke's success to what you like," he said. "He had such a combination of gifts that every sect may claim him."

"You seem to speak of the Duke's success, all of you," said Frank Phillips. "I don't admire him so much for his success as for his character, because he always did his duty!"

"Bah!" cried the musician, provoked at having been silenced. "Duty! That's the wrong card played by the press, and followed up by those who respect the press. I don't. Duty! We admire the Duke because he was successful, not because he did his duty. If he had failed, he would have done his duty all the same, and we should *not* have admired him. Paganini succeeded; Fortini fails, yet Fortini is the greatest artist. Success is everything, I say."

"Fortini?" said Phillips, as if puzzled. "I never heard of him."

"Very likely not. Unsuccessful, I say. Not the less a great artist; greater than Paganini."

"Pray where is he to be heard?" asked Phillips. "I should like to hear him."

"Why, just now, he has to keep the wolf from the door; he is playing somewhere in Surrey, I believe," stammered the musician.

"In the streets, I suppose?" And Phillips laughed. The musician reddened, but as the others laughed too, he joined them.

James felt that while Phillips talked about duty, he talked without conviction; but how was he to cap the popular expression of admiration for the Duke? He could only be silent.

Attracted by the laughter, Mrs. Tyrwhitt bustled from the next window to that where our party stood.

"Are you looking at the man in the blue comforter too?" she said.

"What man?"

"There. On the other side of the street. Next to the lamp-post. That man is perfectly immovable. He has stood in that attitude for the last ten minutes; he intends to stand so till the procession comes, no doubt. Well, he's a wise man, for he'll see as well as we shall, and pays nothing for it."

"A capital sketch, that man!" said the painter. "A tall, well-limbed, massive fellow; that blue comforter too! What blue would you call it: it would show well, that comforter."

"His worsted gloves and thick boots would be too heavy for a picture," said Phillips, sneering.

"Heavy? why heavy? Not heavier for a picture than they are for him. I'd have them, as well as the comforter. We idealise too much, Mr. Phillips; we ought to copy more—copy nature, sir. One touch of nature makes the whole world kin."

"Boots, and comforters, and gloves are not in nature," answered the other, smiling. "If you intend only to copy nature, my friend, you must take off the boots, and gloves, and other articles of dress, and present man as wild in woods the—savage ran."

"What a long chat you and our dear girl had," Mrs. Tyrwhitt said, drawing James a little aside. "I watched you. Such a sweet girl—a perfect treasure! So good, too! I wish your mother had come with us, dear," she added aloud to Eliza.

"A good thing she hasn't," Phillips said, in a low tone to the perfect treasure. She laughed, and looked up in his face. James could not hear, but he saw and disliked the glance. But did he remember his promise to his sister to criticise Eliza?

"Ay, my dear Mrs. Tyrwhitt," he answered. "You say truly. She is a perfect girl."

"Get that soft-headed fellow out of the way for a minute," said Phillips, in a low voice, to the heiress. "We can slip into that back room then. I want to tell you my scheme; we can't speak while he watches us so. Send him to buy you a newspaper; he's sure to go, and will be away some minutes before he finds that none of the shops are open."

Eliza's brilliant eyes twinkled with merriment at the idea of sending her lover on a fool's errand.

"Mr. French," she said, presently, as soon as Mrs. Tyrwhitt had returned to the other window; and she took James apart. "Will you oblige me?" she said, with a long soft look from her fine eyes.

"Yes, yes. What can I do?"

"Well," she said. "I don't want to ask Mr. Phillips, because— But the fact is, papa told me to be sure and take him home a newspaper with a programme of the procession. Do you think you could get me one? I hardly like to ask you; but—Mr. Phillips—I would rather not ask him."

"No, no. Allow me to do it. How kind of you to prefer my services," he exclaimed, in a breath. "I knew it, I knew she loved me," thought the sanguine young man as he sprang down stairs. "Papers? Bless her! I would subscribe for life to every paper in London, if she asked me."

He had reached the bottom of the narrow staircase, and was about to open the little trap which was called by courtesy *THE private door*, and which was close to the shop front, when he suddenly discovered that in his eagerness he had forgotten to put on his hat. He hastened back. She will think I'm a fool, he reflected.

As he ascended the stairs he saw the sweep of a petticoat. A momentary flutter, just from one room to another; but it sufficed. It was

Eliza! Then he should get his hat without being seen by her. He was at the top of the stairs—about to enter the front room again, when—he thought he heard a light laugh behind him, in that little dark cupboard-room—a light laugh—it was hers—and an exclamation of delight. But the exclamation of delight was not hers—no—nor that sound which succeeded it. Why, that was a kiss, and the voice was Phillips's.

For a moment he stood like one stunned. Was such perfidy possible? No, no. His ears "were made the fools of the other senses." Were they? What were those voices saying?

Almost without reflecting on the base part he played, he listened; he could not help it; it was not in human nature to help it. And as he did so his face worked fiercely—he clenched his hands—he felt all the passion of a warm and ingenuous nature daped by heartlessness.

But he instantly returned to himself. "I will not eavesdrop," he muttered. "Great Heaven! Can what I have heard—No. I will hear no more." And he rushed into the front room, took his hat, and bounded down the stairs.

For a moment he thought of flying altogether. He would not return to the house—he did not want to see the pageant—but then braver thoughts succeeded. Surely he could conquer himself. He would try.

He opened the private door. As he did so he saw more plainly the man with the blue comforter, and remembered what had passed about him up-stairs. The man's eyes seemed fixed; they met his. His attitude was the same as ever—his hands, with their worsted gloves, crossed before him. Why did James French notice him? He knew not, except on account of what had been said.

The Strand was now shut to carriages, and the pavement was a solid mass of people, there being just room enough left for circulation close to the houses. As James opened the door he saw an old acquaintance standing close to it, smoking. He would have avoided him, but Forrest would not be avoided.

"Ah, French! how do? How are you?" he cried. "You in that house?—I'm next door. It's horrid slow there. My seat's high up in the back part of the staircase of seats erected in the window. There's no light there, nobody to talk to, no back to lean against, and they say the procession hasn't started yet; so I'm out here taking a cigar, and shall just go on smoking for the next hour. Are you with a party?"

"Yes," said James, absently. He was, in fact, thinking what he should do. If so long a time was to elapse before the pageant arrived, how should he spend it? He cared for nobody in those rooms up-stairs but Eliza, and she— Why not stop down here and smoke too? He would not leave the field of battle; he would make himself sure that he was really beaten before he did so; but as for passing all the intervening time in her society—impossible! No, he could not criticise her. If he was not to love and win her, the only other thing was to forget her. He would take a cigar with Forrest.

It so happened that not many houses distant was a shop kept by an old woman for the sale of newspapers. It was open too. He went in and got a *Times*, and then returned and lit a cigar, and stood for three-quarters of an hour with Forrest, smoking.

Now, whether the tobacco was very good, or whether Forrest's great

schoolboy voice and manner, and style of observation, brought back younger feelings to the wounded heart, we know not. We do know, however, that James was in the middle of his second cigar, and Forrest was in the most interesting part of a long story about a cricket-match, when the former suddenly exclaimed, with great excitement of manner—

"I won't believe it!"

"Not believe it, French? Why, what the plague do you mean?" cried Forrest.

"Oh, I beg your pardon, my dear fellow. I was thinking of—of something else. Excuse me—I must go now. Good-by."

And flinging away his half-burnt cigar—Forrest afterwards said it fell on the rim of a policeman's hat, and burnt a hole in it, much to the rage of the peace-officer—he turned from his astonished companion, and rushed up-stairs.

Meanwhile, Eliza had long since re-entered the front room.

"What an open-hearted, kindly young man James French is," said Mrs. Tyrwhitt to her presently, passing her arm affectionately round her waist.

"Yes, dear Mrs. Tyrwhitt," answered the heiress.

"Naughty girl! how it blushes!" whispered the old woman. "I saw it talking all by itself to him——"

"Whom?" exclaimed Eliza, suddenly.

"Never mind me, dear; I shall be quiet. I won't prevent two young hearts——"

"Why, what *has* become of Mr. French?" said Eliza. "I asked him to get me a newspaper an hour ago. What's that noise in the street?"

"Only the people laughing at a dog racing down the middle of the carriage-way," answered Mrs. Tyrwhitt, who evidently liked the excitement of the scene, and left her fair charge to go to the window.

"Open-hearted!—kindly!" muttered Eliza, seating herself on the sofa. "Oh yes; no doubt of it. A thorough *bore*. What a difference between him and Frank! A bold, chivalrous, handsome fellow—all manliness, and yet *so* loving. James?—pooh! he's a milksop."

Frank Phillips rather studiously separated himself from her. He had not returned to the front room till long after she had done so. He seemed very happy.

"It's all right," he said softly to himself, rubbing his white hands. "My bachelor days are over. I see my way at last. With such a fortune I shall clear off everything, and begin again! Begin again, by Jove, with no debts!"

"Has Mercury not returned yet?" he said presently, sauntering to her as she still sat on the sofa.

"Mercury!" she said, staring. She evidently did not know any person of the name.

"The man you sent for a newspaper," he explained; "the messenger of the Goddess of Beauty."

He had not done so.

"You must keep a sharp look-out on that old dragon," he pursued, indicating Mrs. Tyrwhitt, who was busily engaged at one of the windows.

"I'm almost afraid she suspects us. If she only knew that your father—"

in-law had prohibited you from seeing her—what would she say? Well, I think your mother is at heart my friend. Somebody else is at heart—
—isn't she?" And he bent over him.

"When Softhead comes back, be kind to him," he pursued presently; "that will throw Mrs. Tyrwhitt off the scent. I won't be jealous." And he laughed and walked away.

Not long after, James came into the room very hurriedly. Eliza was still on the sofa; a girl friend with her now. As she saw him, her bright face seemed to grow even brighter than it had been before. Could he doubt that? He must have been mistaken in supposing she could have been in that room with Phillips; and yet— He would not believe it. He would hope against belief, hope and watch.

"I'm afraid you've had an immense deal of trouble?" she said, as he presented the newspaper to her. "It was very thoughtless in me to ask you to get it."

"Trouble!" he exclaimed, eager to assure her that he had had none. But he stopped. What could he say; then, he had been doing all this time? He was too anxious, to think of the obvious assurance which he might have given her, that no labour is trouble when yielded to Love.

"The procession will be here soon; they say down stairs," he con-

tinued, utterly passing away from the subject in hand. "I smoked a cigar while getting your newspaper. You do not object to the scent of tobacco, do you?" he continued, wandering away from the subject in hand again.

"Oh no, . . . Oh dear no!! I like it," she replied.

"I hope you have not found this long time of waiting pass very slowly," he went on, breaking once more from the last subject.

"Why, I've been nearly alone some part of the morning," she replied, with a pert toss of her pretty head and a tolerably steady look at him.

Then, as if eager not to seem to pay him a side compliment, "Mrs. Tyrwhitt likes to watch these dreadful crowds," she added; "but we have had a long picnic luncheon, and Mary has been a dear companion. Won't you take something?"

"No—no thank you," he said, confused; "I'm sure—I'm very sorry you've been alone at all."

And he looked round for Phillips. Where was that serene rival? There he stood in the farthest window joking with Miss Rugg, and holding her wine-glass. What could it mean? Mean? why he had been mistaken. He had been anxious to suspect Eliza in consequence of his sister's advice. He had tormented himself causelessly. Determining that all this was the truth, he resolutely flung his doubts aside. His self-possession returned; he became the warm, credulous, somewhat tiresome lover again.

"Mary" slipped away; he took her place, and all ideas of criticism and judicial severity of investigation were forgotten.

So some time passed; a considerable time; how much he did not know. He took no note of it. He was very happy; intoxicated with that potent spirit of love which derives its strength mainly from its victim. Alas! how many of us fall down before the creations of our own imaginations. We yearn to love, and look on outward beauty, and believe that what a

Get you, not, no, no, no.

cold spectator sees is commonest clay, is the embodiment of all that we hold high and holy.

But as he was thus vehemently giving himself up to infatuation, there was suddenly a slight stir and murmur among the crowd outside, followed by deep silence. And then, at a distance, were heard the solemn opening notes of the "Dead March" from Saul, followed, or rather broken in upon, by the never-to-be-forgotten roll of the muffled drums. Nearer it came, very slowly, but nearer still, and ever as the brief divisions of the melody were concluded, those drums swept in with their low, heart-searching thunder—dying away at once again—giving place to the renewed wailing of the trumpets.

"Let me see! let me see!" exclaimed Eliza, springing up, and pushing among her party at one of the windows. There were four rows of people to each window, the third and fourth on a raised platform. James followed her. He became suddenly unreasonable, for her. He was not satisfied until he had made old Miss Hayday give up her place in the front row to her; Miss Eliza taking the same without scruple—was she not an heiress, and was not poor old Hayday "treated" to the sight? In fact, if the secrets of Eliza's heart could have been dragged to-day, the discovery made patent would have been, that if there was any one human being with whom she was really and honestly in love, that being was—herself.

And now it came slowly, slowly into sight, that solemn procession, which so long as the heart beats must remain in the memory of all who saw it, as the most superb, yet simple, tribute which it was possible for England to pay publicly and outwardly to her Great Son. And onward it passed slowly, slowly still, the brilliancy of the military array toned down by the solemn slowness of the step—by the subdued sad music of the marches and hymns—by the stillness and reverence of the enormous masses of people in the streets and windows, and on the roofs. At last it was over; to us it had vanished—it was a thing of history. The *Adeste Fideles* which closed the solemn pomp was heard—faintly—for the last time. We heard the recommencement of the sacred air—the first line of it just reached the ear—we listened intently—it became quite indistinct—it was scarcely audible—it was gone.

James French turned aside for a few moments. His feelings had been wound up to a lofty pitch; he could not bear to return to common life at once—even to the companionship of her whom he loved. A young author, he looked on the magnificent scene as the very highest realisation of his idea of fame—and it was *over*! This was the very climax and culminating point of a great career—to be buried in such state by the mightiest nation of earth—hosts of fellow-men sympathising in rendering the last honour in their power to the shell of that master-spirit. But it was *all*; and it was *over*—and the master-spirit was—

where, as well as him of firmest soul,
The meanly-minded, and the coward are—

reckless of it all, perhaps ignorant of it all. "Ah!" he reflected, "what then is Fame? A thing of earth; valuable only while we *live*; is it to be desired so much as Love?" He should have gone further; should have asked if that kind of fame should be pursued for itself at all, or pursued

so much as Duty. The Duke did not watch and nurse *his* fame. But James, although his nature was generous, was yet somewhat vain, and selfish too. To him, Love was mostly delight, and Fame, praise that he could hear. Life and its objects were not standing before him with that dread significance which they wear to the maturer mind—when Love is mostly sympathy, and Fame the approbation of conscience. But he was young yet, reader, and as yet successful. It is only as we grow old, and meet with sorrows and fail, that we turn from the false idols of youth—after we have had them smitten down before our eyes.

He was suddenly recalled to the scene around him by an exclamation from Mrs. Tyrwhitt.

"Why, my good gracious," she cried out, "there's that man in the blue comforter standing there still in the same attitude as ever."

Most of the party had left the windows immediately after the procession had passed, but they now returned. James looked up. He had resolved. Love before Fame! He looked up, we say. Frank Phillips was at Eliza's side, and they were talking hurriedly together, while the rest of the party, as curious to see the man in the comforter as the funeral pageant, laughed and joked about him—"What could Eliza and Phillips be talking about? so earnestly too! Hardly about the man."

As we have seen, James had altogether dismissed certain suspicions from his mind, founded on what he imagined he had overheard. But as he saw the earnestness of conversation now taking place, these suspicions returned. He struggled against them, but there they were; and if they were true—! Love? If *she* could be guilty of such perfidy as she must, in that case, have practised all through their late intercourse—who was worthy to be loved?

But he had thought himself mistaken before; he might have cause to think so again. He resolved to act at once.

"Do you wait to see the car go back, Miss Eliza?" he said, walking up to the pair.

"I think not," she replied.

"Somebody was saying, that after a military funeral the soldiers always return to quarters with the bands playing 'Oh, dear, what can the matter be?'" said Phillips. "That would be worth stopping for, Miss Thornhill."

"About as appropriate as it would be for *Lodovico, Cassio*, and the officers to strike up a dance immediately after *Othello's* death," said James.

Phillips looked angry.

"This is not a military funeral, but a national one," said James, in continuation.

"We shall not stop," said Eliza.

"How do you propose returning home?" said James. "In Mrs. Tyrwhitt's carriage, or your father's?"

"Oh, in Mrs. Tyrwhitt's. I'm living with her just now, you know," she replied. "It's to be waiting for us in Leicester-square."

"When you go," pursued French, "may I have the pleasure of taking you to it?"

"Nay," said Phillips, "Miss Thornhill has given you so much of her time to-day that I have been trying to persuade her to allow *me* to have that privilege and pleasure."

"Which of course she declines," said James, fiercely.

The two were astounded. They had never expected fierceness in this quarter. Phillips was, however, instantly cool.

"And—why of course?" he said, serenely.

"Because—hang it, sir, I'm not bound to give you my reasons," exclaimed French, feeling that he was losing his temper without assignable cause.

"Haven't got any, I suppose," sneered the other.

"There—you're going to quarrel about me," said Miss Eliza. "I shall go."

"One moment," said James. "Decide between us."

"Why, I'd half promised Mr. Phillips before you asked me," she answered. And she tripped away, leaving them face to face.

"What the—what do you mean, Mr. French?" exclaimed Phillips, as cool as ever, but appearing to be seriously moved.

"I've nothing whatever to say to you," answered James, very angry, "further than to ask if her mother or her father-in-law will allow you to enter their doors?"

"Bah!" said Phillips, as if contemptuously; but his lip quivered. He turned on his heel and walked away, as much to conceal his emotion as to express scorn.

James French felt stung as to the very quick. All his worst fears were confirmed then. She *was* false and heartless; she had deceived and trifled with him. What should he do? Do?—why, forget her; that was the best thing.

He gave himself no time for reflection. At once, without bidding any one good-by, he left the room, he left the house, and plunged into the vast crowd outside.

"Blockhead!" muttered Phillips, taking a long breath, as if relieved, when he saw that he had gone. "If he had only stopped and told Mrs. Tyrwhitt what he seems to know about me, my game would have been lost. He might have taken my queen and checkmated me in one move, and he has made an absurd retreat instead."

In fact, Phillips, who had first met Eliza Thornhill at a party in Eaton-square, where he had made a deep impression on her, had so warmly followed up his game that her father-in-law (stern and unromantic man!) had interfered. He required Mr. Frank's "references," and not being at all satisfied with them, requested him to give up the chase—in a word, forbade him the house. These were, of course, but incitements to a girl like Eliza to continue her acquaintance with Phillips, and he had so wrought upon her that (her fortune being her own) she had resolved to escape with him to-day from the "chains and severities" of home.

"The sooner we get away the better," Phillips whispered to Eliza as he passed her at the window. "Make Mr. Jennings walk with Mrs. Tyrwhitt and old Hayday, and I will follow."

She nodded, and proceeded to put on her bonnet.

Meanwhile James hurried away. Quite unconsciously he walked in the direction of Leicester-square. His thoughts were bitter; but not wholly so. He could not but own that although his vanity had been severely wounded, he had made a fortunate discovery in regard to the value of his late idol. To marry such a girl as that! Oh, Heaven! the thought was a horror.

He reproached himself for having shut his ears to what he had overheard. He ought never to have doubted that the voices were those of Eliza and Phillips. And her very behaviour to *him* ought to have been confirmation ; the girl who was capable of one part of such a business was capable of it all. It was a sign of dangerous weakness of character in him that he had allowed his hopes and love to silence the voice of his reason.

But to all his thoughts about himself succeeded a sentiment of deep pity for her. She was so young, and he *had* loved her. Could he not save her from the misery which it was evident she was about to bring upon herself?

Suddenly the idea struck him that had struck Phillips. He ought to have told Mrs. Tyrwhitt. She was tenderly attached to Eliza, there could be no doubt of that. She was a stupid match-making old person, but she would never assist in an elopement of a girl under her care with a man who could not bear the scrutiny of the girl's father-in-law. For himself he had no object to serve in stopping the matter; now that he had found out how true his sister's judgment was—what a hollow and deceitful soul was in that exquisite body, he would never seek Eliza's love any more. But he might save her from a life of misery. Yes; he ought to tell Mrs. Tyrwhitt. He might still have time to do so. He would do his best at all events.

He turned at once, and began hastily to retrace his steps. Running down St. Martin's-lane, he reached Chandos-street—passed along it—was about to go down Bedford-street into the Strand—when, at a little distance, he saw several persons together, a scuffle evidently going on in the midst of them—one face there that he knew. For the moment all thoughts of Mrs. Tyrwhitt were forgotten, and he hurried to the scene.

He would not have found Mrs. Tyrwhitt at the house if he had gone on straight to it, for Eliza had pressed the departure of the party, and Mrs. Tyrwhitt and Miss Hayday started almost at once, with Mr. Jennings.

"You'll follow us with Mr. Phillips?" said Mrs. Tyrwhitt. "What has become of Mr. French?"

"He'll be back directly; I'm going to wait for him. He asked me to let him take me to the carriage," whispered the perfect treasure. Her match-making old chaperon laughed, and patted her cheek.

"But you'll keep the carriage?" she said.

"No, no; not a moment," was the answer; and the old people started.

"Why, there's that man with the comforter standing there still," exclaimed Mrs. Tyrwhitt, as the private door opened.

"Quite a character," said Mr. Jennings, plunging nervously with them into the crowd, and beginning to get angry as people did not make way at once for him. "The police ought to clear the streets," he exclaimed. On which some of his fellow-pedestrians laughed at him, and put themselves purposely in his way.

As soon as Phillips thought they had got fairly off, he beckoned Eliza, and the private door was again thrown open, and they went out.

"Well, I declare that man with the blue comforter has moved at last," exclaimed the pre-Raphaelite. "He's going home, I think. Good-by, old fellow!—he's gone."

Phillips, with Eliza clinging to his arm, turned to the left on quitting the house, and pushed through the crowd as quickly as he could. He left the Strand the first street he came to, and walked up it, quickly still.

"We must be quick, or we may be caught," he said. He started, for, as he spoke, a hand was laid upon him. He turned. It was the man with the blue comforter.

"Well," he said, "what do you want with me, my good man?"

The other stepped up to him, and whispered a word in his ear. He turned pale, but instantly mastered any emotion.

"Parcel of nonsense," he exclaimed. "Don't try any trick upon me, or——"

"Oh! if that's your dodge, I can't help it," said the other, producing a staff. "I'm a detective, and you must go with me."

"What's the matter?" exclaimed Eliza.

"Nabbed at last," answered the officer. The next moment he lay at full length on the pavement. With a well-directed blow Phillips had knocked him down.

But he could not get off. The man was up at once, and attacked him, while Eliza, screaming, flew out of the way. Seeing a *mêlée*, a crowd instantly collected. Phillips had no option but to fight on or to be taken; and—at this moment James came up.

"What's the matter?" he exclaimed to Eliza.

"Oh, that dreadful man! Mr. Phillips will be killed! Take me away—take me away!" she cried; "I can depend on you."

"Where shall I take you to?" said James, pitilessly, as he walked the trembling girl away.

"To Leicester-square," she exclaimed. "Mrs. Tyrwhitt's carriage is there."

"You're not on the way to Leicester-square from the house in the Strand where you saw the funeral," said James.

"No. I know. It—Mr. Phillips—How can I tell you?" she said.

"I do not require to be told, Eliza," he answered, very gravely, "I think I know enough. The police having got Mr.—Phillips, or whatever his name is—you'll not see him again, I suppose, in a hurry; you need not, therefore, tell me, or any one. May you profit by the lesson you have received—that is all I wish. For the rest—you must have lost your way, I presume," he added, in a cool, different voice.

She did not answer at once; and James even began to feel some sentiments of satisfaction at having saved her—of returning admiration for the beautiful girl beside him; he pitied her, and pity is akin to love. But all this utterly vanished when she looked up at him with her bright smile, and said:

"You don't speak so kindly as you did in the room, Mr. James."—Mr. James! She had never called him so before. Mr. Frank being a failure, she wished to whistle back her other admirer.

"Don't I?" he said, coldly. "Perhaps I have received a lesson too. At all events—we are in Cranbourne-street now; there is the carriage Mr. Jennings has gone away, apparently."

"Where have you been, naughty!" cried Mrs. Tyrwhitt. "I thought you were lost."

"The very thing," answered Eliza. "We—we lost our way."]

"What, you and Mr. French?"

"No. Mr. Phillips and I—I mean—— There, it doesn't matter now," she answered, pettishly, and tears of vexation stood in her eyes. She got into the carriage. "Good-by," she said to James. He moved his hat, and the carriage drove away.

"Well, my dear," cried the old lady, drawing up the window. "Did he propose?"

"Who?"

"Mr. French."

"Oh no."

"Not? Why I thought you had made so much way with him."

Eliza sighed.

"No," she said. "We—I have—I lost my way." And mysterious as the answer seemed to Mrs. Tyrwhitt, she could get no other. And the next day Eliza went home.

But little more remains to be said. Mr. Phillips found that he, too, had lost his way. He had fully resolved to walk to the Bowers of Bliss with Eliza and 6000*l.* a year; instead of which he went to a station-house, and thence to some place of detention, with nothing a year and hard labour.

When James and his sister met, she saw that something had occurred. He did not tell her all; but he said enough to show that his dream was over: and he said in his despondency that Fame was a delusion and Love a cheat.

She checked him as she had done before.

"We go through trials for our *good*," she said, "and have suffering in order that we may learn. Take care that you do not misread your lessons. As to Fame, none is true that is not awarded by conscience as well as by other people—that is not a delusion; and as to Love—if selfishness (excuse me) mingles in it, it is not the love that will bear transplanting to another world."

He kissed her.

"You always speak out," he said.

"Ah, by the way," she rejoined, "I've made such an acquaintance to-day—such a charming girl. Don't shake your head. You shall like her as much as I do."

"No, no. I've had enough of your sweet sex for the present," he replied, cynically.

She laughed.

"We shall see," she said.

Perhaps, ladies and gentlemen, you will like to see too.

AMERICAN AUTHORSHIP.

BY SIR NATHANIEL.

No. VII.—HENRY WADSWORTH LONGFELLOW.

THE *juste milieu* it may be hard for critical appraisers to hit. But, between two extremes, to hint with Sir Roger that much may be said on both sides, is easy enough ; and, to indolent or incompetent judges, an agreeable observance of the maxim, *In medio tutissimus ibis*. Our own indolence, or incompetence, disposes us to steer in this middle course in a notice of the works of Professor Longfellow. Mr. Coventry Patmore may assure us he is hugely overrated, and Mr. George Gilfillan may assert that his reputation is hitherto only nascent, and his depth but partly fathomed. Benignly regarding the adverse factions, we accept neither allegation to the full, and pronounce neither a true bill (in the sense of speaking the whole truth, and nothing but the truth), and by adding to and diminishing from both, and putting this and that together, and letting the negative signs of the one cancel the plus signs of the other, we do our best to sustain a judicial *centre* of gravity, and to work out an equation of terms, a composition of forces. A month or two ago, we were taken to task in a contemporary journal for implying, in what the writer was pleased to call (and we equally pleased to recognise) our "strange admiration of Wordsworth," that Professor Longfellow was not a poet of the same calibre as the Bard of Rydal. For the life of us we cannot understand how any one admiring Wordsworth at all, could put the professor in competition with him :—assuredly the professor himself would shrink from the comparison. On the other hand, we avow a most cordial and lively admiration of the author of the "Golden Legend" and "Evangeline," of the noble *Excelsior* strains, that stir even stagnant souls as with the sound of a trumpet—echoes of silver trumpets heard from the battlement of a Temple not made with hands,—and of the "Psalm of Life," so invigorating, elevating, and seasonable,—and of the "Voices of the Night," so sweetly solemn, so tender and true. God bless the minstrel of verses like these, and increase his influence a hundred-fold ! This benediction is sincere, and worth whole chapters of criticism—such as *we* could write.

Professor Longfellow's poems have been described as "rather golden recollections than present vision"—giving us the "elegiac words, and tender mien, and mellow music," which record some loved memory of bygone youth, than the "poet's outcry at things seen," or the poet's gesture significant of words he may not utter—*ἀρρητα ῥήματα, ἃ οὐκ ἔστιν ἀνθρώπων λαλῆσαι*. But he sings emphatically with a purpose, and a high one. He is, to adapt Tennyson's words, one

—bravely furnish'd all abroad to fling
The winged shafts of truth,
To throng with stately blooms the breathing spring
Of hope and youth.

Like Wordsworth's Wanderer, he is "rich in love and sweet humanity ;" and like Wordsworth himself, he would, by *excelsior!* strains, and "psalms

of life," and voices of the night, hasten the coming of a holier, happier age, and

—long before that blissful hour arrives,
Would chant, in lonely peace, the spousal verse
Of this great consummation :—and, by words
Which speak of nothing more than what we are,
Would he arouse the sensual from the sleep
Of Death, and win the vacant and the vain
To noble raptures.

At the same time, he is gay and sprightly in his movements ; some of his verses are almost frivolous in tone and finical in form ; he plays with his theme, when so disposed, and seasons his compositions with liberal spicery of quaint *phantasien* and scholarly *concetti*. He may be said to have two publics—one which comes for strong meat, to strengthen and sustain—another, for "trifle" and confectionery, to tickle an epicurean palate.

In simile-making, Mr. Longfellow is *au fait*. Like Cocker, he is a "dab at figures." Figurative he loves to be, sometimes at too great an expense. His similes do not, indeed, arise with the impetuous unrest, the exhaustless creativeness of Alexander Smith and others,—nor are they so "rich" in quality, though in quantity more "rare." But they are plenteous enough to make some readers account simile-making his forte, while quaint enough occasionally to make others call it his foible. Often sweet and significant, they are not unfrequently forced and far-fetched. Take the following excerpts, metaphorical and figurative, in illustration of the poet's manner :

The day is done ; and slowly from the scene
The stooping sun upgathers his spent shafts,
And puts them back into his golden quiver.*

—The consecrated chapel on the crag,
And the white hamlet gather'd round its base,
Like Mary sitting at her Saviour's feet,
And looking up at His beloved face.†

—And within the woodlands as he trod,
The twilight was like the Truce of God
With worldly woe and care.‡

—————Yonder lies
The Lake of the Four Forest-Towns, apparelled
In light, and lingering, like a village maiden,
Hid in the bosom of her native mountains,
Then pouring all her life into another's,
Changing her name and being.§

Under the single arched Devil's Bridge, built for pilgrims to Rome,

Runs the river, white with foam,
Like a thread through the eye of a needle.||
See yonder little cloud, that, borne aloft
So tenderly by the wind, floats fast away
Over the snowy peaks ! It seems to me
The body of St. Catherine, borne by angels ! ¶

* Golden Legend, l.

† Ibid. v.

‡ Ibid.

§ Ibid.

|| Ibid. ii.

¶ Ibid.

—While I speak,
A sheeted spectre white and tall,
The cold mist climbs the castle wall,
And lays his hand upon thy cheek !*

To the poet, walking in the solemn and silent woodlands,
Nature with folded hands seemed there,
Kneeling at her evening prayer.†

Flowers are said to be everywhere about us glowing,

—Some, like stars, to tell us Spring is born ;
Others, their blue eyes with tears o'erflowing,
Stand like Ruth amid the golden corn.‡

Here is one of the "effects" of the rising moon :

And silver white the river gleams,
As if Diana, in her dreams,
Had dropped her silver bow
Upon the meadows low.§

Harvests were gather'd in ; and wild with the winds of September
Wrestled the trees of the forest, as Jacob of old with the Angel.||

Bent, like a labouring oar, that toils in the surf of the ocean,
Bent, but not broken, by age was the form of the notary public ;
Shocks of yellow hair, like the silken floss of the maize, hung
Over his shoulders, &c.¶

Silently, one by one, in the infinite meadows of heaven,
Blossom'd the lovely stars, the forget-me-nots of the angels.**

And as she gazed from the window she saw serenely the moon pass
Forth from the folds of a cloud, and one star follow her footsteps,
As out of Abraham's tent young Ishmael wander'd with Hagar.††

Down sank the great red sun, and in golden glimmering vapours
Veil'd the light of his face, like the prophet descending from Sinai.‡‡

Out of the prairie grass, the long white horns of the cattle "rise like
the flakes of foam on the adverse currents of ocean." Stars are "the
thoughts of God in the heavens." Bears are "the anchorite monks of
the desert." Swinging from the great arms of a cedar-tree,

—the trumpet-flower and the grape-vine
Hung their ladder of ropes aloft like the ladder of Jacob,
On whose pendulous steps the angels ascending, descending,
Were the swift humming-birds, that flitted from blossom to blossom.
Hot and red on his lips still burned the flush of the fever,
As if life, like the Hebrew, with blood had besprinkled its portals,
That the Angel of Death might see the sign, and pass over.§§

This *penchant* for Scripture similitudes would have made the poet dear,
two centuries ago, to the lovers of Donne and George Herbert, whatever
we, now-a-days, may think of such *conceits*. But it is time to pass from
particulars to generals. And first of the so-called American "Faust."

Drama the "Golden Legend" is not ; dramatic poem, hardly. More
fitly than Tennyson's longest work, it might be styled a "Medley."
Whoso swears by the Unities, and abhors Teutonic romanticisms, and

* Golden Legend, vi.

† Prelude to Voices of the Night.

‡ Voices of the Night.

§ Endymion.

|| Evangeline, ii.

¶ Ibid. iii.

** Ibid.

†† Ibid.

‡‡ Ibid. iv.

§§ Ibid.

prefers the prim proprieties of classical common-place to rough diamonds of the first water, will hold in supreme dislike this mediæval mosaic. He will complain that what spinal column it has is crooked and out of joint, and that on a frail incompetent skeleton are huddled, in most admired disorder, vestments the most incongruous, as though motley were the only wear. Spirits more genial and germane will take the Legend for such as it is, and, admitting the presence of alloy, will call it Golden in the grumbler's teeth. How a pure and simple-hearted maiden gives up her life to save the life of a selfish, sere-hearted prince, makes perhaps a scanty *libretto*; but the composer has inwoven it with a profusion of accompaniments, variations, quaint melodies, and descriptive harmonies. The most unheroic hero, Prince Henry, however disagreeable (and so far prejudicial to the success of the poem), is portrayed with artful excellence—a mind oscillating, unsteadfast, and that cannot find its centre of rest and harmony—one who is fain to purchase length of days by the death, not of sweet Elsie alone, but of all that's good and true and noble in himself, all manhood, self-respect, love, faith, hope, heart. *Him* the Devil is content to let live, to corrupt his race,

Breathing among them with every breath,
Weakness, selfishness, and the base
And pusillanimous fear of death.

One scarcely likes to see his highness walk off, at the *exceunt omnes*, with the martyr-maiden, in clinging confidence, under his arm, although she is to be the Lady Alicia (quite a decadence from Elsie), and he a respectable pater familias. Nevertheless, there are such touches of nature in this portraiture, that a humiliating sense of kin should not make us less than kind; and we own to a decided and sustained interest in the distraught prince. Elsie is a vision of delight—a ministering angel—who shall say, *not* too bright or good for human nature's daily food?—a guileless, earnest creature, inspired by a conviction that “at Salerno, far away, over the mountains, over the sea, it is appointed her to die”—and who hears in the summons a voice not harsh or grating, but soothing music, as though the Spirit and the Bride said, “Come,”—so that she is athirst to come, at the bidding of God and Mary Mother, and would fain come quickly. How beautiful her child-logic about death, when her parents warn her against rashly acquainting herself with what she knows not of!

'Tis the cessation of our breath.
Silent and motionless we lie:
And no one knoweth more than this—

and then recalling a little sister's death-bed—and how the quiet corpse lay there more beautiful than before—and how the test of death was that “like violets faded were her eyes”—and how the skies looked sunnily in through the open window, “and the wind was like the sound of wings, as if angels came to bear her away;” and so she passes on to cheer her mother with the suggestion, in the event she persistently anticipates,

And it will seem no more to thee
Than if at the village on market-day
I should a little longer stay
Than I am used;—

more touching still than which is the mother's outburst of feeling in reply—

Even as thou sayest,
 And how my heart beats, when thou stayest !
 I cannot rest until my sight
 Is satisfied with seeing thee.
 What, then, if thou wert dead ?*

Most sweetly, too, the maiden consoles her attendants, in the instant contemplation of death, with the words,

I shall not feel the pain, but shall be gone,
 And you will have another friend in heaven.
 Then start not at the creaking of the door
 Through which I pass. I see what lies beyond it.

And so she bids her friends to have her in pleasant remembrance—to let her memory linger as something not to trouble and disturb, but to soothe and gladden—that if at times beside the evening fire they see her face among the other faces, it may not be regarded as a ghost that haunts the house, but as a guest that loves them—nay, even as one of their own family, without whose presence there were something wanting.

If Elsie and her history are full of pathos, there is a man-of-all-work in humour and almost farcical comedy in the person of—Lucifer ! How art thou fallen, son of the morning ! to be so void of dignity, so bereft of the tragic element, so shorn of the awful and the mysterious, as in this Mephistophelean merry-andrew. So sharp and caustic, so shrewd and versatile, so mercurial and jocose, so flippant and *gaillard* even, seems this Gentleman in Black, that we tacitly ignore his antecedents, and the bad character he is supposed to have from his last place. He seems innocent of sulphur. Horns, like growing pains, he has outgrown. That vestige of his natural history, the tail, is unobtrusive. We care not, in so jovial and *débonnaire* a presence, to “look down towards his feet,”—for “*that’s* a fable.” Altogether, he disarms apprehension, and though by no means transformed into an angel of light, he manages to make himself acceptable in most companies. His look would hardly have inspired Goethe’s Margaret with the aversion she felt at the aspect of Faust’s patron. There is a story of a Scottish pastor saying to an aged female parishioner, “I trust, Luckie, that you fear the Lord :”—to which the crone’s candid reply was, “’Deed, sir, and I’ll no say muckle o’ that ; but I’m unco’ feared for the deil.” Had she known him as impersonated in the “Golden Legend,” probably this fear also had vanished. Seriously, the Lucifer of Mr. Longfellow’s poem is calculated to dispel whatever remnant of dread may still attach to popular conceptions of the Evil One. Mephistopheles was a strange and significant decline from the Miltonic Satan, but Mephistopheles is grave, tragic, dignified, beside the humorist of this legend, who jests as mirthfully *solus* as when bent on entertaining others. For he is nothing if not comical.

There is a spice too much, again, of the flippant and irreverent, not to say the coarse and profane, in such descriptions as that of the Miracle Play at Strasburg, and the drinking-scene in the refectory. Not that the details are overcharged in point of historical truthfulness, but that they are somewhat too broadly given in a work of art. The smartness and quick sense of the ludicrous with which they are “shown up,” are, nevertheless, so undeniable, and realise so amusingly the ways of the

* So Wordsworth :—“Absence and death how differ they !”—*Maternal Grief*.

monks of old, in their least favourable point of view, that one could ill spare these portions of the poem.

As perpetual change is the cue in the movement of the "Golden Legend,"—the scene shifting from princely castle to peasant's homestead, from village church to stately cathedral, from miracle-play to pilgrimage, from convent-cellar (capitally done, too) to scriptorium, from cloisters to chapel, from monkish refectory to sacred nunnery, from the Covered Bridge at Lucerne (its walls grimly emblazoned with the Dance of Death) to the St. Gothard Pass, from an inn at Genoa to a light felucca at sea, from the School of Salerno to the last scene of all that ends this strange if not eventful history,—so perpetual variety of metre, to suit all moods, and chime in with all vicissitudes, has been adventurously attempted. Professor Longfellow has evidently paid great attention to the study of metrical laws, and is endowed with a quick ear for the capabilities of rhythm. But he is too fond of experimentalising, and of trying to turn unwieldy forms into plastic graces; nor can we discover that

——his musical finesse is such,
So nice his ear, so delicate his touch,

as to justify, by the stamp of success, his hazardous essays in metrical novelty. The dialogue of the pilgrim pair on the road to Hirschau* is, almost literally, "no end of" a measure, and one in which it is superlatively easy for poet and patient to lose their way. The adoption of such an elongated inelegance—a sort of wounded (sea) snake "floating many a rood"—a most needless Alexandrine run to seed—a mile and a bittock—a lane without a turning—implies the professor's persuasion of his aptness to cope with greater difficulties than the hexameter, and his dissent from the common cry of critics which pronounced the use of that metre all but fatal to "Evangeline."

"Evangeline" is so fair and good that it would require something more deadly than hexameters† to be fatal to her beaming vitality. We love her for the dangers she has passed, amid these perilous breakers, as well as others not to be scanned and measured. It is asserted, indeed, that this calumniated metre is, after all, highly relished by persons of good ear and unprejudiced taste—such as most women who are lovers of poetry, and who have not to contend against traditions from the Latin

* Hexameters are apt to take an English reader's breath away; but who shall find wind for octameters, in which this dialogue is cast? As thus:

Onward and onward the highway runs to the distant city, impatiently bearing
Tidings of human joy and disaster, of love and of hate, of doing and daring.

Six beats *plus* a bonus of two, make up a beating hard to bear.

† "We not long since," says a writer in the *Prospective Review* (No. xxxiv.), "put to the test the most successful English hexameters which have lately been written—those, namely, in Longfellow's 'Evangeline.' If read with regard to sense, the ear could catch no metre. If read with express view to metre, it was difficult to apprehend the sense." He holds that as we know nothing of the Latin accent, and are therefore unable to realise to ourselves an hexameter, as it was to the Romans, so our imitation of it results in an awkward, scrambling, three-legged metre—"as like the sonorous rapidity of Homer's verse, or the stately majesty of Virgil's line, as 'tis a ploughboy striding over the furrows is like the graceful motion of the Tragic Muse." For the *pro* and *con*. of English hexameters, the reader may consult with profit the sensible and agreeable Dialogues in *Fraser's Magazine*. Also the letters of Mr. Philbrick Oakes in the *Atlantic*; and a recent essay of ability in the *North British Review*.

and Greek. Be this as it may, the destiny of "Evangeline" is secure for an age, if not for all time—for the story of the maiden and her betrothed, cruelly sundered, and strangely and too briefly re-united, has come with power to

Thousands of throbbing hearts, while theirs are at rest and for ever,
Thousands of aching brains, when theirs no longer are busy.

And not alone for maidens in Norman caps and homespun kirtles is it to repeat by the evening fire Evangeline's story—not for a few Acadian peasants, yet left in the forest primeval, to recount the tender tradition; for it is imprinted now among the household words of two hemispheres, and is dear to

All who believe in affection that hopes, and endures, and is patient,
All who believe in the beauty and strength of woman's devotion.

But if "Evangeline" shall live, there are shorter pieces from the same hand that shall outlive her. Among a crowd of poetical miscellanies we may name "Excelsior"—of which one well-known critic has enthusiastically declared, that he can no more conceive of a world without it than of a world without the *chefs d'œuvre* of Homer, Shakspeare, and Milton. "That figure, climbing the evening Alps, in defiance of danger, of man's remonstrance, and the far deeper fascination of woman's love, is a type of man struggling, triumphing, purified by suffering, perfected in death." Who has not been stirred and bettered by *cet appel héroïque qui dit à l'humanité: Montons au Capitole!* Each stanza is a picture, and by a master—by one who is at once the consecrated teacher, and the sympathising man and brother. "The Psalm of Life," "The Light of Stars," "The Reaper and the Flowers," "It is not always May," are all beautiful—some of them Æolian harp-like in airy harmony, and sinking into the soul like, what they profess to be, voices of the night.

Passing over not a few works of varied merit and power, in poetry and in prose,—the "Belfry of Bruges," "Outre-Mer," the translations from different European languages (especially Tegnér's "Children of the Lord's Supper"), &c.—a few words may be devoted to Mr. Longfellow's two novelets, "Hyperion: a Romance," and "Kavanagh."

With all its beauties, "Hyperion" reads like a disorderly series of *analecta* from the professor's common-place book. Everything smacks of second-hand—the sentiment, the story, the philosophy, the criticism, the style. The entire romance might have been made up of translations from German authorship—now a rhapsody from Jean Paul, the "Only One"—now an excerpt from Goethe, the Many-sided—in this chapter an adaptation from the transcendentalism of Fichte—in the next an abstract of some *Callot* curiosity by Hoffmann—ballad fragments from Uhland interwoven with *persiflage* from Heine, and legends in the manner of Tieck interspersed with lachrymosities from Matthiason. But the book is highly acceptable to tourists in Germany, always provided the said tourists have souls above Westphalia hams and Bologna sausages, and have heard of the prose-poet of Baireuth and the constellated poets of Weimar. Paul Flemming, the "hero," is two or three removes at least from originality; but he interests us—as an open soul, travelling and travelling in sorrow deep and strong—whose household gods have been broken, and his home razed, and who goes abroad that the sea may be between him and the grave, although "between him and his sorrow

there could be no sea, but that of time"—one whom experience disciplines into the resolve to live in the present wisely, alike forgetful of the past and uncared for the shrouded future; to be a man among men, and no longer a dreamer among shadows, and to record upon the leaves that still remain of the book of life a more noble history than the child's story with which the book began. Interesting, too, is the Baron of Hohenfels, that "miscellaneous youth,"—everything by turns, but nothing long, or great—his master-defect the amiable one of thinking too well of human nature. And so is the Englishman, Berkley, —the basis of his character "good, sound common sense, trodden down and smoothed by education," forming a level groundwork which his "strange and whimsical fancy uses as a dancing-floor, whereon to exhibit his eccentric tricks"—who eats his breakfast sitting in a tub of cold water, and reading a newspaper—who has a kiss for every child he meets, and a *benedicite* (in plain English) for every old man—who pronounces the Righi sunrise a confounded humbug—and writes in the traveller's book at Schaffhausen,

Beware of the *Raven* of Zurich! 'tis a bird of omen ill;
With a noise and an unclean nest, and a very, very long bill.

Glimpses of German life and manners we find scattered here and there, not without their attraction,—whether a touching sketch of home charities, or a rough draft of a "fox commerce" and "beer scandal," with its slang, its boisterous practical jokes, its choruses, beer-bibblings extraordinary, and duels infinite.

"Kavanagh" is a tale more delicately and artistically wrought—containing passages of beautiful tenderness and earnest thought, together with interesting studies of character and minutely-finished pictures of life. But a certain shadowy medium intervenes between reader and book—the latter is bookish, and has the impress of the man of letters rather than the man conversant with life. This gives, perhaps, an additional charm to certain phases of his subject, but it impairs the effect of the story as a whole, and the reality of the actors. Emphatically individualised as these are—Kavanagh, ever planning, never completing; another Coleridge in sanguine speculation, and eke in infirmity of will,—Alice Archer, too exquisitely sensitive, too fragile alike in person and character,—Cecilia Vaughan, dreamily poetic, indefinitely fascinating,—still do we miss in each portraiture the vivifying touch of creative art. But nothing can be more delightful of its kind than the pervading style of this fiction; nothing more happily expressed than the apophthegms and aphorisms with which it abounds; nor were it easy to excel in affecting beauty the scenes between Cecilia and Alice, or in strange effectiveness that of the camp-meeting by night.

From one in the prime of life, and who has made such a marked and rapid advance in literary development, we may justly, and do heartily, look for future performances, both in verse and prose, decidedly superior to the best of his present achievements. He will yet, we trust, produce "metal more attractive" than even the gold of the "Golden Legend"—and sun himself in a sunnier "Hyperion"—and act "Excelsior" as well as sing it, in his minstrel vocation, which is—

So to act that each to-morrow
Find him farther than to-day.

CHRONICLES OF A COUNTRY TOWN.

PART II.

I.

FOUR years of Mrs. Selby's widowhood passed away, and little Nelly was seven years old; tall for her age, and so beautifully formed that every action, every unstudied movement, was full of grace. Her mother's love was not without a feeling of gratified vanity, and poor old Jane absolutely doted on her; and yet she was not spoiled. She was a merry-hearted, gentle little creature, that every one admired and loved; and people often proudly pointed out little Eleanor Selby to strangers, as if the unrivalled beauty of the child reflected some honour on the town and on themselves.

About this time a great event occurred in Mrs. Selby's establishment. Dr. Barfoot told her that an old friend of his had written to him from India, to say that he had sent his only son, a boy of twelve years old, to England, for his education, and hoped that he could receive him.

"Now, Mrs. Selby," said the good doctor, "you must take charge of Master Charles Howard for me. I don't know whatever I should do without you, for his parents are full of anxiety about him. They fear the change of climate, exposure to the night air, wet feet, colds, damps, chills, and a whole catalogue of evils. I will not tell you all at once, for fear of frightening you; but say—will you take him, and relieve me from all this responsibility?"

"Surely," replied Mrs. Selby, "I shall be only too glad to do so."

"Well, well," said the doctor, "you are to have additional trouble, and so you will have additional remuneration; the young gentleman will pay you forty pounds a year instead of thirty, and you will in return get him a spare bedroom, if you can."

All this was soon arranged, and, before long, Charles Howard arrived. He was a tall, well-made boy, with crisp curly black hair, black eyes, and a complexion of so dark a hue, that little Nelly at first shrunk from him, because he was "a black boy." But she did not look shily upon Charles Howard long: indeed no one could do so, for he was the most frank, free, good-natured, reckless fellow that ever lived; always in mischief and mishap, but never guilty of a mean or cruel deed; utterly unselfish, and ever ready to give up his own gratification for the sake of others, or to join in the laugh against himself, when his thoughtlessness had brought him into mischief. Charlie Howard, as he was soon called by all his companions and acquaintances, had not been long in Mrs. Selby's house before its quietness vanished. Jane scolded, and tried to be angry about dirt and disorder; but she was not proof against the unconquerable good-humour of the cheerful boy, and a sentence begun with a scold would generally end with a laugh, and a "Really now, Master Charlie, but you're too bad!" He soon became a favourite with all; but little Nelly, especially, made him the very idol of her heart. All her childish love was lavished upon Charlie Howard; she could think of nothing else; and he, on his part, was absolutely crazy about her. He would have spent all his pocket-money in sweets and presents for her if Mrs. Selby would have permitted it, but this she had always prohibited, and would not now relax her rule; still, in spite of all, Nelly had never been so rich in dolls, dolls' houses, toys, and picture-books, as she was after Charles

Howard's arrival; and, in return, she would mend his gloves, or take care of his flute, or do anything she could for Charlie, with the prettiest little air of importance in the world.

Mrs. Selby had not thought it possible that such cheerfulness as now shone through her dwelling could have again visited it. Charlie Howard was the spirit that prevailed throughout: he would play the flute, dance, sing, tell Nelly stories, take her out for a run, or do anything in the world to please or to amuse. His spirits never flagged, and, always cheerful and happy himself, he made others cheerful and happy too.

One day, rather more than three years after his arrival, Charlie came running into the house, crying:

"I have got a holiday for to-morrow, Mrs. Selby. You know it is the 2nd of September, and I shall be fifteen! It is fair-day, too, and I shall take my sweetheart to the fair. Will you be my sweetheart, Nelly?"

"Oh, yes, yes!" cried Nelly, clapping her hands, "I will be your sweetheart, Charlie, and will go with you to the fair, if mamma will let me. Shall I go, mamma?"

"You must not refuse, Mrs. Selby," said the boy. "I can take care of her; and, besides, there is to be a large collection of wild beasts here, and I want to introduce Miss Eleanor Selby to the lions, and the tigers, and the leopards, and the monkeys. I will promise that the lions and tigers shall not eat her up, nor the monkeys take her for a playmate."

After some slight demur the desired permission was given, on Charlie's pledging his word that she should not visit any other show, and that he would give her no sweetmeats.

The next morning was a bright and sunny one, and Nelly could scarcely keep quiet a moment, for the thought of the fair and the show. At three in the afternoon she was allowed to seek Jane, in order to get ready for going; and, as she left the room, clapping her hands and shouting with glee, Charles Howard turned to Mrs. Selby, and said, earnestly:

"Is she not beautiful, Mrs. Selby? Did you ever in your life see anything half so lovely as our darling little Nelly?"

"She is, I think, a pretty child," replied Mrs. Selby; "but do not tell her so, Charlie. I think you would not like to see her formal and conceited."

"Formal and conceited!" exclaimed Charles. "Our little Nelly formal and conceited?—that is quite impossible."

"No, not impossible, I fear," said Mrs. Selby, "if you continue to flatter her by your praise. Yesterday I saw her at the glass admiring her glossy ringlets, and when I asked her what she was doing, she exclaimed: 'Oh, mamma! Charlie says my curls are so beautiful! I am very glad they are beautiful; and they must be, you know, mamma, or Charlie would not say so.' Generally, my boy," added Mrs. Selby, "a girl's first vanity is her hair; so, pray do not awaken the love of admiration in our little girl's bosom so early. She is certainly very beautiful, but we must not tell her so; and we must guard against prizing so perishable a gift too highly."

At this moment Nelly came in, sparkling with animation, and dancing with excitement and pleasure. Away went she and Charlie, and, as Mrs. Selby turned from the window, she sighed to herself a regret that her Henry was not there to see with her the loveliness of their child.

Two or three hours soon slipped away, and then a young gentleman was announced, who had brought Mrs. Selby a brace of partridges. The young man had not long left Dr. Barfoot's, and knowing and liking Mrs. Selby, as all the doctor's pupils did, he had kindly brought her a part of the produce of his first day's shooting. A few minutes had passed in pleasant chat, when Nelly's voice and merry laugh rang through the house. How sweet—how very sweet is the laugh of childhood! Among the thousands of grown people we meet, very, very few laugh sweetly: the sound too often seems with them a laboured and unnatural effort; but in childhood it is a clear, ringing, happy, musical sound, bursting spontaneously from the heart, and seeming to the fanciful ear as if it were an echo from a more pure and happy world.

Well, on they came—beautiful, happy Nelly, and her kind-hearted, noble-looking playfellow. They had been accosted by many ladies and gentlemen on their way, and Nelly had been "very good," as she called it; and Charlie had been quite flushed with gratified pride at the admiration his little companion had excited. When near their own gate, Nelly sprang suddenly away—she was tired, poor child, of being "good"—and bounded into the garden; for an instant she crouched behind a rose-tree; then, as Charlie hastened after her, she jumped out with a mimic roar, crying, "I'll be a tiger, and eat you up," and, with the words, she placed her rosy lips and pearly teeth on the back of his hand, as if to bite.

"Oh, you will, will you?" cried Charlie; "then I'll hunt you, Miss Tiger."

And away she ran, with Charlie pursuing her, around the grass plot, around the garden, through the house, and into the back yard.

"Now I'll shoot you, Miss Tiger!" said Charlie, snatching up the gun, which the young sportsman had incautiously left resting in a corner—"now I'll shoot you!"

There was a report—a loud shriek. "My God!" cried the young sportsman. "The gun! the gun!"

He and Mrs. Selby rushed to the spot. Alas! alas! Beautiful little Nelly was lying bathed in blood! Charlie had flown to lift her, but had toppled over just as they came, and lay beside her in a dead faint.

There was smoke—confusion—a cry of agony. Mr. Cooch, hearing that poor Eleanor Selby was shot, again hurried to the spot; but he was not now, as at her father's death, calm and collected—the strong man shook with terror, the muscles of his face worked powerfully, and he wrung his hands as he cried,

"Oh Lord, have mercy on us! This is terrible, most terrible!"

II.

WHENCE or what is that voice which carries so swiftly and mysteriously the news of any tragical event? Scarcely, it seemed, had the gun been fired before the sad tidings became known throughout the town. People rushed from every quarter towards the house, from feelings of mingled sympathy and curiosity: only Mr. Cooch and Dr. Barfoot entered, but numbers remained outside to learn as early as possible whether there was any hope of the child's life. Mrs. Selby was the first to think of and care for poor Charles Howard.

"Poor boy!" she said. "He will feel this bitterly."

"Shall I remove him?" asked Dr. Barfoot.

"Oh, no! not yet," replied Mrs. Selby. "Let me see and comfort him first; perhaps he is more to be pitied than any of us."

The surgeon soon arrived, and the blessed assurance was given that little Nelly's hurts were not in themselves at all dangerous: the fair cheek was punctured in many places, as were the hands and arms, but the shots had not penetrated deep, as, happily, the gun had been fired from some little distance. After extracting them, the surgeon prescribed quiet, but the child would not rest without first seeing Charles Howard.

"He did not mean to hurt me, mamma," she said, "and you must not be angry with poor Charlie."

Mrs. Selby fetched him herself, she soothed his grief, gave him hope that the accident would leave no ill effects, as the hurts were not in themselves very severe, and together they sat by Nelly's side throughout the night.

The morning found the watchers hopeful, and, if not quite cheerful, yet happily unconscious of coming evil; but, as time wore on, it became manifest that the health of the poor child had suffered a grievous shock. A low nervous fever seized upon her, and she grew thin, peevish, and irritable; there was no sleep for her by night, no rest nor appetite by day. She would seek to get up at five—four o'clock in the morning; and then, pillowed in an easy-chair, from which she had not strength to move, she would sit, coiled up, hour after hour, watching a distant corner of the room, in which she fancied she saw a small dull spark, which would grow and grow and roll towards her, with a silent, dreamy, indistinct motion, until it was close, quite close: and then it would seem to shrink in size, and increase in lustre, and separate itself into two little points of dazzling brightness, which would dart through her eyes into her head, and then join, and grow, and grow again, and, at last, burst with a dull, dead sound—if that may be called a sound which to her outward ears was not audible—and her brain would turn and dance in a giddy, confused whirl, and she would forget where she was, and all around her; and then, again, like one awaking from sleep, she would recollect the spark, and once more watch the corner, and once more go through the same fearful, indescribable suffering.

And then, as winter came on, and poor Eleanor continued still struggling with disease, a startling fear presented itself. Her eyes were seen to be inflamed, the sight was weakened, and soon the light of day, even of a November's day, was too much for her to bear. The malady grew worse and worse; and at length, as she sat on her chair, or lay moaning on a little bed made up on a sofa in the parlour, she had to be screened from the fitful light of the coal fire; and the curtains, or sometimes even the shutters of the windows, were obliged to be kept closed.

Weary and sad was the long winter to the inmates of the little cottage. Of Mrs. Selby's four boarders, three had been removed—only Charles Howard remained; and he, though the doctor wished him to come to his house, positively, nay, almost fiercely, refused to leave the ruin which, he said, he had made. For a time he neglected all his school duties; but when Dr. Barfoot, after the lapse of some weeks, remonstrated with him, and said that he must write to his father, and get him removed altogether, if he persisted in this neglect of his studies, he suddenly changed: all the lessons and exercises, strictly required of him, were got through promptly

and readily; but the moment he was released, he would hasten to poor Nelly's darkened room, to watch over her, to moisten her parched lips, and to tempt her, if possible, to take her medicine, or the refreshment which fainting nature required. The glad spring came at length, and poor Nelly—no longer beautiful, but pale, and wan, and suffering—was carried by Charlie into the little garden. Alas! alas! she could no longer see the bursting leaf, the blushing blossom; birds and butterflies, and all the living things which had been so dear to her, existed for her eyes no more. Poor Eleanor Selby was blind!

Could pity, could sympathy and kindness have softened the blow to Mrs. Selby, she would have had no cause to complain. Nor did she murmur: she had learned that even in judgment God remembers mercy, and she submitted in silence to His chastening hand; she communed with her heart, and was still. Not so poor Charlie: while Nelly slept, or when alone with Mrs. Selby, he would wring his hands, and weep bitterly.

"You must hate me," he would say, "dear Mrs. Selby, for I hate myself. Dear, darling Nelly! How plainly I can see her now, just as she was on that dreadful day! How lovely she looked, with her beautiful glossy curls, her rosy cheeks, and her laughing eyes! And how everybody admired her! And I—I have destroyed it all! Oh, Mrs. Selby, how you must hate me!"

One day in the latter end of May, Mrs. Selby spoke to Dr. Barfoot about him. With a trembling voice and quivering lip, she said, "I think you must remove poor Charlie at Midsummer, Dr. Barfoot; I get alarmed for his health, both of body and mind. You must have remarked the change; all his cheerfulness has disappeared, and he thinks only of my poor little girl. He will not join his companions in their sport, and is abrupt, gloomy, and even morose to all but to Nelly, me, and Jane. Even to me he is sometimes captious, but then he mourns for his fault as soon as it is committed, and promises, with every expression of remorse, never to be so again. In short, Dr. Barfoot," she added, with a burst of uncontrollable weeping, "he is everything to me, next to Eleanor; but, for his own sake, he must go."

"You are right, my dear madam," said the doctor. "My judgment has told me this for some time, but I could not make up my mind to act upon it. You know Charlie is to go to Addiscombe, preparatory to entering the Indian army; at Midsummer, or as soon after as possible, he shall go. But how will you and poor Nelly bear to part with him?"

"We must do our best," said Mrs. Selby; "but indeed the change in Charlie is most painful to me."

Dr. Barfoot rose, and, looking out of the window, saw Charles Howard drawing Nelly in a small hand-carriage. He was plucking flowers for her, talking to her, even laughing with her when he could win a smile, but all with such a sorrowful, heartbroken expression of countenance, such a look of melancholy sadness, that the good doctor felt the tears fast coming to his eyes.

"Charlie has grown very tall this winter," he said, "and is pale, thin, and careworn; we must indeed remove him; but we must deal gently with feelings such as his. And you, Mrs. Selby, you will then be without any resource but what you can find in teaching my girls."

"Do not consider my interest," she replied; "God has supported me hitherto, and will not desert me now. I fear I have not sufficiently at-

tended to your daughters lately, Dr. Barfoot; but you know the reason, and Mrs. Barfoot has been very, very kind."

"Oh, the girls have done very well," said the doctor; "but I have been thinking, Mrs. Selby, or rather Mrs. Barfoot has been saying to me, that they would be better out of our house now than in it, and we talk of sending them off altogether. The two eldest, you know, are getting great girls—Mary is fourteen, and Jessie only fifteen months younger. They cannot be always kept in the schoolroom or nursery, and Mrs. Barfoot wishes them to be sent from home. We have so many young gentlemen domesticated with us that it would be better so."

During this speech, Mrs. Selby had grown deadly pale. The doctor observing it, paused suddenly. "What is the matter?" he said.

"Indeed, Dr. Barfoot, I am ashamed of this weakness, but I believe the thought struck me that all would now be lost to me at once. I am not ungrateful to you, but I am selfish and weak. I will struggle against it."

"Why, bless me!" exclaimed the doctor, "did I not ask you to take my girls altogether? How stupid I am! Why, we want you, Mrs. Selby, to give up taking our boys—we will board them all again—and to take in exchange our five girls. Five girls! Only think! Whatever I shall do with them by-and-by I'm sure I don't know. But, for the present, will you relieve us of the grievous burden?"

"I have certainly no objection. No objection! Oh, how shall I ever repay you for your goodness to me?"

"You have done more for me," replied the doctor, "than I can ever do for you. I cannot thank you enough for the good seed which you have sown in the minds of my children; they are almost all I could wish."

"But," said Mrs. Selby, with some hesitation, "what can I do with the two Cooches? Since Eleanor's accident, they have come in alternately to stay with her. But for their assistance, I could not even have attended imperfectly, as I have done, to my duties at the Briary."

"The Cooches? Mr. Cooch's little girls?" said the doctor. "Pooh, pooh! Mrs. Selby; you think I am a second Mrs. Carthew or Mrs. Stoneman, I see. I honour that man, Mrs. Selby, and feel his kindness to you as if you had been my sister. Let his children come; I only hope mine may turn out as well as I think they will."

Midsummer came, and with it a summons to Charles Howard to repair, after the vacation, to Addiscombe. At first he rebelled; but when all else had failed to reconcile him to the change, old Jane found means which others had not thought of. One night, after he had gone to bed, she tapped at his door. "Master Charles!" she said, "Master Charlie! May I come in?"

"Yes, Jane, come in," said the poor boy; and the kind-hearted old woman almost wept at finding that her favourite had not slept, but that his pillow was wet with tears.

"Don't cry, dear Master Charlie," she said. "I can't bear to see you take on so. This last winter has been the dreariest *wishest* time I ever remember. It seemed bad enough when poor dear master died all of a sudden, without warning, or regular illness, or anything to prepare us like for losing him. I thought that was bad enough, but now to have this too is *wisht*, sure 'nough. Still, you know, if it pleases God that

Miss Nelly should gain strength to bear an operation—poor dear little soul!—the doctors say she may see again.”

“Yes, Jane,” said Charlie; “but Nelly does not get better; she gets thinner and weaker every day. I am afraid she will die after all!”

“I hope not—I trust not!” said Jane; “but that was not what I wanted to say. While mistress lives and has strength, Miss Nelly will not want; but if we should lose mistress, what would become of her? Mrs. Burrow ought to have been more of a friend than she has been, for we are the only ones of her own kith and kin that she’s got left in the world. To be sure she did send a kind letter and a five-pound note when the accident happened, but she’s going to leave all her money to strangers; she told me so herself, so there is no hope there. Now I’ll tell ‘ee what you must do, Master Charlie: you must go and learn to be a soldier officer, and when you have made your fortin in the West Indies——”

“The *East Indies*,” interrupted Charlie, who had been listening eagerly.

“Well, well, west or east, ’tial’t much odds—they can’t be far apart. As I was saying, money is made very fast in them parts. Why, I’ve known ever so many, who went out poor enough, and have come back great men—colonels, and cap’ns, and majors, and independent gen’l’men, and I don’t know what all. Why, there was that young wizzen-faced, lanky-haired, warty-fingered Joe Tonkin—a son of old Tonkin, the master builder—not very long ago he got a cadetship, as they calls it, given him (though what they want ships there upon dry land for I’m sure I can’t tell—perhaps, though, ’tis the ships they go out in). Well, now they tell me he’s a cap’n! Only last week his mother was telling me about him. She had just had a letter from him, and she said he had rode to Booge Pooge (that’s the capital of all Ingee, Master Charles) upon a dumbledory, and sat down to his wine every day after dinner, like any other English gentleman! Now, Master Charlie, you go and learn to be a cap’n, and make your fortin too, and then you can come back and take care of poor Nelly. And you need not make yourself uneasy, Master Charlie; I am strong yet, and can work for them and myself. And besides,” added Jane, in a confidential whisper, “I have saved nigh upon sixty pounds—the young gen’l’men that have boarded here have been very kind—and so, you see, they are provided for, if need be, for some time yet.”

The motive was supplied. Charlie consented to go; and though not without much grief at parting, he started on the appointed day for Addiscombe, with a promise to Nelly that he would spend all his vacations with her, and an earnest entreaty that she would take care of herself, and do all that the doctors prescribed for her good.

After this but little change occurred in Mrs. Selby’s establishment. It was long before Eleanor could be reconciled to the loss of her friend Charlie, but the alteration in the domestic arrangements around her proved most beneficial. The young Barfoots were not as strangers—they all loved and pitied poor Nelly, and all united in imparting such amusement and instruction to the stricken child as she could bear.

When Charles paid his periodical visits to Mrs. Selby’s, he found Eleanor still an invalid, pale and thin, and singularly tall for her age. The marks which she had received from the shot were scarcely percept-

tible, but all trace of childish beauty had fled : the eyes, too, still continued red and inflamed, and that is in itself a great enemy to beauty. Charlie lavished on her all he could think of, which might soften the weariness of perpetual darkness ; above all, she prized an *Æolian* harp which he had given her, and which sounded, she said, as if kind pitying angels were hovering over and singing to her.

Charles Howard's stay at Addiscombe soon passed away : he acquitted himself most creditably, and received an appointment in the Company's service highly honourable to himself. Before leaving for India he paid a last visit to Mrs. Selby's. Like most last things, the visit was a painful one, but at last the parting was over. Jane had said "Good-by," and had tried to stand in the doorway and look cheerful, but had been obliged to rush back into the house, and indulge in a hearty fit of crying ; and Nelly and Mrs. Selby had given their farewell kisses, and stood at the little garden-gate to wave yet another adieu to Charlie. Nelly could not see him, but he turned at a short distance to take a last look at her. Long, long after would he recal that last look ! She was just passing thirteen years of age, and was tall, thin, and awkward-looking ; her face was pale, her sightless eyes were red, her dark hair was pushed back from her brow, and as her mother led her away, Charles thought, with a deep sigh, on the beautiful fairy-like little creature she had been only three or four short years before, and contrasted the picture with what she was now. As he thought of it, he walked on slowly to Dr. Barfoot's, whence he was to start, and, for the first time, felt that he could never fancy this quite the same Nelly ; the lovely child appeared to his imagination to have perished in that sad accident, and this to be a being, the same and yet another, who had sprung from the ashes of the dead—a being to be loved as a sister, to be pitied, to be guarded from all evil, but not to be admired. "Yet," he said, "it was I who destroyed her ! But I will make up, as far as in me lies, for the injury I have done ; I will take care that she shall never need the charity of strangers."

The same morning Charles Howard started for Falmouth, whence he sailed, almost immediately, for India ; but before he left St. Bennett's, he sought Mr. Cooch, not only to bid him adieu, but also to beg him to watch over Mrs. Selby and Eleanor, to write to him if any evil occurred to either, and to draw on him for thirty pounds a year, which he would set apart for their use.

"I will do more when I can, Mr. Cooch," he said, "but at first I am afraid to go beyond that."

"Thank you, thank you, Mr. Charles," said Mr. Cooch ; "you may depend on my friendship. I owe much to Mrs. Selby, which I can never hope to repay ; but I will do all I can, and while I am spared, I will not neglect their interests when I see a way of doing them good."

It may be as well to say here that Charles Howard's offered assistance was gratefully but firmly refused by Mrs. Selby.

"Do not reproach me, Mr. Cooch," she said ; "Charlie means kindly, but he is young, may change, and even if he does not, I will not make Eleanor a pensioner on his bounty. There is no natural tie between them, and though Charlie thinks that she owes her blindness to his thoughtlessness, such may not have been the case—it might perhaps have come on even without the accident, and, at all events, it has been God's will. Besides, we really do not want the money ; though not rich, we

got on very comfortably; besides what he pays us for his daughters, Dr. Barfoot helps us in a thousand kind ways; and were I to be taken, I feel certain that the wind would be tempered to the shorn lamb."

"Do you know, Mr. Cooch," resumed Mrs. Selby, after a short pause, "I fancy Nelly will yet regain something of what she lost from that sad accident and after-sickness. Sometimes, when she is looking better, and *always* when she sleeps, I can trace the beauty she had when a little child; when sleeping, dear girl, she looks again our own little Nelly. You must look at her one night, Mr. Cooch, and say whether I am not right."

"We must not covet beauty," said Mr. Cooch; "it is a snare and a stumbling-block: a gift that fadeth away, even as the flower of the field. And yet," he added, "I must confess that I should rejoice to see her again; as she was; she was indeed, as Jane says, 'a perfect sunbeam in the house.'"

Mrs. Selby's hopes were not, at first, very speedily realised: Eleanor had entered on her seventeenth year, before any eye but her mother's saw grounds for hoping that she would live, much less be restored to health and beauty. But, about that time, a change became plainly visible to all: she gradually, but surely, lost the appearance of debility, the colour returned to her cheek, the poor, thin, white hands lost their sickly look, the limbs were once more soft and rounded, and the height she had attained at an early age—which, with her extreme emaciation, had made her look ungainly—was soon no disadvantage. She was above the ordinary height, but not too tall; her hair of dark brown was banded back plainly over her brow, and fell in rich curls on her finely-formed white neck; her lips were again ruby red; the look of inflammation disappeared from her eyes; and, in a word, in her eighteenth year, Eleanor Selby was, notwithstanding her blindness, one of the loveliest girls that could be seen.

About this time Mrs. Burrow wrote to Mrs. Selby, that she had a great desire to see her native place (St. Bennett's) once more, and also wished to look at her property, of which she had a good deal in the neighbourhood. "I will come to you in a fortnight," she wrote, "if you can receive me; if not, take lodgings for me near you. I am growing old now, and have been suffering long from a painful disease. My time cannot be much longer in this world, and I think I cannot die in peace unless I see St. Bennett's once more." A kind invitation was the reply to this letter, and Mrs. Burrow came. A sort of feeling of dread of their expected guest prevented Mrs. Selby and Eleanor from anticipating much pleasure from the visit—the remembrance of the scoldings they had received about the roast ducks and the steeping was still vivid in their minds; but when Mrs. Burrow arrived, all feelings of the kind vanished. She was still eccentric, and sometimes rude, but time and sickness had softened her much. A great deal of the rough outer crust had been rubbed off; and some sparks of real native kindness, which shone through now and then, the hearts of both mother and daughter. She improved too on acquaintance, and to Eleanor, in particular, her manners were almost uniformly even and gentle. She was especially fond of walking about with her, "using her," as she said, "for a walking-stick, while she was herself, eyes to the blind." Indeed, she seemed as much pleased with her, as they were with her; and even went so far as to say to

Nelly that she was "sorry she had been formerly so harsh to her mother — she had been prejudiced against her, but knew her better now."

She was very communicative on all matters connected with her money affairs, and often repeated the old story that she had made her will, and given all her property to her late husband's relatives. Of this she spoke so frequently that people began to talk of it; some blamed her and pitied Mrs. Selby and her daughter; others, among whom the chief were Mrs. Carthew and Mrs. Stoneman, were glad of it. "It is better so," they said, "for if the Selbys had money there would be no living for them; they are quite proud enough as it is." Old Jane longed to tell Mrs. Burrow that it was a sin and a shame to forget her own flesh and blood, and give to strangers; but she did not venture to go beyond thinking it. Eleanor and Mrs. Selby agreed that they were very glad Mrs. Burrow had been so candid, "for now," said the former, "I shall be able to love her, and show my affection for her, without being afraid that my motives may be misconstrued."

After Mrs. Burrow's return home, Mrs. Selby heard frequently from her; and one day a letter arrived, which enclosed a cheque for no less a sum than fifty pounds. Mrs. Burrow wrote: "I have been thinking lately that I should like to leave some token of affection to you and dear Nelly; but, as I hate that nonsensical plan of giving mourning-rings and brooches, which is only an idle waste of money, I have determined on trying to do you some good while I live (by which means, too, the legacy duty will be saved). I therefore enclose you the sum of fifty pounds, begging that it may be employed in taking Eleanor to London, and having the first advice about her eyes. Sight is very precious, and, if hers should be restored, a great anxiety would be removed from your mind. Eleanor would then be able to assist you in your employment, and, perhaps, together you might be able to do more than you can now — at all events, she would be able to earn her own livelihood; if you should be taken from her, I would ask you to come and see me on your return from London; but I am too old and feeble now for visitors, and lodgings are expensive; besides, I must be economical for a time, that I may not exceed my usual expenditure this year. But do not hesitate to accept the money; I can do without it, and my heirs will not find it wanting."

A postscript said: "If this sum should not be sufficient, draw on me to any necessary amount; I can trust you, and am determined not to spare any expense, if there is a hope held out that the desired object may be attained." It was agreed that nothing should be written to Charles Howard of their journey, unless the result proved favourable; and a fortnight after the receipt of Mrs. Burrow's generous present, Mrs. Selby and her daughter were in London, where a celebrated oculist pronounced a most favourable opinion of the case. Mrs. Selby's letters to her friends at home, though anxious, were hopeful; and at length the welcome news arrived that an operation had been performed, which had proved perfectly successful. Then came the accounts of the darkened room, the gradual admission of light, and last, and best of all, that Eleanor had once more seen and recognised her mother, and given up all idea of leaving home. Summer had attained its full glory of leaf and flower, when the widow and her daughter returned from this, to them, most important strand;

and when they arrived at their little garden-gate, and paused for a moment to look at the front of their modest home, covered with its luxuriant veil of jessamine, passion-flower, myrtle, and roses, their hearts were lifted to the Giver of all Good for the great mercy vouchsafed to them. Dr. Barfoot, Mr. Cooch, and Jane, were waiting to receive and congratulate them; and, after the first words of affectionate greeting, the doctor invited them to kneel with him, in thankfulness for the great blessing they had received. Nelly, who was fatigued with her journey, soon retired to rest; and when she laid down her head upon the pillow, it was with a feeling of happiness and contentment too perfect to last long in this world of trial.

Mrs. Selby entered her daughter's chamber before retiring for the night; and as she stood at her bedside, she felt, in the fulness of her heart, that great indeed, next to her God, was the gratitude she owed Mrs. Burrow. While she stood gazing at her beautiful girl, Eleanor opened her eyes, and, after looking at her for an instant, said, half averting her face,

"Oh, mamma! when do you think Charlie will come home?"

III.

On the very day on which Eleanor and her mother returned from London, there were seated in a room in Calcutta (for thither, by a quicker way than even by the overland route, must the reader be for a short time transported) two young ladies, whose fair skins, and—at least in one case—fresh blooming cheeks, would have satisfied anyone acquainted with the change which female beauty soon undergoes in the East, that they were recent importations. The apartment, which was large, lofty, and spacious, was well, indeed elegantly furnished, though, in accordance with the demands of the climate, the principal objects of attention had been coolness and shade. Various musical instruments were scattered about the room; a half-finished piece of fancy-work, which a small Italian greyhound, unheeded, was mercilessly pulling to pieces, lay on the matted floor; and the table was strewn with songs, music-books, water-colours, and drawings in various stages of incompleteness. The elder of the sisters—for such, though there was but very little resemblance between them, was the relationship of the two occupants of the apartment—was a delicate and rather pretty young lady, of about two or three-and-twenty, fair, blue-eyed, and gentle, though rather melancholy in expression; she was half sitting, half reclining on a sofa, and turning over the leaves of a book with a listless air, which seemed to show either that she was in delicate health, or that the enervating influence of the climate was beginning to have its effect upon her. The other lady, who might have been two or three years younger, was, though not perhaps strictly beautiful, a fine, handsome girl, with luxuriant black hair, brilliant black eyes, ivory teeth, and a rich blooming cheek; her face was rather proud than winning, but one that might be made very winning nevertheless. She was seated at the piano, but did not appear more intent upon it than her sister was upon her book; for though her fingers occasionally strayed over the keys, they appeared to do so rather mechanically than from an action of the will; but this seemed to proceed more from absence of the mind than from listlessness, for there was a look

of deep thought about the eyes—a look that would have struck one as being rather out of place, for the face did not altogether seem a thoughtful one. There was a smile, too, around the mouth, but neither that nor the expression of the eyes was altogether pleasant. The smile was evidently one of triumph, but there was something else in the look: it might have been calculation; it might have been regret; it might have been—— It is always difficult to read the meaning of the eyes, especially when they belong to a young lady.

All at once she started from her reverie, cast a half-glance around at her sister, and then, as if from a sudden thought, first running her fingers over the instrument in a light, airy prelude, burst forthwith into the following song. The voice was one of great sweetness and power, and had evidently been highly cultivated; and the young lady as evidently possessed great skill as a pianist. The music itself was light and trifling, and did little to test the abilities of the performer; yet a musician would have listened with pleasure, and with the knowledge that much more might be accomplished; while an ordinary hearer would have paused, not only for the song, but to look again at the singer, every feature of whose face seemed to express the feeling of the words. The look and tones were arch, spirited, and somewhat malicious—rather too malicious, perhaps, to be called playful:

“Bend low to your lover, my lady,
With blushes and blandishments sweet;
Bend low to your lover, my lady,
Till you see him a slave at your feet.

“Bend low to your lover, my lady,
Till the altar you leave, as a bride:
Then be—what you please, my fair lady,
To the captive that stands at your side.

“Bend not to your husband, my lady;
Be haughty and cold, as a wife:
The bridegroom you’ve won, my fair lady,
Is chained in your fetters for life.”

“Really, Fanny, a new song, and sung, too, with great spirit and feeling!” exclaimed the elder of the two young ladies. “May I venture to ask whether Captain Howard inspired the strain?”

As her sister spoke, the singer turned half around on her music-stool, and looked at her with a smile; but she did not answer, and the other resumed:

“I cannot, of course, suppose that poor Robert Sinclair taught you that song, Fanny; pray, did you learn it from your new admirer, Captain Howard?”

“Captain Howard has not heard it yet, Louisa,” replied her sister; “I do not think I shall sing it to him *just yet*.” And she sang again—

“Bend low to your lover, my lady,
Till the altar you leave, as a bride.”

“Surely, surely, Fanny,” said the elder sister, “you cannot be going to take in Captain Howard too! You know that you are engaged to Robert Sinclair, and that he will follow us to India in a few months to marry you.”

“I do not call it ‘taking in’ Captain Howard, as you politely term

it," replied the young lady addressed as Fanny; "if I give up Robert Sinclair, and marry him, *he*, I flatter myself, has no reason to complain."

"No reason to complain? Why, I suppose you will lead him to believe that you love him—you that have been attached to Robert Sinclair ever since you were children, and he to you! Why, you know, almost from your cradle you two have been looked on as lovers; and, what is more, Fanny, you *do* love him, as well as you can love any one."

"Well, and suppose I do," said Fanny, "there are more substantial realities in this world than 'Love's young dream.' Louisa! young as I am, I have learned to look on love as the great lie of life!"

"It is a falsehood, then," replied the elder sister, "which we all wish to believe in at some time." And the words were spoken in a tone of much sadness.

"Yes, Louisa," said Fanny, with a contemptuous smile—"yes, as *you* believed in it, until even you could believe no longer. Nay, do not look so frightened, and colour so violently; I will not whisper to any one that you have been disappointed in love, lest the birds of the air should carry the matter, and your market should be spoiled."

"My market should be spoiled!" exclaimed Louisa, in a tone of pique. "You are singularly coarse in your language! Could Captain Howard overhear you, perhaps mine might not be the only market spoiled to-day."

"Perhaps not; but, as I suppose we are safe for the time from eavesdroppers, I intend, Louisa, to speak for once very plainly—*coarsely*, if you please; but I do not intend to deceive you, for I see no reason why I should. Captain Howard, I believe, never appeared to be conquered by your more matured attractions, though he does seem smitten by mine."

"I doubt, Fanny," replied her sister, "whether such would have been the case had you appeared in your proper character; but I must allow that you are a finished actress."

"Thank you for the compliment," replied Fanny; "I desire no better. Now listen to me. Robert Sinclair is very much in love with me, I believe; and I, under some circumstances, might have fancied myself so with him; but he is poor, very poor, and though he is of good family, has no prospect of being much better off than he is now. When our good, venerable old fool of a father thought proper to marry a young wife, you and I, Louisa, had no choice but to go to our cross, stingy, maiden aunt, Miss Sarah Somerville; to come out to India to our married sister, Mrs. Major Ponsonby, and try to get husbands for ourselves; or, as a last resource, to remain at home, the overgrown daughters of a young mother-in-law—*younger*, indeed, than you are, Louisa, and not so many months my senior as to make it pleasant or graceful for me to play the dutiful daughter. Now, is not this true?"

"I cannot deny it; but why repeat all this? I know it far too well already."

"I repeat it partly to enlighten you, and partly that I may put my own thoughts into shape, and my motives into words, that I may *hear* how they sound: a spoken thought is sometimes very different from what it appears when it glides through the brain so gently and so noiselessly. 'Well,' as our old nurse use to say in her stories, 'where was I?' Oh, at the predicament our venerable father's youthful blood got us into. We determined

then to come out on speculation to India, as many a hopeful damsel has done before; and here we are, and here we have been for three months. Now you may not wish to observe, or may not be really very observing, but, in spite of blindness, natural or artificial, it must be very apparent to you that our kind sister Ponsonby and her martial-looking husband would both be very grateful to the powers above or the powers below if they would kindly send us a husband each."

"All this applies to my lot, I am sorry to say," answered the elder sister, "but not to yours; you are engaged, and might have remained home a few months, and then have come to India provided with a husband, instead of coming in search of one."

"And so spoiling your chance—ah, Loo? But mind you, I have given you the first chance of the market, and have even allowed you to report privately that your younger sister, who was too unwell to accept invitations or receive company for a whole month, was engaged. I am not to blame if you have not made the most of your opportunity. I might tell you that I did this out of pure sisterly affection, but you would not believe me; and as I am in a truthful humour, I will allow that I had other and selfish motives, which, as far as I can now see, were wise ones. But, to return to Robert Sinclair. You say that had I waited a few months, I might have come out as his wife; but, as he was to come to India at all events, it was as well for me to set off with my dear sister somewhat before him, and just look about me a bit first. Besides—do you remember the ball at Alveley the week before we left? Well, Mr. Sinclair gave himself great airs on that occasion; and, among the rest, found fault with my dress, which he dared to call—yes, I fear that was the word—'meretricious.' You need not be told, Louisa, that I resented this insolence. He said, too, that I flirted with every gentleman I met. That I did not care much about, but the word he used when speaking of my dress, filled me with rage. I did not conceal my indignation, and we parted in anger. We met again, indeed, and exchanged forgiveness, but I remember and resent it still."

The speaker paused, with a heightened colour and flashing eyes. Her sister then said:

"I have observed, Fanny, a change in the style of your dress, but I had no idea that you owed the improvement to Robert Sinclair."

"Oh, I don't know," replied the other, recovering her ordinary manner; "perhaps the hint, though rather broadly given, was worth attending to. I have told you that I still, in my heart, resent what he said, but I would not recur to it, if Robert Sinclair could offer me the advantages I covet; but he comes to India to seek his fortune, whilst Captain Howard has already highly distinguished himself, and is a most rising man in the service; his father holds a high official situation, and has great interest as well as great wealth, and Captain Howard is an only son—altogether, the temptation to break faith with Robert is very strong."

"You forget, Fanny," said her sister, "that Robert Sinclair has an uncle a baronet."

"Indeed, I do not forget it," replied Fanny; "neither do I forget that the said uncle has two sons, and that one of them is engaged to be married. No, no, there is no hope of my ever being Lady Sinclair; if there were, I should not think it worth while to assume any character, but my own

to Captain Howard, but I perceive that he rather admires the sentimental and delicate, and—as you say—I am a pretty good actress.”

“Still,” persisted Louisa, “I cannot approve of all this. What will you say to Robert when he comes?”

“I hope that, when he comes, he will find that the bird has flown. Captain Howard proposed to me last night, Louisa, and will speak to Ponsonby to-day. Give him a hint how the matter stands, will you? I don’t think he will much care, so he can be rid of his sweet sister-in-law.”

“I will speak to Sophy, if you wish,” said Louisa, “and desire her to name the subject to her husband. But let me beg of you, Fanny, to reconsider this. How can you hope ever to be happy, if you marry in this way—with a decided preference too for another? You may be a good actress, but, however gifted, you cannot go on acting for a whole lifetime.”

“No one does so for a whole *married* lifetime, I suppose; but, as my song says,

‘The bridegroom you’ve won, my fair lady,
Is chained in your fetters for life.’

Once for all, Louisa, I have quite made up my mind on this point; it will be something to secure so soon one of the best settlements in Calcutta. People say, that even Miss Crewe—that proud, detestable girl, so full of her high birth and her great expectations, who has refused so many offers, because she can find nobody good enough for her—they say that even she would be glad to catch Captain Howard; but I shall have the triumph of disappointing her, which in itself will be no slight gratification. She dares to rival *me*, or even to assume some airs of superiority! She has the vanity, too, to think she can sing! Oh, it will be glorious to annoy her! But here comes Sophy; just give her a hint of what my intentions are.” And, humming an air, she walked carelessly from the room.

A long conversation concerning Fanny then ensued between Louisa Somerville and her married sister. After the subject had been discussed for some time, Mrs. Ponsonby said:

“Do not distress yourself, Louisa, but let Fanny act as she pleases. No doubt, soon after her marriage she will begin to show what her temper is; but if Howard is the spirited fellow I think him, he will conquer her, if not, she will conquer him: either way they will get along, I hope, passably together. And perhaps, after all, she is right, for Captain Howard is certainly a better match than Robert Sinclair. But now, Louisa, for your affair. Ponsonby says, the offer you have received from Mr. Colman is quite unexceptionable, except, indeed, as regards age. You are, I believe, my dear, twenty-three—he is twenty-five years older; and Ponsonby says, he is sure you may do as well, or better, if you will wait. You may stay with us until you have a more eligible opportunity, especially as Fanny may be considered as positively disposed of.”

“I thank you, dear Sophy, for your kindness,” said Louisa, “but Mr. Colman’s age is no objection to me. After I was, as Fanny calls it, ‘disappointed in love,’ I did not think to marry, but looked forward to devoting myself to our father’s comfort, to nurse and soothe him in sickness and old age; but he, as you know, sought happiness at the hands of another, and when he did so, he told me he had made arrangements for sending me out to you, for he thought it quite absurd to keep me

house with a young mother-in-law. I had no choice, Sophy, but to come, and now that I am here, I feel no inclination to seek a young husband. Mr. Colman has made me an offer; I have explained to him most candidly my position, past and present, and he has consented to take me as I am. You tell me he bears an excellent character, and, if you and Major Ponsonby see no objection, I will keep my promise. But do not name this affair to Fanny—I dread her sarcasm."

IV.

BUT we must now retrograde a little, in order to say a few words more of Captain Howard's engagement to Miss Fanny Somerville than we have heard from that lady's own lips. During the few years which had elapsed since Charles had come to India, the recollection of his boyish home at St. Bennett's, of Mrs. Selby, and of dear Nelly, had never left him. At first, he felt much mortified at Mrs. Selby's rejection of all pecuniary assistance; but though he repined, and even spoke of her refusal as a slighting of the filial love he bore her, yet still somehow he respected her the more for it. "She may be right," he said to himself; "for though poor Nelly's misfortune prevents any shadow of impropriety, still it might be thought by some to be a payment accepted for the injury done to the poor child by my means." Then he would picture Nelly as he had last seen her at the garden-gate on the morning of his departure—pale, thin, spiritless, and woe-begone. He generally thought of her in this light, seldom comparatively looking back upon her as she was before the accident, and never thinking of her as anything more than a child; for though he had heard of late that her health was much restored, he could never realise her to his mind except as he had last seen her;—that last look had made a deep impression on his memory. "I will go to England," he would say, as the picture assumed reality before his mind's eye—"I will go to England as soon as I can, and see what money can do to repair the mischief—I will not be denied by any one."

During all this time, Charlie had continued just the same in heart as he was when first introduced to the reader, though the good-natured, manly boy had merged into the fine, high-spirited, handsome man. As Miss Fanny Somerville had said, he was looked upon by husband-hunting young ladies as one of the best matches in Calcutta; but Captain Howard had never felt tempted to make an offer of his hand and heart to any lady engaged in that pursuit; his whole soul revolted from what he considered the gross indelicacy of young girls going openly to market, and though he had admired many, and even flirted with some, yet he had never paid, or felt disposed to pay, what is called "marked attention" to any. His friends had pointed out Miss Crewe, the great heiress, as a fitting altar on which to lay the first offering of his affections, and the lady herself seemed by no means averse to the sacrifice—which fact was the more flattering, as she had already numberless suitors, though, perhaps, from a somewhat too high sense of her own merits, she had as yet favoured none—but she was evidently a mere woman of the world, and when Charles compared her with the ideal which he had formed of what woman should be, he found her lamentably deficient.

Thus unscathed was Charlie's heart when he returned to Calcutta, after an absence of some little duration in the interior.

"But have you seen the new arrivals, Howard?" was one of the first

questions put to him by a brother-officer—"the two Miss Somervilles—Mrs. Major Ponsonby's sisters?"

"Why, no," replied Charles; "I have neither seen nor heard of them until now. Is there anything extraordinary about them?"

"No, nothing very extraordinary; except that they have come out to India without so direct a purpose of selling themselves to the best bidder as many have. They are obliged to leave home in consequence of the marriage of their father to a young girl far beneath him in society, and only a few months' older than his youngest daughter. Mrs. Ponsonby tells me that Miss Somerville has come out sorely against her own wish, and Miss Fanny is engaged to a gentleman who will soon follow her. Miss Somerville is a pretty, quiet-looking young woman; her sister did not make her appearance in public for a full month after her arrival; she was unwell, I believe—at all events, it seemed by that as if there were no desire for display—but since she *has* come out, all the men have been raving about her, and nursing feelings of the deadliest hatred against the coming man who is to marry her. You will be delighted with her, Howard. She is a very fine girl, and a splendid musician, plays divinely, and sings—— But why should I tell you about her singing? There is to be a small music party at Ponsonby's to-night; you are at home there, and I am invited; let us go together?"

Fond of music as he had ever been, Charles Howard wanted no further inducement. He went, saw Fanny Somerville, repeated his visit, saw her large dark eyes sparkling with subdued fire, and soon, alas! felt that, when turned upon himself (for Charles Howard was a good match), they showed a softness, a shrinking delicacy, a half-conscious timidity, which they wore to no other. Day after day, Charles, unconscious of danger—for was she not engaged?—drank deeply of the poisoned cup presented by this Circe, until, with his imagination excited, and his vanity gratified by her, as it seemed to him, innocent partiality, he partly declared the passion which he felt.

Almost expecting an indignant rejection of his half-proffered suit, he was surprised to find that the hand which he held was not withdrawn; and that the large full eyes were turned for a moment upon him, and then timidly averted.

"Tell me," he exclaimed, "Miss Somerville—is not your heart engaged?"

"No," she said, half turning away—"not until now."

Enraptured and intoxicated with love and gratified pride—for, though he had mixed much with the world, his heart was warm and fresh as ever—poor Charles Howard was in a perfect fool's paradise of happiness. It were needless to dwell minutely on the remainder of the interview: suffice it to say, that Fanny Somerville succeeded in persuading him that the report of her pre-engagement had no other foundation than the earnest wishes of her friends.

"When I was obliged to come to India," she said, "I allowed the report to remain uncontradicted, for I could not bear that it should be supposed I could be so wanting in delicacy as to come out on a matrimonial speculation. Until I knew you, Captain Howard, I did not regret that this rumour had the effect of keeping me free from suitors; since then I have learnt to feel differently."

Charles drew her towards him, kissed with rapture her dewy lips, and went home to dream of happiness.

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NEW MONTHLY MAGAZINE.

A ROMANCE OF CARLTON GARDENS.

BY DUDLEY COSTELLO.

I.

A RED jacket and a birch-broom by day, a loose great-coat and a thick worsted comforter by night, a quick eye, a sharp ear, and a hoarse voice at all times, go a great way towards making up the individual whom the policemen, cabmen, and watermen of the West End consent to call by the name of "Gruffy."

But he has other characteristics which have made him well known to more distinguished patrons. The loss of an arm is only an external sign; Gruffy has that within which passeth show. No one in London can deliver a letter or convey a message more deftly than Gruffy. He is the prince of street-Mercuries, and, in the regular exercise of his vocation, a model of swiftness and discretion. His personal appearance is not, perhaps, very suggestive of the "delicate Ariel," but he is almost as rapid in his movements, and unlike the tricky spirit in that respect, he never grumbles. He has had plentiful cause, however, for grumbling during the forty years of existence by which he has been buffeted; but the ills of life seem to affect him little more than they do the cast-iron post at the street-corner against which he is in the habit of leaning. He quarrels with nothing, not even with the weather—on which account he may be looked upon as a pattern Englishman—because, as he observes, "If it warn't for wet and dirt, how should I get a livin'?"

"Wot's the obbjck," says Gruffy, "of fine wether to a pore feller like me? If it didn't never rain I should pretty soon have nuthin' to do! Where'd be the use of crossin's; wot 'ud become of birch-brooms? I mite as well chain mine up all day—as I doos sometimes when I goes of errins—agin this here post! Fine wether's only fit for oldin' osses—and there's a deal less o' that than there used to be. One never sees no idle wizzitin' gents about now; they've all gone to South Orstraly. Put the case, too, as it was auleys moonlite nites. I shouldn't have half the carridges to call; there wouldn't be no stoppin' the way wuth speakin' on; no 'Take care o' the weal, my lady;' nuthin' o' the sort! Why, I've known a good, thick, yaller fogg—them as you may cut with a knife, and can't see thro' nohow—I've known sitch nites wuth a matter o' ten bob; ah, and more too, when parties has lost theirselves. I aint got no spite agin the farmers, but the 'arder the rain comes down the more I likes it; then's my 'arvest!"

Taking this practical view of the question, Gruffy shakes hands with foul weather. Exposure by day and night, the easterly winds of spring and the searching mists of winter, have somewhat damaged that tuneful organ, his voice, but he is reconciled to this too.

"If it warn't for my voice," he says, "nobody wouldn't know as I was
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on the spot, when, p'raps, I was most wanted. Now they hears me. 'There's Gruffy,' says they; and then they're satisfied."

Few people, of any condition, have a wider circle of acquaintance than Gruffy; that is to say, he knows everybody, by sight, who is worth knowing, and a great many who are not. Living at the West End, his tendencies are, of course, aristocratic, though—not being proud—he can descend to the inferior classes. His sympathies, however, are chiefly with the great, and he has a habit, if people are not born to greatness, of thrusting it upon them.

"Wycount" and "Rite Onnerable" are the titles he prefers bestowing; and he appears to dwell upon the latter with as much satisfaction as Sir Giles Overreach himself. If he can have the opportunity of pointing out a cabinet minister to some stranger in London, who has just paid his footing—a country member of parliament, or some such innocent, we may suppose—Gruffy is happy for the day. During the latter part of Sir Robert Peel's life that statesman was an especial favourite with him. Now and then the question would be put to him, by some one who was aware of his predilection, if he knew the late Premier?

"Do I know Sir Robin Peel, sir?" would Gruffy exclaim, "I should think I did. Why, sir, there now, just cast your eyes a little that way—more to your left, sir—you're a lookin' at the collum—there, that's Sir Robin Peel hisself, the tall, stout gent just a turnin' the corner by Drummonds—es—es—es—es——." Gruffy has a difficulty with this proper name; it sticks to him like a leech; he can't shake it off. At last he gets rid of it with an effort, gasps for a few moments, and then slowly says: "Yes, sir, that's the Rite Onnerable Sir Robin Peel, Prime Minister, that is."

In or out of office it made no difference to Gruffy; he always called Sir Robert "the Prime Minister," attaching perhaps a peculiar significance to the word "prime."

Of all the London summers that had passed over Gruffy's head since first he called a coach or swept a crossing, the one that last went by was the most congenial he had ever known. As surely as the sun did *not* shine throughout the greater part of it, and as certainly as it poured cats and dogs every day, Gruffy went to bed wet through—and happy. The run upon him was perpetual; his multifarious services were in constant demand, and he thrived accordingly; so much so, that he began to feel uncomfortably well off.

"Blest," he was overheard to say to his friend Mr. Scowcroft, the Haymarket waterman, as they were taking a pot at "The Angelsea" together—"blest if I knows wot to do with my money!"

"I should invest it, Gruffy," replied he of the badge and leather-apron, gravely, "in Con-sols."

"What's Con-sols?" asked Gruffy.

Mr. Scowcroft scratched his head as if he wasn't quite prepared with a satisfactory answer—a predicament which sometimes befalls advice-givers; at last he said:

"Con-sols has summat to do with corn."

"Oh!" ejaculated Gruffy.

"And so," continued Mr. Scowcroft, rallying, "this here bein' about the wettest season as I've ever seen" (Gruffy nodded assent), "I should invest in Con-sols and buy up corn; it's safe to rise."

The order of proceeding recommended by Mr. Scowcroft was rather roundabout, but the principle, in the abstract, was good.

"Wot sort o' corn would you advise?" asked Gruffy.

"Oats, in course," replied his friend; "there aint no other kind as I knows of as London hosses can do their work on; beans aint to be named."

The "Anglesea" beer and Mr. Scowcroft's suggestion working together gave birth in Gruffy's mind to a very pleasant series of day-dreams, as he handled his broom that afternoon somewhat more mechanically than usual.

"I wonder how much corn," he kept saying to himself—"how much corn,—and con-sols," he added—for he seemed instinctively to feel that they represented the same thing,—were joined together in holy matrimony, and could not be separated—"I could buy for seven-pun-ten and fourpence ha'penny!" that being the sum which he had temporarily "invested" in the crown of his hat, wrapped up in a ragged red handkerchief. And then visions arose of his supplying all the cabs on the rank with hay as well as oats, and, how in time, he might make his fortune.

"There was old Crocky," he said, as he cast his eyes up the street where his daily pursuit called him, "he began, as I've heard tell, upon a red errin', and see wot he was wuth afore he died."

When once you begin to build castles in the air, it is impossible to say where you will stop. One thinks—having barely just enough to make both ends meet—how comfortably one could get on if "somebody" would leave one a thousand pounds. This is the first thought; but with money—ideal though it be—comes the desire for more. A thousand pounds? Yes; that is all very well: but why not a thousand *a year*? The unknown "somebody" might leave one as easily as the other. With a thousand a year—say two—or five, while you are about it—a country-house and some land—it might as well be a park, with deer in it—some ready money at the bankers—a few railroad shares, and—of course—some funded property—why not twenty, or what if it were thirty or sixty thousand pounds? You see there is no limit; imagination has taken the bit between her teeth, and away you go, over everything; pulled up at last, though, by a double ditch and rail—a tap at the door: "Please, sir," says the servant, "it's the water-rate—two quarters!" The old story of Alnaschar!

How far Gruffy had advanced in the unattainable land of *Cocagne*, we have no means of knowing, but wherever he had reached he was very rudely driven out of it, for in the midst of his speculations a cabriolet, driven by a gentleman, came hastily round the corner before he was aware of its approach, and the near wheel caught him on the shoulder, and sent him flying full-length on the pavement, his broom being whirled in one direction and his hat rolling in another. The gentleman, shocked at the accident, pulled up as quickly as he could, and jumped out to assist his victim, but before he could get to him, Gruffy, who luckily was only half-stunned, had recovered his legs.

"Where's my broom and my att?" said he, rubbing the mud off his face and the sleeves of his red jacket.

The broom was brought by a bystander, but the hat was nowhere to be seen; somebody—the day-dream fiend, perhaps—had taken a fancy to it, and left a ragamuffin cap in exchange. As there were two or three

narrow courts close to the spot where the accident occurred, the individual who made the exchange had found no difficulty in making off unperceived.

Gruffy cast a rapid glance at the crowd, to see if the hat had—by mistake—been transferred to any one else's head, but it was nowhere visible.

"There goes seven-pun'-ten-and-fourpence-ha'-penny-wuth o' corn and con-sols," he ejaculated; "one comfort is, it aint left off rainin'!"

And this was all he said about the matter.

"Are you much hurt, my poor fellow?" inquired the owner of the cabriolet, now coming up.

"Only a little shook, yer onner!" replied Gruffy, giving a pull to the peak of the cap which, in default of his own precious beaver, he now wore.

"Wuss than that," said one of the crowd; "I b'leeve he's lost all his munney!"

"'Taint no odds," said Gruffy; "I mite 'ave lost it a spekilatin'. People does."

The gentleman's *porte-monnaie* was immediately in his hand.

"I've nothing more about me," he said, pressing a couple of sovereigns into Gruffy's horny palm, "but here's my card. Can you read? Very good. Call on me to-morrow morning at ten o'clock; the address is there. Now, take care of yourself, and don't get run over again!"

"Three cheers for the gent!" shouted a baker's boy. "I s'pose Gruffy will stand sumthin' all round."

"You be blowed," said the benevolent character, who had already commiserated the crossing-sweeper; "Gruffy 'ad better go home and rest his nerves. I'll see you part of the way at any rate, Gruffy!"

The speaker was as good as his word; he went with him to the nearest public-house, where he drank a glass of hot rum-and-water at Gruffy's expense, and then, finding that Gruffy was what he called "obsteamerus," took his leave.

When this accidental friend had retired, Gruffy took out the card, and spelt it over:

"Sir 'Ennery Wernon—a nob at all ewents!—twenty-four, Vestburn-terriess. He's a nice-spoken gent, and free-'anded. One pun'-nineteen," continued Gruffy, counting his change as he paid the reckoning; "well, that's a good bit to begin with. I'm sorry tho' I lost the ankercher, and the att warn't a bad un! I akes a little; however, I s'pose I shall sleep it off."

In this philosophical frame of mind, Gruffy withdrew to his dormitory.

"And what's your name, my man?" asked Sir Henry Vernon, when at the appointed hour the crossing-sweeper stood again before him.

"My reg'lar name, yer onner—leastways the one as I was babtised—is Campkin—that's to say, James Campkin. The last was my father's; but the one as I'm auleys known by is Gruffy; folks gived it me, and I answers to it more readier than any other."

"Well, then, Gruffy—as, I suppose, I too must call you," said Sir Henry, "before we speak of anything else, didn't I hear something yesterday about your having lost some money?"

It was a long time before Gruffy could be brought to answer this question. He evaded it; said there was no harm done; *there* he was, able to sweep and go of errands just the same; his honour had given

him more than he had any right to expect for such a trifle as an upset—and more to the same purpose.

"That would be all very well, Gruffy," replied Sir Henry, "if I had done nothing worse to you than knock you down; but from what I heard I suspect I was the cause of your being robbed somehow. Now, tell me all about it."

Thus pressed, and having no corner left for his honesty to hide in, Gruffy owned to the particulars of the deposit in his hat, and Sir Henry felt sure he was speaking the truth.

"You shall be no loser by the transaction," he said, when Gruffy had made an end of his unwilling confession; "but as a hat is not the safest savings-bank in the world, I'll find some other place for you to keep your money in. Can you do anything about a house, or in a stable?"

Gruffy pointed to his empty sleeve.

"God bless me!" exclaimed Sir Henry; "I never noticed that before. Poor fellow! so you've only one arm! This is really distressing."

"I manages werry well, yer onner," said Gruffy, cheerfully; "my broom's a light 'un; it pretty nigh does all the work of itself; and then, for takin' of letters and such like, one hand's plenty."

A little more discussion on both sides, and it became clear to Sir Henry Vernon that Gruffy would rather remain as he was than "better himself" by becoming "domestical"—a position which, with scarcely anything to do, the young baronet was inclined to place him in. They separated, however, on the very best terms, Gruffy's heart being rejoiced by the assurance that as long as Sir Henry lived he should never want a friend.

"And that," said Gruffy, when he talked the matter over with Mr. Scowcroft—"that's better than all the Con-sols in the world, wotever they is, and all the corn that grows in it into the bargain."

II.

SIR HENRY VERNON was one of those young men whom all the world call "devilish lucky." He had succeeded to the baronetcy on the sudden death of a cousin, of about the same age as himself. A good estate accompanied the title, but his fortune had been greatly increased by an unlooked-for bequest from an old gentleman with whom he was not in the slightest degree connected, and whom he had not seen since he was a child; to crown his position, he was spoken of as engaged to be married to the beautiful Adelaide Maynard, the eldest daughter of Lord and Lady Hermitage.

The two first of these "lucky" events came off, with the interval of two or three years between them, while Vernon was in the East; and, on his way home to take possession, he had, in Paris, laid the foundation of the third—Lord Hermitage being at that time, with his family, on a visit to the French capital. In Paris, too, he had renewed an old Oxford intimacy with George Musgrave, from whom he had been separated since the day they left the University together: Vernon to join the Embassy at Constantinople, Musgrave to enter the Life Guards.

Of his friend's career, in the interim, Vernon had heard little or nothing, the pursuits of a diplomatist and a fashionable warrior lying somewhat widely apart. He only knew that Musgrave had gone through the usual

military career of the Cavalry Household Brigade, which, for the most part, consists in getting a troop and then selling out; but why he had sold out Vernon remained profoundly ignorant. Had he been an *habitué* of the clubs instead of a wanderer beyond the Bosphorus, the knowledge would speedily have reached him, for Musgrave's fondness for play was no secret in St. James's. He found him, then, a ruined man, according to the usual parlance; "ruin" signifying, amongst those who are highly connected, only the means of dressing and living no worse than before, with this difference that, instead of drawing upon your own banker, you draw upon another person's, or, to speak without paraphrase, depend upon an allowance from your friends. Musgrave had been hit very hard, but, independently of the gambler's invariable hope of a change of luck that should one day redeem him, he had calculated on the succession to a large property on the death of a very distant relation.

But Mr. Wilbraham, from whom he had expected so much, had his own reasons for leaving him only a couple of hundreds a year, bequeathing the bulk of his fortune to the son of an old friend—Sir Henry Vernon—who, surprised at the legacy, would have been still more surprised had he been aware of the relationship which existed between the testator and Musgrave. But what was known to everybody about town, the fact having been loudly proclaimed by Musgrave on receiving the news of his disappointment, remained a complete secret to Sir Henry Vernon, and when the intimacy between the two was renewed in the faubourg St. Honoré, the latter little thought he had taken to his bosom his deadliest foe.

Musgrave was naturally a proud man, of a bitter, unforgiving spirit, which, under all circumstances save one, would have kept him aloof from his quondam friend. But the sacrifice of his self-esteem, that worst of all moral abasements, taught in the wretched school in which he had long graduated, had made money-getting the only object of his life, and he cared not what were the means he employed to recover that of which, he tried to persuade himself, he had been so unjustly deprived, as well by the sharpers whose dupe he had first been, and then their confederate, as by "the infernal old scoundrel"—so he called Mr. Wilbraham—who had cut him off with "such a beggarly pittance."

Besides skill at play, and no tenderness of conscience to modify that skill, Musgrave had, he fancied, yet another string to his bow for the retrieval of his fallen fortunes. He had still the remains of a very handsome person—was old in dissipation only, not in years—his connexions were high, and the *entrée* into some of the best houses was not refused him; why then should he doubt about making an advantageous marriage? Before Sir Henry Vernon's arrival in Paris, he had mixed a good deal in the society of Lord and Lady Hermitage, and had fallen violently in love with Adelaide Maynard, whose fortune, even more than her beauty, rendered her in his eyes a most eligible *parti*. He had already begun to flatter himself, though upon no better assurance than his own imagination, that he had made some progress in the lady's affections, when Vernon was suddenly thrown in his way.

Musgrave had long yearned for the chance of "picking up" some one with plenty of money, whom he might keep all to himself; and he did not neglect the opportunity which now offered. When first the two met, Vernon knew no one in Paris, and he, therefore, willingly acceded

to Musgrave's proposal, that they should live together during the time he stayed. Vernon's habits were not gregarious, and Musgrave took very good care that nobody else should "cut in." He, accordingly, "gave himself up"—as he said—"entirely" to his friend, performed the part of *cicerone* in the most amiable and disinterested manner, and soon became quite indispensable. However eager to commence operations after the fashion he meditated, Musgrave was careful not to break ground too soon; but as soon as he perceived that Vernon was beginning to weary of the ordinary amusements of the place, he cautiously made his approaches. An accidental circumstance also came to his assistance. One night, as they were entering their hotel, Vernon's foot slipped from the *trottoir*, and he sprained his ankle. He was consequently obliged to keep his room, and, during his confinement, Musgrave's attention was most devoted. He brought Vernon the newest novels and caricatures, sat and talked with him half the morning; and when he left him for an hour or two, to perform some necessary commission, never returned without a store of anecdote wherewith to enliven the evening.

But the best *raconteur* in the world may sometimes flag, and a male *tête-à-tête*—perhaps even a composite one—cannot endure for ever, on conversation alone. In mercy to his friend, therefore, who must be tired, Musgrave said, of hearing his tongue go for ever, what if they were to try and vary the thing a little by a quiet game at *écarté*. Did Vernon understand the game? No! Well, Musgrave would teach him. It was very simple; any child could learn all about it in the first hand; you had only to follow one or two very easy rules, which you could not forget when once you had learnt them, and the players were at once on an equality. Not that that signified much, as they should only play for amusement. Neither did they at first, till Sir Henry began almost to tire of beating his master. A bright thought then struck Musgrave. He perceived that Vernon wanted something more to excite him. A small stake would do that; it would create an object. Unless one has *some* object in this world everything ends in *ennui*. So a trifling sum was set upon the issue, and the amusement entered upon a new phase.

It was by no stale device of suffering his friend to win in the outset (with the view of suddenly reversing the position), that Musgrave induced Vernon to play. His purpose was to make him *like* play, as well from the checks which he received as from the advantages he gained. There would be time enough to make the *grand coup* when the excitement of gambling had become the necessity of his life. This result seemed of probable attainment, for the cure of the sprain was a tedious process, and nothing appeared to while away the time so pleasantly as *écarté*. The stakes, of course, increased, and with their increase the fluctuations of the game; but these were so skilfully managed that it was next to impossible to imagine anything like pre-arrangement. At the end of six weeks then—for Vernon's confinement lasted so long—the balance between the two players was almost evenly struck. A slight advantage was, perhaps, on Musgrave's side; but that went for nothing in his calculation—his real success consisted in having familiarised Vernon with the practice of risking large sums, and finding a pleasure in doing so. Yet a little longer, and the pear would be ripe.

It happened, at this juncture, on the day Vernon first went out alone after his accident, that he was encountered in the street by an old brother

attaché, with whom he had served in Pera, and who, in the absence of his chief, was *chargé d'affaires* in Paris. Manners, that was his name, pressed Vernon so earnestly to come to the Embassy, that he consented to dine there the same day, and the acceptance of the invitation led to consequences fatal to the schemes which Musgrave had so artfully contrived, for the Hermitages were of the party, and Vernon found, in Adelaide Maynard, an object that was indeed worthy the dedication of all his thoughts.

Musgrave did not immediately perceive that his prey had escaped him, but ascribed Sir Henry's absence from their usual *tête-à-tête* dinners, for the first few days, to the desire for variety which was natural after having been shut up so long.

"He will come back of his own accord," thought Musgrave, "and then I shall have him faster than ever; when once he has fairly taken the bait again, I will hook and land him."

But when a week had gone by, and Vernon made no sign; when he declined every proposition for amusement, either out of doors or in; and when, by his pre-occupation at home, and his eagerness to go forth alone, Vernon made it clear to a much less acute or interested observer than Musgrave that some great change had been wrought in him, the latter set about at once to discover the cause.

To his bitter mortification he found that Vernon was in love, and, worse, that she who had won his heart was the lady whom he had selected as his own prize. He secretly cursed his own folly in having, as he phrased it, given his intended victim "so much line;" but he suffered no outward token to show how deeply he felt the blow. He would bide his time: if he could not prevent his friend from following "this new fancy," he might find the means of destroying his hopes, and, that accomplished, he felt sure of getting him once more within his toils and more securely than ever. So Musgrave stood apart for the present, watching the progress of events, and meditating a deeper revenge on the man who had now for the second time crossed his path.

III.

On the evening of the same day that the one-armed crossing-sweeper departed, rejoicing, from the presence of his new patron, Lady Hermitage gave a grand ball at her house in Carlton Gardens. It was the event of the season, and all the fashionable world thronged to it, including Gruffy, who attended, not so much on account of the halo of fashion that surrounded him, as of the utility of his services on the pavement.

A treacherous interval of two fine days, about the middle of July, had deluded the public mind into the belief that summer had come at last, and meant to stay. Lady Hermitage fell into the prevailing error, and resolved upon making her ball as much of a *fête champêtre* as the garden attached to her house would admit of, and the camp-fever being then at its height, Mr. Edgington's capabilities were put in requisition, and the horticultural space, by dint of marquees and other tented contrivances, was made very nearly to resemble the royal pavilion at Chobham. If you happen to be acquainted with Lady Hermitage, you will know that her garden is not divided from the street by one of those aristocratic brick walls which there is no seeing through, but is separated by

an iron railing, lined, on the inside, by such shrubs as London allows to grow. This condition of things does not appear favourable to *al fresco* party-giving, which, in high life, aims at exclusiveness; but Lady Hermitage was what is called "popular," and rather liked the idea of sharing her entertainment with the public; not that the outsiders had much, after all, to rejoice in.

Lady Hermitage's "*camp-dansant*," as the *fête* was called on the invitation cards, would no doubt have been perfect in its way, but for a slight *contretemps*: the glass fell on the morning of the party, and shortly afterwards the rain fell with it, to the extreme disgust of everybody in London, Gruffy and the cab-driving community of course excepted. Rain, as we have said, was the crossing-sweeper's element, and with even more than his wonted alacrity, he turned out "for dooty" in Carlton Gardens.

As there is nothing, however, that keeps people away from a first-rate London party in the height of the season, Lady Hermitage was disappointed of scarcely a single guest. Every kind of condolence was naturally expressed and laughed off in the usual way, and except the glimpse you got, as you entered, of a number of dim lamps doing their best to illumine a long vista of striped canvas and flowering plants, there was nothing to remind you of the nature of the projected entertainment. Lady Hermitage, notwithstanding, was not willing that all the pains she had taken should be utterly thrown away; so the marquees were lit up, and the flowers left to show what might have been had the skies only proved propitious. There the place was, if you liked to take a peep at it; if not, brilliant saloons awaited you, "with no alloying" damp and rheumatism—the ordinary concomitants of out of doors' amusements in England.

Amongst the "everybody" present were, of course, the principal personages already mentioned in the course of this narrative, Sir Henry Vernon and Captain Musgrave. They had seen very little of each other since the former became intimate at the Hermitages', but Musgrave having kept his own counsel, no cause existed why Sir Henry should cut his friend, except the simple one that when a man is in love he avoids everybody but the object of his affections. On the other hand, if Musgrave refrained from throwing himself in Vernon's way, he was far from having lost an interest in his proceedings. He knew, through an assured channel, the exact condition in which matters stood with Miss Maynard. They were not quite so far advanced as the world supposed, but, unless some untoward event occurred, there seemed every likelihood that out of the many who sighed, Vernon would be the happy man. It was to get up "the untoward event" that Musgrave secretly laboured.

Sir Henry Vernon was an excellent fellow, but he had in his disposition a spice of that quality without which, they say, true love cannot exist—he could not help being more or less jealous of all who, like himself, pretended to the hand of Miss Maynard. The individual who engrossed the greater part of this feeling was a handsome young Frenchman called the Comte Alexis de Clerval, who numbered Musgrave among his most intimate associates. With a candour which did him honour, Musgrave, in encouraging Clerval to pay his addresses to the young English beauty, told him that any fancy which *he* might have once entertained for Adelaide Maynard had long since past away, and

that, in point of fact, he was engaged to be married elsewhere. As Musgrave added that it was to some one "*beaucoup plus riche*," the Frenchman readily believed him, and omitted no opportunity of making himself agreeable to the daughter of Lord Hermitage. It must be observed, *par parenthèse*, that Monsieur de Clerval's morality was not of a much higher standard than that of the ex-Lifeguardsman; they had, indeed, too many pursuits in common for such to be the case.

"Mon cher Alexis," whispered Musgrave to the count, detaining him by the sleeve, as he was making his way through the crowd, "before you dance again with that beautiful girl, I wish to say a few words to you. Follow me."

At the foot of the staircase he was joined by De Clerval, all anxiety to know what was meant by this abrupt communication.

"Not here," said Musgrave; "we must be still more private;" and he led the way towards the tents.

"But I shall catch my death of cold," exclaimed the count; "feel what a dampness there is in this place."

"Nonsense," returned Musgrave, "come on."

And on he went, along the corridor of azaleas, through the principal *marquee*, and down another passage to a small tented *boudoir* at the very extremity of the Hermitage encampment.

"In this place," said Musgrave, "we are safe not to be overheard; sit down and let me tell you what my plans are."

With a despairing shrug and sweeping glance that took in all the discomfort of the apartment, for the rain pelted hard against the canvas and the wind came in through more than one ill-fastened aperture, Alexis de Clerval resigned himself to his fate.

"You must make a push for it to-night," said Musgrave, as soon as they were seated.

"To-night!" replied his companion; "for why in such a hurry?"

"For the best of all reasons, Alexis. If you don't, somebody else will."

"Somebody else! who you mean? Not Sire Henri Vernon!"

"Sir Henry Vernon," returned Musgrave, slowly and emphatically. Then suddenly changing his tone and manner: "What the devil was that noise? Something wheezed like a broken-winded horse. Stay,—what makes the wall of the tent bulge so? An infernal dog lying against it, I suppose. There,—take that you brute, and don't disturb us again!" So saying, Musgrave bestowed a violent kick on some object that yielded to his foot with a low growl and then seemed to move away.

"Sapristie! Musgrave! Let sleep that dog, and tell me, are you in earnest?"

"As ever I was in my born days. Listen. Vernon and I dined together to-day,—the first time since we were in Paris. For once in his life he was communicative,—the Champagne perhaps unlocked him,—and the sum and substance of what he told me was that he meant to propose to Adelaide Maynard this very evening."

"Diable!" ejaculated Alexis; "then there is no more of time to lose. I must finish with this Sire Henri. I go at once."

"Stay a moment, Alexis," said Musgrave; "you recollect our conditions. Five thousand, you know, out of the settlements."

"That is much of money!" was the Frenchman's reply.

"Very likely; though it's only a fourth part of what you will get yourself."

"But you say that you, too, are going to marry a more rich *personne*. Why ask my money?"

"Something in hand, *mon cher*. Vernon may not cut up so soon as I expect; though, if your affair succeeds to-night, the chances are that mine will also."

"You mean to try him then, by-and-bye?"

"Just so. If you play your cards rightly, I think I can get him into my clutches. At all events, everything is prepared."

"Where is it to be?"

"At the old place—the Lodge, in Jermyn-street. If I can pluck him first and—hocus him—that's it, *mon cher*,—hocus him afterwards, the deuce is in it if he don't bleed."

"And what you mean to give me out of the pickings?"

"We'll settle that, Alexis, when you've made it all right in the other quarter. Now then, as you say, no time is to be lost. 'Finish him!' *c'est bien le mot!*—finish him! D—— him!"

The confederates disappeared, and, as soon as they were gone, Gruffy—the supposed dog—withdrew his ear from the slit in the tent at which he had been listening.

"This 'ere's a pretty go!" said he. "Lucky for Sir Ennery them workmen left the garding-gate ajar; lucky, too, the rain pelted down as it did; I shouldn't else have jammed myself up agin this here precious tent to get a snooze afore the quality come out; I shouldn't have got that kick nayther. How shull I manage to put my rite onnerable friend up to this 'ere dodge?"

While Gruffy is turning this matter over in his mind we will go back to the house.

With the purpose which he had avowed to Musgrave unchanged, the nearer the time came for declaring himself, the greater grew Sir Henry Vernon's agitation. This nervousness had taken possession of him from the moment he entered the ball-room, and prevented him, indeed, from uttering more than a few embarrassed words on first seeing Miss Maynard, which, so far from resembling the greeting of a lover, had in them an air of constraint—even of coldness—had made her imagine—though why, she was utterly unconscious—that he was offended with her. This supposition was strengthened by his continuing to keep aloof—(the poor fellow was mustering up his courage all the time)—and her temper (we are sorry to say it of a young lady so near marriage) was piqued, and she resolved, if he persisted in taking no notice of her, to do the same by him. She even—as women sometimes have been known to do—went a little further, and, putting on much more gaiety than she felt, appeared to give herself up entirely to the enjoyment of the hour. Vernon noticed this, and began to ask himself the question, whether the step which he was about to take were not premature; then he shook off the thought and resolved to adhere to his first decision; vacillated again; and, finally, had recourse to more than one tumbler of Champagne to keep up his failing spirits.

It was while he was thus occupied that Musgrave, having seen Alexis de Cherval claim and receive Miss Maynard's hand for another dance,

entered the refreshment-room. He had studied Vernon at all times too closely, and watched him, that evening in particular, too narrowly, not to feel sure that what he was going to say must make a strong impression.

"There's many a slip, Vernon, between the cup and the lip," said he, raising his own glass.

"Take care you don't verify the proverb," returned his friend.

"That would be a mere literal accomplishment," replied Musgrave.

"I was not speaking of myself."

"What did your newly-discovered oracle mean then?"

"Something that concerns you."

"Me! What is it?"

"You recollect, Vernon," continued Musgrave, lowering his voice, "what you told me after dinner to-day?"

"What then?"

"Only this: you have been forestalled."

"Be a little more explicit, if you please; I am in no humour for joking."

"Neither am I. Since you *must* know the state of the case, here it is. I thought to have offered *you* my congratulations; as it happens, I have been obliged to congratulate another person."

"You surely are not in earnest, Musgrave?" said Vernon, turning very pale; "and yet I cannot think you would trifle with me on such a subject."

"My dear fellow," replied Musgrave, with an air of commiseration, "I thought it was better you should learn it from me than from a stranger; for I dare say, by this time, it is known all over the house. But the truth is"—and here his voice would have been inaudible to any but Vernon—"the truth is, Alexis de Clerval has just been accepted by Miss Maynard; he told me so himself."

"I will hear it from her own lips then," cried Vernon, with such emphasis that even the methodical *maitre d'hôtel* behind the buffet was startled from his propriety, and nearly let fall a decanter with which he was officiating.

"*Mais les bienséances*, my dear Vernon. You can't exact such a thing, at such a time, in her father's house."

Vernon trembled with passion.

"Come up-stairs," continued Musgrave, "and judge for yourself how the thing looks; but don't make an *esclandre*. *Ca serait trop bête*."

Scarcely knowing what he did, Vernon thrust his arm into Musgrave's, and ascended with him to the ball-room. It was a critical instant. Miss Maynard and Alexis de Clerval were seated on a sofa at the opposite side of the apartment. No one was near them, and it was evident to Vernon, from the earnestness with which the count was speaking, and the attention which Miss Maynard paid to his words, that the subject of their conversation was deeply interesting to both. A slight circumstance confirmed this belief. De Clerval, who had been looking down while he spoke with an air of profound humility, accidentally raised his eyes; they met Musgrave's glance, and sparkled with an expression in which he read intelligence, and Sir Henry success.

Vernon could bear the sight no longer; he tore his arm abruptly away from Musgrave and quitted the room.

"Where are you going?" called Musgrave, quickly following.

"Anywhere—to the devil," exclaimed the other.

What next ensued may be briefly told. Excited by passion and the wine he had already drunk, Vernon became the easy victim of his friend's artifice. The old *maitre d'hôtel* was once more astonished by the impetuosity of Vernon's manner as he again put his services into requisition, at the bitter vehemence with which he pledged Musgrave in a singularly expressed toast, and at the eager haste with which the two gentlemen left the refreshment-room together.

"Get up my brougham, you scoundrel," cried Musgrave, giving his name to Gruffy, whose head appeared just inside the portico as the door was opened.

"Capt'in Musgray's broom," was the hoarse response of the crossing-sweeper, not observing just then who was the captain's companion.

The carriage was quickly brought up, this being the earliest departure, and Vernon and Musgrave advanced. The light flashed full in the face of the former, and Gruffy recognised his patron.

"Bless yer art, Sir Ennery, I'm so glad to see yer!" was the poor fellow's joyful exclamation; and he laid hold of Vernon's cloak to arrest his progress.

"Don't pester me, now," said Sir Henry, shaking him off somewhat roughly.

"But I've sumthin' to say as you must 'ear, Sir Ennery!"

They were already in the brougham, and the slamming of the door prevented Gruffy's last words from being heard.

"He's a goin' to be put through the mill as sure as my name's Gruffy," soliloquised the crossing-sweeper. "I'll be off to Scotling-yard!"

To use the language of Superintendent Fellox of the G division, there was a "tremendous shine" that night at the establishment in Jermyn-street known as "The Lodge." The police, guided by Gruffy, broke into the house and captured a saloon full of gamblers, a round dozen of them, as low a set of scoundrels as ever wore pins and watch-chains. They did more: in an inner room, with a box of loaded dice in his hand, and playing with an antagonist, who was in a state of strange stupefaction, if not drunkenness, they made a seizure of a gentleman who gave the name of Tomkinson, but who was—as the *Morning Post* of the next day delicately and obscurely worded it, "C—pt—n M—sgr—ve, formerly of the L—fe G—rds." Without being much less explicit, we may add that the victim whom he had drugged, and was caught plundering, was Gruffy's patron, "the Rite Onnerable Sir Ennery Wernon."

How Gruffy continues to prosper, though he *will* stick to his crossing in a new red jacket, and with a nice little pot of money accumulating in the "Simmertons" Savings-bank; how Captain Musgrave lives on his wits in Brussels, with "the crank" in perspective if he ventures to return to England; how Alexis de Clerval consoles himself without Miss Maynard's fortune; and how happy Sir Henry and Lady Vernon are—all explanations over—may, in the words of a very distinguished writer for the newspapers, be "more easily conceived than described."

THE AGE OF GOLD.

BY CYRUS REDDING.

LIFE cries to its waning years for gold—
 To avarice being's self is sold ;
 Men are daily, hourly wrangling,
 Till the stars the heaven bespangling,
 Dreams once picturing heartfelt bliss,
 Change to the Judas-coloured kiss :
 Ever grasping, and clasping, and craving,
 Each nobler thought braving, enslaving,
 The cry is still of gold,
 More ten times told,
 Ten times doubled let it be,
 From over land, and over sea ;
 Buy it with worth, or faith, or glory,
 Humanity's or honour's story,
 But keep a mite to mask the juggling,
 The hurrying, skurrying, fretting, struggling,
 Of lives that weary, worn, and old,
 On the grave's verge still cry out—"Gold!
 More gold!"

Oh ! sweet the sound metallic chinking,
 To man's vain ear and venal thinking,
 Welcome the raving and the rattling,
 Where jobbers are with jobbers battling—
 Where farthings noisy men are splitting,
 And neighbours are at neighbours hitting,
 Frantic, angry if in vain—
 Hell not greedier after gain,
 Yet though oftentimes self-sold,
 Crying insatiate still for gold—
 "More gold!"

Hallowed the stone, sublime the sound—
 "Hic jacet—ninety thousand pound!"
 What epitaph with that compares,
 Save the more glorious millionaire's?—
 Hide apostles, prophets, sages,
 Patriots, heroes, of all ages,
 Whether learned, wise, or bold,
 Your mistake is stale and old—
 Better had you cried, "Gold ! gold !"
 More gold!"

Then bless the goldman midst his piled-up treasure,
 Though a sea of toilsomeness his anxious cares may measure ;
 How it flitters, how it glitters,
 How it twinkles, how it winkles as it dazzles his weak sight,
 While his thoughts are still descending
 Deeper in the mists of night,
 With the low things of earth ever blending !
 Awaking, or asleeping,
 Proud as Satan's self while creeping
 To his ingots safely stored—
 Still crying at the chinking and the glitter of his hoard—
 "More gold !"

AN IMPERIAL VISIT.

THE fact of the Emperor of the French and his consort having gone to sojourn at Dieppe, seems to have turned the heads of various towns in the north of France. "Of course they will come to us!" argued Boulogne; Calais repeated the same, and Dunkerque echoed it. It was known, or supposed, that his Imperial Majesty would visit the Camp at St. Omer: "A good opportunity," put in Calais and Dunkerque, "for his visiting *us*." Boulogne took it into its head—nobody is able to find out upon what grounds—that Monday, the 5th September, was the day fixed by the Emperor and Empress for their arrival in that town from Dieppe by sea. No end of preparations were made to receive them: people flocked into Boulogne from miles round: the streets were crowded as with a fair: the whole day was passed on the tip-toe of agitated expectation: and behold! the Imperial pair were quietly remaining at Dieppe, *having no idea they were expected elsewhere*.

Other towns, meanwhile, were voting large sums of money, and levying contributions on their inhabitants to amass them, for the purpose of making preparations for the Emperor's reception. But when it was known that their Majesties had returned to Paris from Dieppe, fears arose that the sanguine expectations had been indulged in vain. Soon, however, telegraphic despatches arrived from the Emperor, to the effect that upon his approaching visit to the Helfaut-Camp at St. Omer, he would gratify them all; and the embellishing processes went on with undiminished ardour.

In no town were the loyal feelings, to judge by the preparations, more extensively displayed than in Dunkerque. For many weeks, various alterations and arrangements had been going on at the Sous Préfecture. Two bedrooms and dressing-rooms had been luxuriously fitted up for the Emperor and Empress; for, it was taken for granted that if they came at all to the town, they would sleep in it. The municipal council had met, and decided upon the manner of the reception; a committee had been formed to superintend the decorations of the streets; and nothing was heard, thought, or dreamt of in the city, but the arrival of their Majesties.

A sudden damper came to it. It was announced, upon authority, that the Empress would not make one in the royal tour. The Dunkerque ladies were *au désespoir*. Twenty of these French-Flemish dames, and twenty demoiselles, had been fixed upon to form the Empress's "court" during her stay, and the unwelcome news that no Empress was to come, and that there would be no court to form, drove them nearly wild. They rushed to the Sous Préfecture.

"Is it true?" they gasped.

"Mon Dieu, oui! on craint que c'est vrai," responded the wife of the Sous Préfet.

"And all our expensive new dresses!" murmured the dames. "They'll be quite useless to us! We can never hope for any other occasion of wearing them. Court dresses in Dunkerque! ma foi! Point d'espérance!"

"Our lovely white costumes and our wreaths and our flowers!" la-
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mented, with tears in their eyes, the demoiselles, who were to have been the demoiselles d'honneur. "What was the use of having the dresses, if we are not to use them?"

"*Can't* we form a court for the Emperor, if her Majesty does not come?" uttered one, in the very excess of desperation.

It was a bright idea. A few of the more calm-thinking hesitated; but who could long think calmly in such a dilemma? So it was decided that the suggestion should be acted upon, and the Emperor furnished on his arrival (to his probable unbounded astonishment) with a court of ladies and maids of honour. But in the midst of the perplexity, there arrived down another despatch.

"The Empress was coming."

On went the preparations: nothing could equal the activity of the town; nothing exceed its importance and bustle; and the hopes of the dames and the demoiselles were again exalted into the seventh heaven. The ball, on the evening of the eventful day, was to be on a scale of unusual magnificence. The theatre, where it was to take place, was in active preparation; the pit was boarded over on a level with the stage; a flight of steps, leading to the centre box, from the arena, was constructed, the box was removed, and a dais erected, on which were placed two luxurious fauteuils, the letter N, emblazoned on the one, E, on the other. Everybody expected an invitation to the ball, and everybody got it—all the French and all the English. There was some consternation and discussion as to how the invited were to get in—if they all went: invitations being out, it was declared, for 3000, and the theatre holding, at a cram, 1200. "Don't go in flounces to your robes, especially of lace," echoed one lady to another; "they'll get torn to atoms in the crush." And the advice was good.

Monday, the 26th of September, was the day fixed upon by the Emperor to be in Dunkerque. Four days previously, the decorations in the streets were commenced. Such a waste of time and money! No two streets were to be alike. A double line of poles, or masts, in the streets, with flags and streamers flying—to erect which poles, the pavement had to be partially taken up—were the first symptoms that gladdened the eyes of the curious pedestrians. Some of the poles were painted white and grey; some were completely covered with evergreens; others only partially so; a few with green branches and white calico, mixed, and twisted round. There were some streets that presented quite a succession of green bowers—wherever all the trees and the boughs and the shrubs came from, remains a puzzle yet: green wreaths and festoons and flowers were drooped from pole to pole, and across the street from window to window; whole trees were transplanted for the occasion; and large street-chandeliers, peculiar to Dunkerque, composed of little pieces of thick glass, which wave and rattle pleasantly in the breeze, were suspended in the streets. The air was a perfect mass of flags, mostly of the tri-colour, not only flying from the poles and the cords and the festoons, but waving from every window. From three or four houses inhabited by loyal Englishmen, the glorious British flag, large and powerful, towered conspicuously. The Place Jean Bart, the Place, *par excellence*, of Dunkerque, intended itself to be especially elegant. Tri-coloured draperies of calico, blue, white, and red, were hung completely round it,

on the walls of the houses: flags flew in abundance, and coloured lamps were with them, side by side. No end of eagles, in all the colours of the rainbow, and as brazen as gilt could make them, were hoisted atop of the houses and at the corners of streets. A beautiful triumphal arch, with a colossal eagle for its summit, was erected on the Place, at the commencement of the street leading to the Park: it looked like a shifting scene in a playhouse. Close by it waved an enormous flag or banner, green, with gold stars, the handsomest, people said, amongst the flags. From the top of the high tower, opposite the Grande Eglise, streamed out four or six long lines of little flags, carried out to a considerable distance, almost at a right angle, and there fastened to the ground. It had a wonderfully pretty effect, extending out like wings. What with the flags and the house draperies, the calico consumed must have been a quantity that never yet was consumed in any town before, and probably never will be again: for one street alone, and that not a very long one, 3000 metres were used; and French metres, remember, are longer than English yards. At the end of the Rue de l'Eglise, leading on to the port, the fishermen erected a triumphal arch, the component parts of the structure being barrels and fishing-nets. On the port where the Emperor would proceed to view the new works, was another archway, raised by the harbour workmen; and this was constructed of wheelbarrows, shovels, and pumps; not your household yard-pumps, but chain-pumps: streamers of which were brought down and fastened out on either side, after the manner of the flags from the tower. It looked capital, and so the Emperor thought.

Sunday, the 25th, was a most bustling day, as it always is in France, and the workmen were busy with their preparations in all parts of the town. But a gloom hung around, for the day was cold, windy, and pouring wet. In spite of the pretty streets, and the green shrubs, and the draperies, and the clusters of coloured lamps, and the fine arches, and the chandeliers, and the flags, and the streamers, everybody looked glum; for, with this weather, what pleasure would there be on the morrow?

The Emperor and Empress had arrived that morning at St. Omer, from Lille, and many people flocked from Dunkerque to see them. They rode to the camp at Helfaut in a close carriage. The Emperor mounted a superb charger to review the troops; the Empress, with two of her ladies, remained in the carriage. Crowds upon crowds rushed to the camp, and enjoyed themselves there on foot, ladies as well as gentlemen, the rain coming down in torrents, and the slop knee deep. A worse day could not be imagined. Shoes were lost in the mud and abandoned; boots had to be cut off the foot piecemeal, and dresses and bonnets, the greater portion of them, will never go on again. "Never mind ourselves," cried the excited and loyal spectators; "if we are wet, the Emperor's dripping—look at him!" Why could not the people keep in the carriages that conveyed them thither? inquires the English reader. Because the camp is situated on the *plateau* of a high and lofty hill, what many would call a mountain; the ascent to which is somewhat formidable; and French hired horses, and French hired vehicles, and French hired coachmen, not being cast in the adventurous mould, they flatly refused to go up it. So they remained comfortably at the bottom, and the company they had conveyed thither toiled to the top on foot,

and walked about the field till the rain streamed off them in buckets, and they were soaked through and through—like so many geese. The St. Omer doctors, and those of the neighbouring towns, have been called out since to no end of cases of rheumatism. "Why did you stay there in such weather?" was asked of a lady who had formed one of a party of several. "Because everybody else did," was the doleful reply, "though I thought we were all catching our deaths."

But, to return to Dunkerque. Independently of the rain, another cause arose to damp the general ardour. The wind, which had been desperately high all day, increased violently towards Sunday evening; from about seven or eight o'clock, it increased with every hour and every minute. The town went to bed at its usual time, but not to sleep: there were few eyes closed in Dunkerque that night, for it was one of terror. Scarcely has a storm of wind been heard more violent. Little children flew shivering into their parents' rooms for protection, as windows were blown in. Heads of families rose, and visited the different parts of their houses several times in the night, expecting to see the panes of glass in shatters on the floors. Numbers upon numbers never attempted to sleep, but got up in the morning from their rocking beds, unrefreshed as they had sought them the previous night. Bricks were hurled from chimneys, trees torn up by the roots, shutters and windows rent from their fastenings: scarcely, in the remembrance of the oldest inhabitant of Dunkerque, has such a hurricane been known. With the going down of the morning tide the storm a little abated, but it still blew awfully.

Out went the people into the streets, and oh! what a sight the unfortunate decorations presented! It was nothing but a scene of desolation. The house-draperies had nearly all disappeared, nobody knew where, unless into the air, like balloons; a few torn odds and ends were clinging round the chimneys, here and there, and flapping away in the wind; the houses were stained blue and red where the draperies had been, for the rain had soaked out their colours; the eagles had come down on the wing; some of the flags fluttered in ribbons, like a furious cat-o'-nine-tails; the leaves were torn off the once lovely green boughs, and were whirling about in the air like a storm of snow, whilst the streets, from the heaps settled down on them, looked like a forest in autumn; the festoons were blown to pieces; the greater part of the triumphal arches were destroyed; the much-admired barrel-arch had demolished itself, with a noise and fury seldom heard before, to the excessive terror of the neighbouring houses, who said they had thought "the street was coming down;" and the beautiful triumphal arch leading to the Park was a heap of ruins, its colossal eagle lying on the ground with its head off, and its gilt wings gone away.

Some of the disasters could not be remedied, for time pressed, and the wind was still in its tantrums, as an English lad phrased it; but all that *could* be done, was done; and in the more sheltered streets, through which the *cortège* would pass, little real damage had been effected. Fortunately the rain kept off.

But the people, from another cause, felt angry and vexed. The town had gone to an enormous expense; it really had; and rumours had oozed out, two or three days before, that the Imperial pair, instead of remaining a night in the town, dining at the Préfecture and "assisting" at the ball,

would only stay three hours. The people refused to believe it, and the mayor went up to Lille to represent the circumstances of the case to the Emperor, and to entreat their Majesties to prolong their intended stay. He was most graciously received, and invited to dine at the royal table; but, upon his return to Dunkerque, brought word that the Emperor's arrangements having been decided upon, he could not change them, and that three hours must be the limit of his stay in Dunkerque. What a disappointment! everybody cried. And what a useless expense has been gone to! everybody thought.

The Imperial train was to arrive at half-past eleven, but long before that hour every window in the line of procession was crammed. Troops in their gay uniform were pouring up to the railway station, the music of their fine bands echoing around; conspicuous for their attire marched the *sapeurs-pompiers* in their brazen helmets; bodies of decorated men, deputations from the neighbouring towns, followed; the municipal council of Dunkerque loomed by, in all the grandeur of their official robes; walking with them was a lady, decorated with two medals, for services rendered formerly in the town; old soldiers of the Empire; ancient sailors; children of the public institutions, all advanced; the Imperial carriages, which had arrived the previous evening, followed, in the midst of an escort; and not the least picturesque of the different objects was a deputation of fishwomen, bearing aloft a net, containing a fish made of silver. They were charmingly attired in their peculiar holiday costume; their light, clear-looking caps spotless as snow, their gold ornaments, and long pendent earrings; and their dresses, mostly of chintz, looped up in festoons like a court lady's of former times, displayed petticoats of damask moreen, some blue, some red, and other colours.

The royal train punctually arrived, the ringing of bells and firing of cannon announced it; and, the various forms and ceremonies usual upon such an occasion having been gone through between the authorities and their sovereign, the Emperor and Empress made their state entrance into the town. It was a gracious act, on that fearfully windy day, to use an open carriage, leaving the close ones to their attendants. Louis Napoleon seemed excessively cool, scarcely noticing the admiring crowds through which he passed, but the Empress bowed repeatedly. She looked pale and tired, but so far as a hasty view of one in a carriage, and with her veil down, may be trusted, she has a most pleasing expression of countenance, and is very beautiful. She was handsomely, but plainly, attired in a silk dress with flounces, a warm shawl, and a fancy-straw bonnet. The Emperor was of course in uniform; and he looked, in his cocked hat, as unlike his portraits as he could well look. There was little cheering; and perhaps that may account for the Emperor's *froidueur*: I think the people were so pre-occupied, looking for the Empress, that they did not *recollect* to cheer. The *cortège* proceeded at a slow pace to the Sous Préfecture, which was made the mairie and the Imperial Palais for the day. It is situated close to the Place du Théâtre, and its approach was one scene of banners, arches, and flags. As the Imperial carriage was turning in at its gates, an English lady at an adjoining window called out, in her own tongue, "Long live the Emperor!" and Louis Napoleon looked laughingly up, nodded, and bowed.

Meanwhile the dames and the demoiselles d'honneur had arrived at the

Sous Préfecture, with numbers of other French ladies, residents of the town, and were waiting to be presented to the Empress. If the stately carriages, attending a court at St. James's, could but have seen the vehicles brought into requisition for this! Omnibusses arrived in abundance. But the poor Empress, whose high lot cannot exempt her from the fatigue common to other mortals, was completely worn out with all the journeying and the sight-seeing, and was much more thankful to repose a little while upon her bed, than to do the honours of a court. The ladies, however, did get presented.

The Emperor, after the presentations to himself were over, quitted the Sous Préfecture in his carriage, attended by M. de Paillard the Sous Préfet, the authorities, and his suite, and went to inspect the Exposition of Dunkerque. From thence he proceeded to the port, on foot, braving the wind, where he examined the works going on in the harbour. Nothing, it is said, could equal his astonishment when the extensive harbour and its mass of fleets were exposed to his view. He had no idea (it is a very prevalent delusion) that the port and town of Dunkerque were of half the size and importance that they really are. English ships, American ships, Russian ships, Turkish ships, besides native vessels, crowded in the harbour, some three hundred of them, all carrying their national colours. But the Emperor's expressions of surprised pleasure were suddenly interrupted.

The deputation of fishwomen, in their handsome costume, came up at this moment, more than thirty of them, and joining their hands, enclosed his Majesty in the midst of their circle. It is an old custom of the town, when honoured with the presence of its sovereign.

"What would you?" inquired the Emperor, in surprise.

"We would offer to your Majesty's acceptance a silver fish," replied the spokeswoman by right, a portly, black-eyed dame, looked upon as the "queen" of the fish-market, producing a pretty silver fish enclosed in a net of gold wire and green silk. The Emperor graciously accepted the offering.

"What next?" he continued, good-humouredly, finding he was not released.

"There is another custom of the town, sire," said the bold dame. "Before you can leave the circle, you must embrace me. When your uncle, the Great Napoleon, was here, *he* followed it. I had the honour of a kiss from him, and I must have the same from you."

What could the Emperor do? He behaved as a gallant Emperor ought, and laughingly gave the kiss, amidst the cheers and roars of the assemblage.

"That is not all yet," proceeded the gratified dame. "We wish to see your beautiful Empress. We have a second fish for her. Will your Majesty courteously give the orders for our admission to her at the Sous Préfecture?"

The Emperor hesitated, remembering, probably, the fatigue of his consort; but it was only for a moment; and he told the circle of *pêcheuses* that the Empress would be happy to comply with their wishes. So away the lot started to the Sous Préfecture.

The Emperor then went to the Belvedere, at the gates of the port; it was all garnished and covered with flags, and running up its many steps,

he contemplated in silence for some moments the scene before him. On the ramparts also, which he next mounted, it was more conspicuous. The magnificent harbour, with its rich freight, rocking about as if they were riding at anchor; the fine old town behind it; and the roaring sea opposite, extending into the distance, the waves running mountains high! Not a vessel was to be seen at sea. The Cherbourg fleet, signalled to approach the previous evening, was unable to obey, but had been driven towards the Downs: the *Reine Hortense* alone was at her post, and she had arrived before the boisterous weather set in.

The Emperor examined every point in the harbour with profound attention, especially the improvements in process of construction, and listened eagerly to the remarks and explanations of the engineer-in-chief, M. Decharme. It is asserted that the Emperor frankly declared had he possessed a knowledge of the extent of the city and the importance of its port, he would have made arrangements to remain within its gates a longer period; and he hinted that it was not impossible he should again visit it at no very distant period of time.

But the fish ladies had, ere this, found their way to the Sous Préfecture, and demanded to see the Empress.

"Impossible!" replied one in authority; "*you* can't see the Empress. And, besides, her Majesty is fatigued, and is lying down."

"We *are* to see her," retorted the spokeswoman. "You cannot act against the orders of the Emperor."

How long the dispute would have continued is uncertain, for both parties held out, had not the Emperor driven up, and confirmed the women's statement.

"*All these!*" cried a renowned general, looking at the thirty *pêcheuses* in dismay; "they will frighten the Impératrice. Could not three or four of them enter, as a deputation from the rest?"

"We don't understand anything about your deputations," interrupted the indignant ladies; "we have come to see our sovereign, with his Majesty's permission, and we mean to see her." And elbowing their way right and left, through generals, officers, préfets, municipal authorities, staff and all, they marched, without further ceremony, up to the audience-chamber, and from thence were admitted into the presence of the Emperor and Empress.

Their greetings of her Majesty were far more in accordance with the laws of hearty good-will, than with those of etiquette. They pushed up and danced about her, full of praises and admiration. The Empress would fain have danced too, and nearly did; she was almost as delighted as they were, and laughed and enjoyed the scene like a happy young girl. "O comme t'es belle! comme t'es belle!" uttered they, in their familiar patois.

"It is a pretty present," exclaimed her Majesty, accepting the silver fish, and playing with it. "How frequently, pray, do you catch these sort of fish?" she asked, laughing.

"Just as often as your Majesty comes to Dunkerque," they promptly replied. "Comme tu es bellotte, mon Impératrice!" uttered their bold and joking leader: "tu es vraiment bellotte; et je te souhaite un gros garçon!"

The Empress laughed out, a ringing laugh, as she would have done

with an equal; the Emperor joined in, heartily; and the women, laughing in concert, retired: the Empress ordering them 1000 francs.

A tremendous crowd, meanwhile, as many as could push in, had collected in the cathedral, where a large body of priests waited in state for their sovereign; the church being decorated inside, and its entrance-doors hung with crimson-velvet. But while they waited and waited, thinking his Majesty was a long while coming, the hour struck half-past two, and a loud discharge of cannon announced the unwelcome fact, that the Imperial couple had left the town again, on their route to Calais, without going near the church at all. It was very provoking for those who had been closeted there for hours, pushing and scrambling in the dense crowd, in the hope of seeing them. On the Emperor's departure, he shook warmly the hand of M. Mollet, the Mayor of Dunkerque, and expressed a lively sense of satisfaction at the manner in which he had been welcomed. And Dunkerque deserved as much: for it had bestowed a deal of money and anxiety and time to entertain his Imperial Majesty, for the short and unsatisfactory space of three hours. The mayor and two other gentlemen received the insignia of the Legion of Honour.

The next event, in rotation, was the ball: and, the crowding excepted, it was a very delightful one. The theatre was beautifully decorated and fitted up: but the French ladies asserted that it was "pénible" to see the dais and the two fauteuils unoccupied. There was many a pretty woman there, many a pretty girl; some of the toilettes were exquisite, and the uniforms, civil and military, glittered in all parts of the throng. The quadrille d'honneur was formed as well as it could be formed, for the crowd; the Sous Préfet taking the first place, in the absence of his Majesty. Refreshments were given in abundance; not a common feature at French balls; and the Champagne and the "ponche" were in great requisition.

Tuesday morning rose beautifully; the wind had greatly abated, and the second day of the fête promised to take the palm from the first, bringing further regret that the Emperor had not stayed longer. The street decorations were remodelled and replenished, and countless numbers of coloured lamps hung, to be illuminated at night. An *estrade* was erected on the Place Jean Bart, all lamps and flags and festoons of flowers and evergreens, intended for the arena of the trial of skill in music; and active preparations were making for the fireworks, which promised to be truly magnificent. In the afternoon, the musical bands of Dunkerque and of the neighbouring communes, with that of the 33rd Regiment, assembled, each performing two pieces, chosen at will, and a prize was presented to the band adjudged the best.

With dusk, the streets were lighted up; the illuminations also were very general; they had been only partially so the previous night, on account of the tempest. A prize was to be given to the most tastily decorated of the streets, and the one, deemed best deserving of it, presented more the appearance of a grove at Vauxhall, in old times, than a street, so profuse were its evergreens and its clusters of fanciful and many-coloured lamps; whilst at its extreme end, the eye, roaming through verdant arcades, caught a view of the ancient *Couvent des Penitentes*, brilliantly lighted up: the Place Napoleon, too, had an admirable effect, it being entirely hung round with Venetian lanterns. Never in

England could you see such a sight as was presented that night by the streets of Dunkerque, for the English do not understand these things: and if they did, they would not bestow the energy necessary to accomplish them. We spend money upon in-door amusements: the French upon out.

It is asserted that the fireworks cost 8000 francs. The crowd assembled to witness them was immense, and several individuals were rendered insensible by the pressure. They commenced just before nine, and were indeed magnificent. To give an adequate description of them would be impossible. Now, the air would be filled with balls of the most brilliant and varied colours; now, would descend showers of golden rain; now, jets of silver. Ere one device had faded away, its beauties presenting a succession of wonders, ever changing, another would break forth. Now, would be discovered the letter N, stationary in the midst of revolving stars and prisms of vivid brilliancy; now, as you looked, the letter dissolved itself into E: here, would be shining forth a resplendent crown; there, towering aloft, the Imperial eagle: and the last scene, the "bouquet," rising into the air, and almost seeming to touch the pale stars of ANOTHER hemisphere, was a sight worth having crossed the Channel to see. Never will that night, and its many beauties, be erased from the memory's eye of the amazed and delighted spectators.

May the Emperor and Empress come again to Dunkerque! is the sentence in everybody's mouth: and we heartily echo it. Never mind the money!

L I T E R A R Y L E A F L E T S.

BY SIR NATHANIEL.

NO. XIII.—"POSITIVE" PHILOSOPHY: COMTE AND LEWES.*

HIGHLY versatile—or rather, "comprehensive," to adopt Sir E. Bulwer Lytton's verbal amendment—is the talent which has been manifested, *πολυμερως και πολυτροπως*, by Mr. G. H. Lewes. "Je voudrais," once said Voltaire, in his familiar correspondence, "que Newton eût fait des vaudevilles, je l'en estimerais davantage. Celui qui n'a qu'un talent peut être un grand génie; celui qui en a plusieurs est plus aimable." Voltaire would have pronounced the lively author of "Blanche, Rose, and Violet," very *aimable*. That tale, and "Ranthorpe," are his ventures as a novelist. His play, "The Noble Heart," has elicited tears and plaudits on the stage, nor needs to deprecate reviewal in the closet. In biography he is recognised by his Life of Robespierre—in criticism, by his "Spanish Drama," and a large miscellany of contributions to the quarterly and weekly press—in metaphysics, by his "Biographical History of Philosophy," by far the best compendium of the kind in the language, what-

* Comte's Philosophy of the Sciences: being an Exposition of the *Cours de Philosophie Positive* of Auguste Comte. By G. H. Lewes. London: H. G. Bohn. 1853.

ever we may think of his own anti-metaphysical stand-point—in natural science, by his discussions on the "passage from the organic to the inorganic," on the "Vestiges" theory, on the possibility of spontaneous combustion, and many another *quæstio verata*. The French lightness of his style makes whatever he indites highly readable—nor do we find in his manner so much of "flippancy" and "sparkling shallowness," as to impel us to sympathy with Madame d'Ossoli's wrath at his undertaking the Life of Goethe. At the present time he appears to be the ruling spirit of that noticeable nondescript among weekly journals, the *Leader*—a pretty vehicle of propagandism in the cause of free-thinking and free-speaking—a perfect repertory of the new curiosities of literature in matters political, theological, social, scientific, and æsthetic. The aim of that journal would seem,

As far as might be, to carve out
Free space for every human doubt,
That the whole mind might orb about*—

Yet (is this yet a thing to be ashamed of?) we will plead guilty to a habit of consulting some at least of its columns, with infinitely greater interest (they are so fresh and suggestive, so piquant in their very audacity!) than we do those of other papers, of time-honoured *prestige*, and unimpeachable orthodoxy. And we remember how one of the most distinguished critics of the age—himself, observe, a staunch Tory, a good High Churchman, and indeed a kind of cyclopædic antithesis to the *Leader*—once recorded as follows his testimony to its drift: "a journal," he called it, "distinguished by its ability, by its hardihood of speculation, by its comprehensive candour, but, in my eyes, still more advantageously distinguished by its deep sincerity." Its literary department is conducted by Mr. Lewes, and in other sections his "fine French hand"† is probably traceable—making it the organ of his assaults on conservatism in faith and practice, and especially of his enforcement of the "positive" philosophy which seems to hold, with Byron, that

—our days are too brief for affording
Space to dispute what no one ever could
Decide, and everybody one day will
Know very clearly—or at least lie still.
And therefore would it leave off metaphysical
Discussion.

To that journal Mr. Lewes contributed, some months since, a series of articles expository of the Positive Philosophy of Auguste Comte, and which forms the first part of the volume of Bohn's Scientific Library now before us. The English reader who desires a fuller presentment of the subject, will of course consult Miss Martineau's two volumes. But probably, most English readers will find quite enough to "give them pause" in Mr. Lewes's compact epitome—which has the additional attraction of being conveyed in a clear, and lively, and highly readable form—never too diffuse to be heavy (the original sin of the original author), nor too condensed to be easily intelligible; the very book, in fact, to secure a

* Tennyson: The Two Voices.

† By the way, how comes it that so easy and practised a writer—versed, one would think, in the philosophy of *ne quid nemo*—should be so lavish of marks of admiration? What a fund he has of *mirabilis dicta*!

hearing for M. Comte, if he is to have one at all among our countrymen *en masse*. A brief biographical introduction is prefixed, from which it appears that the founder of Positivism as a science was born in 1797, of an "eminently Catholic and monarchical" family—that while at college, in his fourteenth year, he first felt "the necessity of an entire renovation in philosophy," involving the application of the scientific Method to vital and social problems, as well as to the phenomena of the inorganic world—that he subsequently co-operated for some time with St. Simon—that in his twenty-ninth year insanity (with which his enemies would taunt him to this day) was the transient result of a "transient cerebral disorder"—that he became professor at the Ecole Polytechnique, but lost that and other posts by the systematic hostility of some brother professors, and is now, indeed, a needy and dependent man. One year of "chaste and exquisite affection," of ample power to soften and subdue the angularities and asperities of his too exclusively intellectual system, gave him a new glimpse into man's destiny, and taught him the predominance due to the affections. His writings, composed with singular rapidity, already amount to twelve portly tomes.

Let us hastily glance at some of the salient points of M. Comte's philosophy.—Its fundamental law is, the passage of Humanity through three successive stages—the theological, the metaphysical, and the positive. These three phases of intellectual evolution characterise the progress of the individual as well as of the race, of the unit man as well as of the mass of men. The preparatory phase—called the theological, or supernatural—is that in which the mind seeks causes, asks the how of every phenomenon, the ultimate whence of every fact, the wherefore of every why. In it, the mind ascribes every event to an immediate divine agent, and every unusual or exceptional appearance to the express favour or displeasure of that extra-mundane agent. The mind regards Nature "as the theatre whereon the arbitrary wills and momentary caprices of Superior Powers play their varying and variable parts. Men are startled at unusual occurrences, and explain them by fanciful conceptions. A solar eclipse is understood, and unerringly predicted to a moment, by Positive Science; but in the theological epoch it was believed that some dragon had swallowed the sun." Such is phase the first. And observe: not one honest English Churchman, not one plain English Christian, to this very hour, has advanced beyond this phase. For the former has not expunged from his prayer-book, supplications for rain or for fair weather; nor has the latter ceased to believe in a particular providence; things wholly set aside as old wives' fables by the positive philosophy. So that every father's son amongst us who holds to the creed of "ancestral voices," and so worships the God of his fathers, and still abides by the faith of Matthew, Mark, Luke, and John, must be prepared for the contempt, uttered or unexpressed, inalienable from a positivist in the maturity of stage the third, towards a supernaturalist in the groping babyhood of stage the first.

Now for the second phase—the metaphysical. Here, a modification has taken place. The supernatural agents have merged in certain abstract forces, which are supposed to inhere in various substances, and to have a capacity of engendering phenomena. The gods are ignored, or displaced by metaphysical entities. The divine personalities have given way to

certain hypothetical *principles*. Metaphysical philosophy differs from theological, in its admission of the notion of constancy or invariableness in the movements of Nature; and from positive, in its hypothesis of an agency superadded to the phenomena—in its declining to confine itself to the observed fact, and its pertinacious suggestion of an explanation for the fact—in its imagining an entity inhering in substances as an invariable real presence. Thus, the metaphysical physiologist, for example, instead of contenting himself, as the positivist does, with observations restricted to biological phenomena, with a view to apprehend the laws of their action, proceeds to speculate on the vital essence, on the causes of life, on the principle of existence,—pronouncing the subject of his research, "chemical affinity," or "electricity," or "nervous fluid," or what not. And again observe: no man who still affects even so abstract a phrase as "the Laws of Nature," has yet emerged from this second, or metaphysical, stage, into the positive third. For, Law is the subtle but supersubtle, the delicate but supposititious "abstract entity," which metaphysics gratuitously superadds to concrete fact, and which, as imaginary and potentially misleading, is *nehushtan* to the iconoclastic protestantism of positive science.

What, then, is the third phase—what is this positive philosophy, so revolutionary in its policy, so exterminating in its decrees?

It is that phase in the development of Humanity, social and individual, in which the mind, rejecting as futile all speculation about cause and principle and essence, limits its inquiry to phenomena, and to their unvarying relations, simply with a view to the mastery of their laws. Positive Philosophy is, therefore, defined to be, the Explanation of the Phenomena of the Universe. The *Why* it declines to scrutinise, as something far above out of its reach. The *How* it sedulously and solely investigates. "The positive stage," says Mr. Lewes, "explains phenomena by ascertained laws, laws based on distinct and indisputable certitude gathered in the long and toilsome investigation of centuries; and these laws are not only shown to be demonstrable to reason, but accordant with *fact*; for the distinguishing characteristic of science is, that it sees and *foresees*. Science is *prevision*. Certainty is its basis and its glory." In this "recognition of invariableness" lies the "germ of science," because on it alone can prevision of phenomena depend—prevision being the test of knowledge.

Now, all the sciences, physical and social—this is a capital characteristic of M. Comte's philosophy—all are to be regarded as branches of one Science, and so to be investigated on one and the same Method. The student must therefore arrange the sciences according to their dependence on each other; beginning with the "simplest (most general) phenomena, and proceeding successively to the most complex and particular." By which rule, the following will be the order in which he studies the five sciences involved in the positive method—for it is peremptorily enforced, as a fundamental condition to success in such study, that the sciences should be learned in this their natural order, to the infringement of which rule is ascribed the present incoherent aspect of scientific culture ("some sciences being in the positive, some in the supernatural, and some in the metaphysical stage," with minute self-contradictory subdivisions). *First*: the Mathematical sciences—since in them the ideas dealt with are

the most entirely abstract possible in positive philosophy, "for nowhere else are questions resolved so completely, and deductions prolonged so far with extreme rigour"—these deductions involving the greatest possible number of results from the smallest possible number of immediate data. Astronomy comes under this section, and is the only fundamental science (out of the five) which is allowed to be really and finally purged of all theological or metaphysical considerations—the only one thoroughly established as positive, and satisfactorily fulfilling the axiom that every science has prevision for its object. *Second*: the science of Physics, which, says Comte, did not begin definitely to disengage itself from metaphysics, and become really positive, until after the great discovery of Galileo on the fall of heavy bodies, and which is therefore considerably behind Astronomy (positive so many centuries ago) in its scientific precision. The positivists enlarge on the conception of a "luminiferous ether," that "prevailing hypothesis," almost universally accepted by men of science in England,—as illustrating the adulteration, by metaphysical myth, of the study of Physics—any such assumed *fluid* being in reality no more than one of the old entities materialised, a mere personified abstraction, a trifle lighter than air, and only to the dreamer giving "confirmation strong," while to the waking man it is obnoxious as standing, a shadowy pretence, between him and the sun. *Third*: Chemistry—a science where the complexity of phenomena is greatly augmented—its aim being, to find the properties of all the compounds of all (given) simple substances—its study, especially interesting as compensating for deficiency in the "prevision of phenomena" by "the power of modifying them at our pleasure." Here, too, metaphysical parasites are denounced, in the shape of "inherent vital forces," &c., hypotheses which positivism cannot away with. *Fourth*: Physiology, or Biology, or the science of Life—the necessary basis of psychology, and to the development of which M. Comte contributes "a new cerebral theory." *Fifth*: Social science—its principle being, that social phenomena are inevitably subjected to natural laws, in accordance with the axiom of Leibnitz, "The present is pregnant with the future;"—as a *statical* science, investigating the laws of co-existence (which characterise the idea of social Order), and as a *dynamical*, the laws of succession (which pertain to the theory of Progress). "Sociology thus unites the two equally fundamental ideas of Order and Progress, the radical opposition of which" constitutes "the principal characteristic symptom of the profound perturbation of modern society." And whereas hitherto there has been a division kept up between physical laws and moral laws—the former being monopolised by one set of teachers, and the latter by another—M. Comte claims to have healed the breach, and identified the interests, by his foundation of social science.

Such, in rough and ragged outline, is Positivism. Such the philosophy which, if destined to dominion,* must sweep away the landmarks of our

* In reply to the damaging remark by Sir W. Hamilton, that it is rather surprising Comte should begin to be taken up in England just as he is being given up in his own country, Mr. Lewes asserts, that, so far from his reputation declining in France, it is now beginning to assume importance, and to attract the adhesion of France's most mark-worthy physiologists, Béraud, Robin, Littré, Verdeil, &c.,—while the demand for his voluminous works of itself speaks

old cherished convictions in theology, metaphysics, and heaven (to speak anti-positively) knows what. It is called by Mr. Morell, an enormous system of materialism, grounded on great research—rejecting all *causes* as useless and vain—making the idea of *power* the lingering relic of an age of hypothesis; that of *mind* or *spirit* but a continuous attempt to personify the law of man's intellectual being; and that of God, when viewed theologically, a fruitless attempt to account for the existence of the universe,—when viewed philosophically, but the highest abstraction of causality, which must give way in this age of positive science to the simple idea of a general law.

Is, then, M. Comte an atheist? So affirm "the general." While some "positively" call him very religious, and his system the only truly religious science. What says Mr. Lewes to the imputation of atheism? Most "positively" he denies it. An incautious reader, he allows, dipping here and there into M. Comte's deep places, might suppose him an atheist—but an attentive reader must, on the contrary, be "strongly impressed by the forcible and scornful rejection of atheism so often there recurring." And Mr. Lewes quotes a passage to show that Comte regards atheism as the dregs of the metaphysical period, a period for which his scorn is incessant. But does that passage, does any passage in the maestro's *opera omnia*, imply any regard *less* scornful for theism? Is not the idea of a God* as obnoxious to him, as the logical disproof of One—both schemes being equally removed from positive science, and by it scouted as futile waste of time, and mischievous waste of brains? Atheist may be a hard name in *our* terminology; in Mr. Comte's, it is only an unmeaning one, and one not worth the pains of earning. Theism is not "positive" enough. Atheism is a great deal too negative. In short, the whole subject had better be dropped—it pertains to the two first phases of progress, the theological and metaphysical, and they are presumed to be "shelved" for ever and a day.

With reference, however, to Mr. Lewes, we are not at liberty to overlook *his* protest against the charge of atheism; nor should we omit to mention his earnestly enforced and consistently iterated tenet, that "the Intellectual aspect is not the noblest aspect of man," and that never will there be a Philosophy capable of satisfying the demands of Humanity, until the truth be recognised that "man is moved by his emotions, not by his ideas; using his Intellect only as an eye to see the way"—his Intellect being, in a word, the servant, not the lord of the Heart,—and Science a dull bagatelle, "unless it subserve some grand religious aim—unless its issue be in some enlarged conception of man's life and destiny." He hesitates not to declare his preference of the primitive spontaneous conceptions of the Deity to the modern deification of Intellect, which is but a part, and that not the noblest part, of our nature. There is genuine heart in most of what Mr. Lewes indites, which is scarcely true, so far as we can judge, of the discussions of his "guide, philosopher, and

volumes. The circulation of Mr. Lewes's epitome, and of Miss Martineau's ampler performance (in John Chapman's Series), will be some criterion of the interest England takes in positivism. Is the game to be, Follow the *Leader*?

* The only *Etre Supreme* considered possible by M. Comte is—what? "The Collective Life of Humanity." *Venite exultemus!*

friend," the ex-professor of the Ecole Polytechnique, or of the lucubrations in general of his company of disciples.

Whatever be the tendencies of Positivism, however fatal to all our fondest and firmest opinions and sentiments, by all means give it a frank and full hearing—although it cannot surely reproach those who would cry it down, with the warning, *μη ποτε και Θεομαχοι ερεθιητε*. To call attention to a little volume which ably and succinctly portrays its scope and character, is the simple object of this paper, which wholly repudiating pretence to criticism (perhaps an absurdly uncalled-for repudiation), "hath this extent, no more." To Positivism as a great fact, and to Mr. Lewes's exposition of it as a small one, we may all do well to give heed, among the signs of the times. Be Positivism studied, then, as a protest against

Those fond philosophers that magnify
Our human nature, and assume we have
Such a prerogative in our rational soul,*

as qualifies it to understand† all mysteries, and to hypothesize safely to the top of its bent. Be it studied, at any rate, before it is answered; for this, in the end, may save trouble; although, with *that* view, the converse process may, *primâ facie*, appear more promising.

* Shirley: The Brothers.

† There is a strong smack of Positivism in the confession of John Marston's Scholar (in "What You Will"), who had deflowered "seven useful springs" in studying "cross'd opinions 'bout the soul of man;" and who "the more he learn'd, the more he learn'd to doubt"—the while his spaniel slept:

Hot philosophers
Stood banding factions, all so strongly propt,
I stagger'd, knew not which was firmer part,
But thought, quoted, read, observed, and pryed,
Stuff'd noting-books: and still my spaniel slept.
At length he waked and yawn'd; and by yon sky,
For aught I know he knew as much as I.

The same old dramatist, in another play ("Antonio's Revenge") introduces a "fling" at those "wisards," or wise-acres,

Who making curious search
For nature's secrets, the First Innating Cause
Laughs them to scorn, as man doth busy Apes
When they will zany men.

Which verses we will, however incongruously, tag with those of Milton's "god-like angel mild," who taught our first father that there are problems insoluble by such as he—"suppress'd in night, to none communicable in earth or heaven," though quite

Enough is left besides to search and know.
But knowledge is as food, and needs no less
Her temperance over appetite, to know
In measure what the mind may well contain;
Oppresses else with surfeit, and soon turns
Wisdom to folly, as nourishment to wind.

TRAVELS IN THE NORTH.*

THERE is one portion of Europe which has been treated in somewhat a discourteous fashion by travelling authors: we allude to the small territory of Lapland. In vain may we search through Mr. Murray's broadsheet, or Mr. Bentley's literary announcements; we find there any quantity of books giving us more or less interesting accounts of all the quarters of the world, but nought about Lapland. It is our pleasing task to efface this blot from the literary escutcheon, by introducing the readers of the *New Monthly* to the very pleasant pages of Castrén, a Swedish gentleman, who has traversed Lapland and Siberia in his search for traditionary and archæological matter.

On the present journey, M. Castrén started with another learned Swede, of the name of Lönnrot, from the town of Kenie, and they set out at the commencement of the month of November on a water-excursion up the river of the same name. Contrary to their expectation, the winter was remarkably mild, and they were soon compelled to leave their boats, in consequence of the masses of floating ice impeding their progress. After a very tedious journey of nearly a fortnight, chiefly accomplished on foot, they arrived at Salla, whence they had originally intended to make excursions into Russian Lapmark, as no traveller had before examined this country linguistically or ethnographically, and a rich harvest might naturally be expected. The Lapps of the village of Akkala formed the principal object of interest to them, as the Finnish peasants and fishermen had informed them, that these Lapps kept themselves entirely estranged from Russians and other nations, and retained their language and customs in their primitive purity. An unexpected incident, however, frustrated their plans. They found the people of Salla to be crafty and avaricious, and by no means inclined to lead them through the deserts separating Akkala from Salla, and nearly 140 versts in extent, for any moderate amount. They were compelled to wait the course of events patiently in Salla, and, as they had anticipated, some Akkala-Lapps came to Salla in a few days, in order to dispose of their wares, whence they would return home with empty sleighs. Our travellers were, however, completely taken in by the cunning of the Sallites. They met the Lapps some distance on the road, and induced them to return home without seeing the strangers, by persuading them that they were emissaries sent to preach the Gospel to them, and force them to alter their habits. Castrén and his companion were so disgusted, that they gave up their meditated journey, and proceeded in the first instance to Enare. They, consequently, quitted Salla at the commencement of December, in sledges, along the icy bed of a little stream, which, however, was so covered with water, that the travellers were continually wet through. They at length reached the little farm of Korwanen, about half-way to Enare, where they were blocked up by a most terrific storm for twelve days and nights. Here they experienced some of the special comforts of travelling in Lapland. The chimney was so large that, after every time

* Matthias Alexander Castrén's "Reisen im Norden," aus dem Schwedischen übersetzt von Heinrich Helms. Williams and Norgate.

they had a fire kindled, some one was obliged to climb on the roof and stop the orifice with hay. The sun had disappeared, and the atmosphere was so thick and gloomy, that they were obliged to burn candles in the daytime. As soon as the weather cleared up a little, people thronged in from east and west, all bound, like themselves, for the church of Enare. On the day before Christmas eve, they, at length, started once again. It would have been only reasonable for all to leave at the same moment, but the new arrivars cleverly waited till the next day, in order to take advantage of the track that would be made for them over the terrific Sombio rocks. Our travellers were, however, nothing daunted, but, trusting to their famous reindeer and sledges, they started in company with three Finns and two Lapps. Our author takes the opportunity, while telling how his brains were nearly knocked out by coming in contact with a tree, to instruct us in the proper management of a sledge :

My reindeer took it suddenly in his head to leave the track, and run with all his strength against a birch-tree, with which I came in such unpleasant contact, that the blood streamed from my nose and mouth. Though this did not put me in the best of tempers, I was obliged to laugh, when Lönnrot expressed a hope that my nose could still be saved, however badly it had been treated. As it is naturally everybody's wish to protect this part of his person as much as possible, I determined on not exposing it to any hazard in future. This precaution may be usually taken, that is, if you like to leave your legs in the lurch, and employ them more especially in guiding the oscillating movements of the sledge. Still, in that case, you must take care not to plant your heel firmly on the ground, for fear of breaking your leg ; the latter must be placed one on each side, with your knees well pressed in, and the feet must be used to prevent the sledge from running up against trees and rocks. This theory is certainly simple, but the practice is difficult, as the reindeer gives you very little time for reflection at the moment when it is most required, and that is in going down hill. He often races over the rocks, at such speed that the objects around cannot be distinguished, even if you have the courage to keep your eyes open and have them filled with the quantity of snow the reindeer continually kicks up behind him. It is an advisable scheme to upset the sledge where the snow lies deep, for the back part sinks in the snow and immediately checks the reindeer's career ; but on the hills and rocks this cannot be practised, because the snow is continually swept away by the violent winds. . . . The best plan, however, is to let the reindeer do as he likes, and you reach the level ground in tolerable safety.

After spending Christmas in Enare, our travellers set out on their long and dangerous journey to the Russian town of Kola ; and while stopping for the night in a hut, takes the opportunity of giving us the following account of the Enare Lapps :

As regards the domestic life of the Enare Lapps, civilisation has so far progressed that they possess houses, though they only make use of them in the winter. During the summer the fishermen lead a nomadising life, and remove from one hut to the other. When fishing is at an end, they retire to their huts, which are built in some solitary spot, where all they care for is good grazing ground for their reindeer, the requisite bush for their own support, and the necessary firewood. If any of these requirements fall off, they choose a new place of residence. Hence it is natural that the Lapp does not expend much time or trouble on the structure of his house. It is usually only large enough to shelter the members of his family and a few sheep, which latter lie under the beds. In the centre the hut is about the height of a tall

man, but at the sides it is not possible to stand upright. The only articles of luxury are a few pieces of glass, which are inserted in the walls to act as windows. Tables and chairs are rarities, and even spoons are not universal. . . . As for their food, it chiefly consists of fish, though in the winter the Lapp is not satisfied with this light food alone. He has one great meal in the course of the day, but at that he prefers to have meat; at other meals he satisfies himself with fish. Many Lapps also possess stores of bread, reindeer or sheep milk cheese, and dainties of the berry species. His meat he chiefly obtains by hunting wild reindeer, drawing on his own flock, or else purchasing from the mountain Lapps in the vicinity. The latter, it is true, are disinclined to part with their reindeer, as their herds are almost daily thinned by the wolves, who, to use the words of a mountain Lapp, "are as dangerous to the reindeer, as the devil is to man;" but brandy is a seductive, an all-powerful agent. When a traveller arrives in a mountain village, and, according to the custom of the country, offers his hosts a couple of glasses of schnaps, he receives plenty of roast reindeer meat, tongues, marrow-bones, &c., in return. It would be regarded as an insult if he did not accept them, but, as soon as he has done so, it is his duty to pay for them in brandy, according to the proverb, "present for present." If he neglect to do so, he will be very speedily reminded of his laches, and fresh presents, and treating continue, till the traveller has not a drop left. It may be easily seen what profit a calculating trader may make with the mountain Lapps.

Our travellers at last arrived at Kola, after many difficulties and privations, just before the Maslinitza, or Butter week, in Russia a season of joy and festivity, before the commencement of Lent. They were received in the most hospitable fashion, and found much that interested them. One of the most charming sights was a "Montagne Russe," down which the ladies and gentlemen descended in little reindeer sledges; but the week is too soon at an end, and we will follow the author on a tour of inspection through the town, and see how the great people find themselves after the delights of the Maslinitza. Alas! the doctor is stretched out on his broad sofa, complaining of the oppressive atmosphere, and stating that he must protect himself against the scurvy—the Custom-house officer abuses the hard times, when an honest man cannot smoke his tobacco duty free—the pedagogue, his friend, consoles him, and advises him to smoke away, for God forgives—the pedagogue himself is suffering from a troublesome rash—the Isprawnik is tormented with rheumatism—the Sasä-datel displays his chest, which is covered with yellow spots—the Gorodnitz, the Capuchin monk, and many others, are tortured with headache—the ladies alone sit at home, and (may we say it) eat cabbage. Thus fatigue and exhaustion supervene on an abundance of delight.

Our travellers had originally intended to make Kola a sort of centre for their excursions into Russian Lapmark, and go thence, as soon as the sea was open, through Mesen, among the Samoiedes; but news they received from Petersburg caused them to go in the first instance to Archangel, where they intended to study the Samoiedian language. Hence they could not give so much time as they desired to the Russian Lapps, and left many villages to the north of Kola unvisited, contenting themselves by staying a short while with the Lapps they found between Kola and Kandalaks. At the different post-stations there are always several Lapp families residing, and where they would have had many opportunities of studying the Russo-Lappish dialects, had not misfortune caused them to fall in with the Murmen, who afforded them no slight obstacles in their literary undertakings.

These Murmen are partly Russians, partly Karelians and Lapps, who move at the end of March to the shores of the Arctic Ocean, and fish there during spring and summer. They even come from the neighbourhood of the Onega and Kem, and their march lies through Kandalaks and Imandra to Rasnavolok, a post-station eleven leagues to the south of Kola, where they divide into two branches. Those Murmen, who fish in the gulfs between Kola and the Norwegian frontier, continue their journey to Kola, and thence northwards; the others, who fish between Kola and Svjatjoi-Nos, travel directly to their grounds, without touching at Kola. The whole seaboard, from the Norwegian frontier to Svjatjoi-Nos, is known by the appellation of the Murman Coast. The above-mentioned band consists chiefly of servants and daily labourers; their masters do not sail till June or July to fetch the fish. A few stop at the fisheries till the end of August, but others continue their voyage to Badsö, Hammerfest, and other Norwegian havens, taking meal, groats, tow, hemp, fish-oil, soap, and other goods with them, which they barter for tea, coffee, rum, fox skins, and other articles, which meet with a ready sale at home.

After being much tormented by these Murmen, who were rough and uncourteous in their manners, our travellers at length arrived at Rik-kataival, where they bade adieu to the Murmen, greatly vexed at having the purpose of their journey spoiled by this fortuitous obstacle. On their road to Sasheika our author met with the following little adventure:

A young, half-broken reindeer had been attached to my sledge. While I was sitting carelessly, regarding the Northern Lights, the animal began bounding backwards and forwards on either side of the road. It may be supposed that I tried to prevent the animal carrying on such tricks by a proper punishment, but, unfortunately, the rein was caught in one of the antlers. Through this the deer was driven quite wild, and his leaps only entangled the rope more and more. I rose at last to disentangle the rein; but the beast did not comprehend my well-meaning move, but bounded more furiously than ever. The end was still twisted round my arm, but I found myself in such proximity to the reindeer, that his movements began to grow quite insupportable. I was at length forced to go on without a bridle, as the animal commenced the offensive. With his sharp antlers pointed against my person, he would soon have put an end to me, had I not seized his horns with both hands, and held his head down. Naturally the reindeer was not pleased with this, and a struggle commenced, which would have had a poor end for me, had I not taken advantage of the right moment to spring back into the sledge. Even this experiment, however, was dangerous; for on the great lake of Imandra, which was traversed by many other sledge tracks, I might have easily gone astray, as I had no guiding rein. Still necessity compelled me to put up with it; and fortune was so favourable to me, that I caught up my companions in a short while.

Kem, the town to which our travellers were bound, is a place of no great importance, containing neither governor, nor bishop, nor other great gentlemen; but the chief curiosity is the seat of Raskolniks, who are what we may call the Pietists of Russia. They are zealous for the old, primitive, if not exactly apostolic doctrine; spend most of their time in prayer, and are of opinion that divinity is as far removed from things terrestrial, as the earth's surface from the vault of heaven. To please God, consequently, a man must turn his back entirely on the world, con-

temn hatred and persecution, and gain in that wise a martyr's crown in heaven. They bear, also, an especial animosity against all pleasure and amusement. The Raskolniks are so far tolerant, that they display as little wish to condemn as to convert; but they take great care not to have the slightest communion with those of a different faith. If parents and children are of a different belief, they do not eat at the same table or out of the same dish, and do not go into the bath-room at the same time with them.

Our travellers were forced to remain nearly a whole month in Kem, until they at length succeeded in continuing their journey on the 19th of May. They were forced to trust themselves to the stormy waves of the White Sea. They therefore determined, by the advice of the inhabitants of the town, on going across to the monastery of Solovezkoy, on an island about fifty versts from Kem, in the hope of getting a cast from there to Archangel. On their voyage, they were forced to leave their boat and betake themselves to the ice, in carts procured from the monastery.

When they arrived there, they found, to their great annoyance, that it was not possible to get across, as the lumps of ice prevented ships from sailing. This, with other causes, induced Dr. Lönnrot to give up all idea of visiting the Samoiedians, but our author adhered to his plan, and on the 27th of June, set sail in a large vessel to visit the Murman Coast. Unfortunately, however, he was attacked by a terrible illness, which, with a succession of violent storms, compelled him to land again at Simnija Gora, where he was left with his luggage on a desolate coast, his only neighbours being some fishermen, who lived at a distance of some eight versts. In his sickly condition, it took him half a day to traverse this distance, and then the fishermen had the inhumanity to refuse to fetch his luggage. He was obliged to carry it himself, which occupied him the whole of the night. After undergoing the misery of three nights spent in a wretched cabin, under a violent attack of fever, he tried to induce the fishermen to carry him to Kuja, a village about twenty-two versts distant, but they demanded 100 rubles banco for the job. As this sum far exceeded his resources, he had no other choice but to remain in the hut, from which an unexpected incident rescued him.

On returning to the hut after a solitary walk, he found two soldiers posted there, who roughly stated that they had been sent by the customs' officer at Kuja to examine his luggage. Our author submitted without a murmur, and gave them money in the bargain, in the hopes that they would carry him in their boat to Kuja. This did not at all suit the fishermen, who tried their best to ruin this plan, and opened their ears to the full extent, to listen to his discourse with the soldiers. The latter at first were very mistrustful, but, with the help of his passport, Castrén at length succeeded in proving to them that he was a Russian subject, and travelling as an officer of the crown. These arguments, and the circumstance that he was not only a "well-born sir," but also in possession of as high a rank as the customs' officer, had the desired effect on the soldiers, and they gladly took him into their boat, and carried him for a moderate sum to Kuja. The customs' officer fortunately possessed some sudorifics, and with their assistance our traveller cured his fever, and set out again for Archangel, in a boat, manned by four soldiers, whom the

officer nobly put at his disposal. Such was the mysterious end of Castrén's scientific journey to the Murman Coast.

In Archangel he contrived to fall in with a Samoiedian, who was so delighted with his generosity that he offered to follow him to the end of the world. This man he raised to the rank of his instructor in the Samoiedian language, and went to live with him in a village called Uima, about seventeen versts from Archangel, where he remained all the autumn, busily engaged in studying.

Towards the end of November M. Castrén quitted Archangel for the third time, with the firm determination of not returning to this town again, whatever might be the result of his impending journey to the Samoiedian Tundra. Nor were his friends sparing of their advice, and painted in the most gloomy colours the dangers to which he would be exposed; but his enthusiasm in the cause of science was so sincere that nothing would have stopped him at that time. His route led him, in the first instance, to Cholmogory, formerly a renowned fortress but now a poor town. This would be a fine field for archæologists, as there is an ancient temple and cemetery attached, which would well repay excavation. Thence he proceeded to Pinesa, and afterwards to Mesen, the last abode of civilisation to the east of Europe. Up to this spot the country is inhabited by Russian Christians, but beyond, the Samoiedian population commences, still greatly infected with paganism. Our author tried to get on friendly terms with some Samoiedes, but their conduct was so bad that he was compelled to go forty versts further to the village of Somsha, the head-quarters of the Samoiedes at that time. Unfortunately, his exertions were frustrated, for he found the poor people attacked by an universal mania of drunkenness. As Castrén could not procure an interpreter by fair means, he was obliged to have recourse to his ministerial papers, and insisted on a sober and respectable interpreter being procured him instantler. The Samoiedes are an obedient and easily daunted people, and found him a man who was in the enviable reputation of being the cleverest Samoiede in the whole Tundra of Kanin. He tried him, but in a few hours the Samoiede grew tired of answering questions, and pretended to be ill. He threw himself on the ground, and begged for mercy, till our author became so exasperated that he eventually kicked him out of doors. Soon after he saw him lying in a state of intoxication before the public-house in the snow.

The following description will give our readers a fair idea of the horrible spread of intoxication among the Samoiedes:

The whole snow-field round this temple of Bacchus was covered with prostrate heroes and heroines. They all lay with their faces imbedded in snow, and had become partially sober. The silence of the grave prevailed in this circle, which rendered the noisy yells from the house still louder. For all this no fighting took place, but all were jolly together. Now and then a half-intoxicated man came out of the house with a coffee-pot in his hand, and walked very cautiously through the snow, lest any of the precious contents might be spilled, examining each fallen comrade, and evidently searching for a mother, a wife, or some beloved relative. As soon as they discovered the object of their search, they turned the slumberer's face upwards, put the spout of the coffee-pot in their mouths, and let the pleasant nectar run down his or her throat. After this the patient was returned to the old position, care being taken to cover the countenance, lest it might be frozen.

On the 19th December, a kibitka, drawn by two horses, was standing before the house of the director of police at Mesen. A crowd of men and women, old and young, speedily collected, waiting anxiously for the moment when the traveller would appear, and speculating compassionately on the causes of his emigration to Siberia. When Castrén made his appearance, he was attacked by a swarm of beggars, who implored alms. An old woman was specially importunate. "Give the poor a dianeschka, she will then pray for you, and the Mother of God will protect you on the journey; she listens to the prayers of the poor!" This supplication unloosed his purse-strings, and on starting he saw a row of old men and women with their faces turned to the church, crossing themselves, and praying for the traveller's welfare. Under such auspices Castrén commenced his Samoiedian journey. His route was far from an agreeable one; a distance of 700 versts over the desolate steppes of the Tundras of Kanin and Timan, to the Russian village of Pustosersk, at the mouth of the Petchora, where he would have to resign all the comforts of life, sleep at times in the open air on the storm-ridden Tundras, or in the frail tent-huts of the Samoiedes, where the snow finds its way through the crevices of the walls, the flame of the candle flickers in the winds, and the wolf-skin affords the sole protection against the cold. But it is the first duty of a scientific traveller to make himself at home under all circumstances, and not give in to discomforts, when the object is to make valuable discoveries. We are sure no savaan ever behaved more conscientiously in this respect than M. Castrén.

These Tundra, over which the route led, are the most desolate steppes that can be conceived: as barren as their mother the sea. If the winds did not officiously disperse the snow, which Heaven in its charity scatters over this gloomy country, it would be difficult to say on which element the traveller found himself. Here and there a thin pine forest may be descried, or a small wood of low willows, which point to the presence of some stream forcing its way lazily through the flat Tundra. On more careful inspection, little elevations may be everywhere seen, which in their external form resemble the rocks of Lapland, but during the winter they can be scarcely distinguished, as the hollows all around them are then filled with snow. At the spot where such inequality may be traced on the surface, the ground is naked, or at the most covered with a thick, hard crust of snow, through whose crevices the reindeer moss may be seen in its luxuriance. This was all our author could see on his northern journey from Somsha. The earth was desolate and empty, as at the commencement of creation, and even the sky was dark. At length they saw a tent, and Castrén purposely remained without, to see what manner of reception he would meet with. To his surprise, however, he was not invited into the tent, but was at length forced to enter *sans cérémonie*. The only inmate he found was a young lady, busily engaged in gnawing a lump of raw meat, that was frozen perfectly hard. After handing round the brandy bottle, our author was forced to continue his journey to the village of Nes, which he reached in the night, after being exposed to a terrible storm.

This village, situated on a river of the same name, was formerly a brandy depôt, and, consequently, a great place of resort for the Samoiedes of the Tundra of Kanin. In the year 1825 a mission was

established for the purpose of converting the Samoiedes, which met with great success; and a church was erected in Nes. The dépôt was therefore removed to Somsha, and Nes quite deserted by the Samoiedes. Under these circumstances our author thought Nes a famous place for his lingual studies, and remained there over Christmas.

With the clergyman's lady he had the peculiar good fortune of seeing how the Samoiedes celebrate their marriage festivities, at a spot about thirty versts from the church. When a Samoiede wishes to marry, he first looks for a spokesman, and goes with him to the dwelling of the parents of the lady he has selected. When they arrive, it is the custom for the bridegroom to remain in his sledge without, while the spokesman goes in and executes his commission. If the answer be in the negative, they return home; if the father give his consent, the spokesman inquires when the marriage can be consummated. This by no means presumes that the marriage will really take place, for the bridegroom must agree as to the amount he will give for his bride. The swain has already decided as to the value of the lady, but if the father sets a higher price upon her, the spokesman returns to his client, and consults with him as to whether they may venture to add a reindeer or two to the price offered. If they eventually agree, the spokesman leads the loving swain with him into the tent.

After the betrothal the bridegroom does not visit his bride, but leaves all arrangements in the hands of the spokesman. Shortly before the wedding the bride's relatives pay a visit to the bridegroom. After eating and drinking to their heart's content, the spokesman binds two male and two female reindeer together, in such wise that they walk behind each other, covers the two first with red cloth, fastens a bell to the leader, drives them thrice round the bridegroom's tent, and then fastens them to his sledge; after that they go to visit the bride. When they reach her home, the spokesman drives thrice round her tent, and then leaves the bridegroom, who remains seated in his sledge. On the bridegroom's arrival the reindeer is killed, a glass of brandy is swallowed, and the banquet commences, at which, however, the bridegroom must not be present: the spokesman carries him out food and brandy, which he devours in his sledge. When the meal is over the spokesman at length conducts the bridegroom into the tent. Here the relatives of the bridegroom are seated on one side of the hearth, those of the bride on the other. The spokesman sits at the feet of the happy couple. After everybody has taken his seat the host begins regaling the guests with brandy. The first glass he hands to the bridegroom, who half empties it, and gives the other half to the bride; afterwards boiled meat is devoured, and the bridegroom receives the heart. After this all ceremony is over, and they drink as much as they like. With these preliminary remarks, we will go with M. Castrén to the wedding he assisted at.

It was an act, or properly speaking, only a scene of the romantic drama, at which I was present. On our arrival the incidents were so far advanced, that all the guests had been well treated: some of them were already lying *hors de combat* on the field. They lay there with bare heads, pressed into the snow, and so protected from the wind. But see! there comes the husband, moves from one carcase to the other, at length recognises his bride, seizes her by the head, turns her with her back to the wind, and then throws himself down by

her side, nose to nose. Another runs about with a coffee-pot, looks for his beloved, finds her, and pours some brandy down her throat. Here some one finds an enemy, gives him a few treacherous blows, and crawls off. While regarding this bacchanalian scene, I was surrounded by a whole swarm of guests: each had something to say or ask, and I had great difficulty in escaping from them, and reaching the open air. Here I saw a number of girls playing: they had divided into two bands, each of seven, and playing with a cap, which was thrown from one to the other. The group that had the cap turned their backs to the others, and tried to hide it in the snow; the others then fell upon them, and strove with all their strength to gain possession of the cap. After looking at them for some time I returned to the tent, where the host invited me to a cup of tea. After tea a splendid reindeer was killed, by a blow on the head; a knife was then driven into the heart, the skin was stripped off, the stomach cut open, and the entrails taken out. The interior resembled a huge oval vessel, in which the heart, liver, and other dainty morsels, were floating in a mass of blood. The host took my hand, led me up to the animal, and begged me to fall to. Though this request was so distinctly expressed I was simple enough not to comprehend it, but remained in a state of inaction by the side of the animal. In the mean while the guests assembled, pulled out their long knives, cut off pieces of the quivering meat, and, after dipping them in the blood, carried them to their mouths. The liver and heart were eaten as dessert. . . . It would now be high time to say something about the married couple; but little more need be said about the bridegroom, except that he lay drunk at the entrance of the hut, and remained there during the whole of my stay. The bride was a child of thirteen, and considered a real beauty among the Samoiedes. A little round face, pouting red lips and cheeks, a white forehead, black locks, little gleaming eyes, are the characteristics of a Samoiedian fair one.

Soon after, the commencement of hostilities among the guests caused our author to quit the scene precipitately with the clergyman's wife; and as he could not make much progress in his study of Samoiedian, he quitted Nes shortly after. His difficulties in this respect were not trifling, for the first teacher he obtained left him very speedily, through dislike of the confinement, and the second was a perfect idiot. For instance, when Castrén asked him to translate the phrase "My wife is ill," he converted it into "Thy wife is ill." If he asked him to translate "Thy wife is ill," he would reply, "If you're talking of my wife, she is perfectly well." "But suppose you wanted to come and tell me that your wife was ill, how would you say it in your language?" The Samoiede replied, "When I came to you my wife was quite well, and I cannot know whether she has been taken ill in the mean while." This was truly a pursuit of knowledge under difficulties!

Among the other delights of these Tundra, it may be mentioned *en passant* that they are far from safe travelling, as Russian vagabonds are continually prowling about them on predatory forays, seeking what they can devour. One of them our author fell in with, but by firmness he managed to escape with a whole skin. Another unpleasantness too, to which the author was repeatedly exposed, was the continued reports spread to his injury among the Samoiedes, that he was sent out to tax the inhabitants, and would carry those, who refused to pay, in chains to Archangel.

The village of Pustoserkz, on the lake of Pustoié, is one of the most desolate places our author ever saw. Not a trace of forest or vegetation is to be seen here; not even rocks and stones; there is nothing but a

boundless snow-plain, on which the storms carry on their wild sport unrestrained. The wind frequently strips the roofs of the huts, and piles up masses of snow, which rise above the tops of the tents. In this horrible hole M. Castrén remained several months, for the purpose of continuing his study of the Samoiedian language and customs, and for this it was an excellent spot, as it lay in the centre of the Samoiede tribes. It was true that he never met with a sober individual, but for all that it was a great advantage for him to hold daily intercourse with people of various lands, who gave him much valuable information. After remaining at Pustoserkz as long as any Samoiedes were to be found in the neighbourhood, our author set out for a village that lay 150 versts to the south, up the banks of the Petchora. The country was so desolate, that the priests then said it had not formed any part of the creation, but had merged into existence after the deluge. In this village, which was known by the calliphonous name of Ustyslmsk, our author was in considerable peril, through the obstinate behaviour of a sect of Raskolniks, and he was eventually forced to quit in all haste, or he might have paid the penalty of his life. After leaving this inhospitable spot he proceeded up the river Petchora to the little village of Kolwa, where a church has been lately erected, and here he remained for the rest of the summer, and was forced to continue his studies in an underground cellar, as the heat and damp, flies and vermin, were so oppressive.

On the 18th of September M. Carstén at length started once more on his travels, and after a tedious and fatiguing journey, eventually came in sight of the Ural Mountains, and after passing through one of the "Gates," reached Obdorsk on the 9th of November. Our author states that this expedition, that lasted two whole months, was the most dangerous and unpleasant of all the journeys he undertook.

Obdorsk is a place of considerable trade, founded by the Russians nearly a century back. It is, however, still a most uncultivated spot, where nothing is thought of but profit, made by cheating the open-hearted, simple natives of all they have earned by the sweat of their brow. On our author taking up his quarters at the house of a person who had lately immigrated from Tobolsk, he found the whole family sitting on the ground, and devouring a raw fish, which the house-father himself cut up and divided. When he afterwards called on the most educated man in the town, a subaltern official, he boasted only of having eaten raw meat for half a year. Even a Polish exile, whose acquaintance he formed here, and who had once been a celebrated cook in Petersburg, told him, with tears in his eyes, that his profession brought him in but little in Obdorsk, as the people lived there *à la Samoiede*." They certainly possessed houses, some of them two stories high, but they were built of old ship timber, and afforded but poor protection in the winter against the cold and piercing wind. But, to do justice to Obdorsk, our author found there something reminding him of civilised society, such as brilliant shawls, rustling dresses, good wine, and famous tobacco, Suwarrow No. 1. He found himself, however, but scurvily treated by the inhabitants, who decidedly turned the cold shoulder to him, and this was not surprising, as they thought he intended to poach on their manors, as he paid so much attention to the natives.

It was not long before all his attention was challenged by the swarms

of Ostiak and Samoiedian families, who came in to visit the fair, held from the commencement of winter until February, during which time the natives pitch their tents around the Russian colony. It did not seem, however, that they had come to sell, for they never exposed any wares. This arises from the fact that they all are deeply indebted to the traders, and dare not sell any goods to strangers, for fear of having their property seized, and themselves made slaves.

Although the merchants of Obdorsk complained that the market grew worse every year, M. Castrén found it crowded with traders, chapmen, citizens, peasants, and Cossacks. The most of these were inhabitants of Beresow, and our author, on conversing with them, was struck by the veneration they displayed for Mentschikow, whose memory was consecrated, and who was looked upon as a saint. Whatever this exile had said or done, was remembered as articles of belief. They knew his monotonous life during his banishment and humiliation by heart. After his banishment, he had begun to think seriously of his salvation, and confessed openly that he had deserved the heavy punishment inflicted upon him. To gain forgiveness of his sins, he consecrated the rest of his life to penitence, and built a church at Beresow, in the erection of which he worked like any other artisan. When it was completed, he undertook the duties of sexton in it, and punctually fulfilled them. Each day he was the first and last in the temple, and after divine service was over, he gave the whole community instruction in religious matters. Thus, then, for more than one hundred years had the good deeds of this favourite of Peter the Great smelt sweet and blossomed in the dust.

But we must make an end to this "*longæ chartæ que viæ que*," and, while expressing our regret that our readers cannot have the benefit of the map by which M. Castrén has rendered his route perfectly intelligible, we may answer the question, with which we started, why we possess no account of travels in Lapland? &c. The above fragments are a very satisfactory reply, and we need not expect, until the country grows a little more agreeable, any book under the seductive title of "*Seida—a Siberian Pilgrimage*."

W A L K S U P H I L L.

BY H. SPICER, ESQ., AUTHOR OF "SIGHTS AND SOUNDS."

THERE are hills in life, and there are hills in Germany. The credit of having detected this remarkable coincidence is not mine, and although I might easily have thrown out the observation as original, and passed quickly on to other matter, I prefer the more honourable course of stating that to Theodore Gertum alone is the credit due. Furthermore, I am in a position to add, by referring to my journal, that it was on the very sultry afternoon of August 18th, 1849, that the discovery in question was made, and communicated to me, as we walked up the hill by Lahneck, by the individual aforesaid, my excellent servant-courier.

"I wish, sir," said Theodore, respectfully touching his hat—"I wish I had three hundred donkeys."

"Three hundred *donkeys*, man! And why?"

"I'd make my fortune here, sir, in five months, and marry Charlotte, if you please, sir."

"I've not the least intention of forbidding the banns, Theodore, whoever the fair lady may be; but how would you make your fortune here?"

"By walking up hills wiz people on the donkeys, sir. Zat is better," said Theodore, whose English always degenerated as he became excited, "zan walking up hills in London, and never getting to ze top. But life's like zis Germany—all hills." And Theodore sighed and was mute.

The road between Ems and Wiesbaden is certainly an excellent illustration of Nature's dislike to that worst of defunct things—the "dead level." From the gentle acclivity, characterised by your postilion as a "mountain," to the almost interminable rise for which his language apparently furnishes no term sufficiently strong, irregularities are of such frequent recurrence as to make a fair, even trot of ten minutes' duration, a thing to be remembered; and most who have travelled those now familiar paths will remember one especial eminence, at whose foot your horses generally come to a sullen stop, your driver glances back with a sort of inquiring or suggestive look, intended to convey, "*Wouldn't you like to stretch your legs?*" and the courier touches his hat.

Accepting the multiplicity of hints, you descend, and, marching on ahead to escape the dust, move along the winding slope—a bank on the left hand, a low stone wall on the right. Beyond the latter are myriads of apple-trees, laden, probably, with rich fruitage, exactly out of your reach, and again beyond the trees, whose peculiar formation cannot exclude it, as sweet a German landscape as fair Nassau can produce. All elements of beauty are here—forest, valley, rock, field, vineyard, and last, but far from least,

———the swift and mantling river
That flows triumphant through these lovely regions,
Etched with the shadows of its sombre margin,
And soft, reflected clouds of gold and argent.

Three times has it been my lot to ascend this individual hill—(it is a mile and a half in length)—and on each occasion in the society of my aforesaid squire, Theodore. As, in the first instance, I happened to ask him for a light for my cigar, it appeared to Theodore a simple matter of course that I should on every succeeding occasion make the same demand. Consequently, though years might have elapsed in the interval, whenever the horses made the usual stop at the usual spot, and the driver gave his usual backward glance, Theodore was ready with cigar and light, and on we trudged in company.

Theodore was an indefatigable talker; the life and soul of the couriers' room; holding his associates there, at the same time, in a sort of brotherly contempt that rather increased than diminished his popularity. He was a genius of the most versatile character. He cooked, he sang, he played the guitar and violin (the latter instrument made by himself from the remains of an old tea-chest); he spoke every language under the sun—and *more*, for he had words that certainly belonged to none, including *patois*, which generally resembles its original tongue as much as Coptic. He was accomplished in the lighter arts of shooting, fishing, billiards, and skittles; and, lastly, told excellent stories, which latter, if they *did* occasionally borrow a tint or so from his fervid German imagination, were at least innocent of any deception—the little deviations from

rigid truth being of the most lucid and transparent kind. Theodore had but one fault. He could never master English surnames; and at length introduced such a revolution into the nomenclature of British society, as ought to have driven Boyle and Webster distracted.

"What English are in the house, Theodore?" I inquired, at Schwalbach.

"Lor Dembinck, ze Doctor Spleek, Count Jacobson, and Sir Ploom, sir," said Theodore, without hesitation.

I have mentioned that Gertum was an able *raconteur*. He liked it, and I *him*. I therefore encouraged his confidences, and was frequently well rewarded; for there was something in the earnest manner, and often expressive language, of the man, that never failed to create an interest in his tale. I had a suspicion that Theodore was in love; and, by sundry dark insinuations that I was more intimately acquainted with his "state and prospects" than he had perhaps imagined, elicited the following little love-tale:

She was a very most respectable woman, I assure you, sir. I wrote to my father as this: "Sir, I find a diamond in a dust-hole." She had an uncorrupted mind, and her brain well cultivated. She had lived wiz her mistress, Miss T., ten years, and did everything about the house for her. Poor thing! it is too much. Miss T. sit always on her shoulders—but if ever there was an angel in human skin, it is Charlotte—Charlotte Hudsonne.

So I thought, as she had save a little money, we could be married, and I ask her, and she like me. Yes. Though there was a man that was a valet to Sir Sydney Herbert, of Grosvenor-square, who has saved 3000*l*. and a house in Belgrave-square. (!) Yes, he want to marry her; but she—hem—she prefer Theodore, for she say, "Theodore, I like you. You are respectable, and make broths, and I hold confidence in you, Theodore."

Yes, sir, but it was so unfortunate—that poor Charlotte! She quarrel wiz Miss T., and leave her. Miss T. behave shocking; for when Charlotte went to live wiz her, Miss T. promise her all her silk gowns that she leave off, and yet, in the last twelve months, Miss T. give *fifteen silk gowns to ze housemaid!!!*

Blood and skins could not stand it, so Charlotte say, "Ma'am, you break my heart. You break everybody's heart that live wiz you. I not live here to be made uncomfortable. I go."

"Very well, Hudsonne," Miss T. say. "I am sorry you didn't like it. Go."

So Charlotte went; but it was a great shame, poor thing! for she live wiz her ten years, and not take off her clothes——

"Not take off her clothes! For ten years! Nonsense, man——"

I mean, sir, when her mistress was ill wiz her rheumatism. And though Miss T. was so bad and painful, poor Charlotte never once complain. Well, sir, soon Miss T. get nervous, and ill, and could not be herself wizout Charlotte; and she sent for Sir Chambers, ze great doctor, and he felt her tongue, and looked at her pulses, and then he say:

"You nonsense! There nozing at all the matter wiz you. Why you send for me?"

"Well," said Miss T., "I pay you, Sir Chambers. Ah!"

"There something in you heart, milady," he say then. "Ha! ha! you in love!" he say, sily.

Then she laugh, and he go away.

But Mr. T., her brother, he come to visit her, and ask her why she so nervous and sad, and she tell him all about Charlotte, and she say:

"Henry, I am miserable wizout Hudsonne, but I am too proud to write and ask her to come."

"Well, well," say Mr. T., "don't fret yourself ill, my dear. That's a fool thing—a *bétise*. Poof!"

But ze next day Mr. T. took a pen in his hands, and he wrote to Charlotte:

"CHARLOTTE,—I hope you not refuse to come back to your mistress; for it is a family wish, and she ill, and not get on wizout you. Ah!

"HENRY T."

So Charlotte write backwards, and say she would come, if Miss T. would pay her for the time she lose, not in place, since she left; and Mr. T. say, "Oh, you shall."

So she came, and Miss T. receive her very kind, and say,

"Oh, Charlotte—is it you? And I am glad to see your back, Charlotte."

And Charlotte say she very sorrowed to go, but if Miss T. make it comfortable, she stay till—till no time! Yes, she *stay*—though she want to go and take a little house, with a little business, and a servant-maid, and chickens, and a husband.

And Miss T. say, "Charlotte, you stay wiz me, and never mind marrying (which is nozing, believe me), and I leave you some provisions in my will."

So Charlotte stay. But Miss T. ask her, while she dress her hairs, who she wanted to marry; and when Charlotte not answer, she say again:

"I suspect it Theodore—eh?"

And she seem not to like it, though she would before speak well of me. And afterward she do very bad—as I shall tell you, sir.

IN THE CELLAR.

Well, sir, there was one malfortunate thing. That Flannery—Kitty Flannery—the under-housemaid. She was a great tale-talker, and I think she spy upon me. I once pass three hours in a white waistcoat, on ze top of a coal!

It was this:

Miss T. say to Charlotte while she dress her, "Charlotte, why Theodore never come to see you? You say he love you, and he come not. Poof!"

"Madam," say Charlotte, quiet, "you know no followers allowed—Theodore knew your rule, and he spare your feelings."

(And so I did, sir, for I always tie my handkerchiefs round my foot, and steal down the back-area.)

"Oh," say Miss T., "that no matter. Love get through all holes, and play snap-fingers at regulations."

"Did he, ma'am?" say Charlotte, innocent. "Very well. You know more about him than I do."

Well, sir—and so, next night, I come to the area, and that fool Flanagan, the Irish footman (a great rogue, and my friend), forget to oil the lock, and only rub the chain; so the lock go *cle-e-ek*, and Miss T. hear him, where she sit tea-ing wiz Lord Jones and Miss Augusta, who should marry his lordship, and she get up and come down. But we get notice—and oh! what a row!

“Here, Theodore—the scullery!”

“No, no, the chimney! Quicks! quicks!”

“No, she look *there*! The oven, Theodore. It nearly cool. You won’t care, for ten minute.”

“Here, Theodore, the coal-hole—that’s the place,” said that spiteful Flannery. And, wiz my white waistcoat, and new black coat and wristbands, I go down to the coals.

Miss T. enter.

“Who zat?”

“If you please, ’m, it was not any person at all, ’m.”

“I say, *who zere*? I heard the area-gate squeak.”

“Please, ’m,” said cook, all grave, “it’s the cat. She makes a noise for all the world like that ere area-gate. ’Ad rat that cat! It’s my belief she does it a-puppies to tease. We’re runned off our legs, we are, a-going to that area to let nobody in.”

“It’s very odd,” say Miss T. “Well, leave these doors open. I don’t mind the noise. I like to hear your cheerful voices.”

“Yes, please, ’m.”

And Miss T. go; and she sit up till half-past twelve. Lord Jones go away; and Miss Augusta to bed; and I, in my white waistcoat, counting my thumbs, for three hours, on the top of a coal!

But I grow tired at last. All the servants go to bed, except Charlotte and that Flannery, and still Miss T. sit up. Then I hear her call for fresh candles, and *ach*! I know she suspect me. So I get up, open the coal-door, and walk out like a gentleman come to take my teas. Miss T. look up quiet, not surprise; and she say:

“Oh, Theodore! how you do? I’m afraid you find my cellar dull. Why you in such haste to leave us, Theodore?”

I was mad, and I say, bowing:

“Madam, you know *love get through all holes*, even coal-holes—but perhaps he not like to stay there always.”

And I go.

EARLY STRUGGLES.

Yes, sir: and so, at last, Charlotte resolve to go hands and feet, and we fix *the day*; but she promise to stay wiz Miss T. till the very morning. I take her from Miss T.’s house to the church, and then to her own.

Now, Charlotte fortune was 180*l.*, and of that we pay 130*l.* for the goodwill of the *café*, and 30*l.* for rent, and 20*l.* we put by for a showery day.

Before Charlotte leave Miss T., she say to her, spiteful, “If you had not marry a German, Charlotte, I give you a wedding-breakfast cost me 100*l.* Now, you take, if you wish, ze old stair-carpet; and I promise you I look sharp after my plate-chest, for I think you rent get in arrear, and Theodore pay it in silver-spoons. Poof!”

Yes, sir; and I wrote to Miss T. when I hear this, and I say:

"Miss,—You say I take you spoon to pay my rents. My rent is paid! What you say to zat? You no need to say I take you spoon.

"I remain, Miss, respectfully, your oblige humble servant,
"THEODORE."

But I thought it too—what you say—*sharp*, for a lady, sir, so I burned my letter.

Well, we were married; and, ze next day, when we get up, I say to Charlotte:

"Well, my dears, we must get up and begin the world. Where is the money, eh? How much, Charlotte, my dears?"

(But I only laughed in my sleeves.)

She look up and say, wiz a smile that made her look so prettier than even she is:

"Eighteenpence, Theodore."

"Ah," I say, "zat not much, eh? Lend me your watch, my dear. Here, too, is mine. I go to my bank."

And I go to a place in Oxford-street where I know, and I say to the man:

"Can I have 4*l.* on these?"

The man looked at the watch, and then he look up in my eyes, and say directly,

"You can have 8*l.*

So I run back, and pour de money into Charlotte lap, and I say:

"Charlotte, don't mind. We are honests and we are respectable, and loyal to each other. Our Lord will care for us, and we shall *walk up ze hill*."

That day we open our *café*. It was painted nice, and furnished, and outside was:

Zum	
DRACHENFELS:	
bei	
THEODORE GERTUM.	
Hier Man drankt.	Ici on loge.
Good lodgements for beasts and travellers.	
N.B.	
All languages spoken natively inside.—T. G.	

Before twelve o'clock that day, there came a ring, and a party of German foreigners.

"Haben sie Platz?"

"O ya—ya wohl."

"Sechs?"

"Ya—ya."

So that very night we had six of our twelve beds occupied—everybody paying 8*s.* a day for food and rest and firements.

Pretty well to begin with. Ah!

"There's Wiesbaden—thank you, sir. Hè!"

Thus it happened that I arrived at the top of my hill, and Theodore at the first platform of *his*, at the same moment.

SEA-SIDE RECREATIONS.*

It is daily becoming more and more sensibly felt that fresh air, salt-water bathing, long walks, and lovely and romantic scenery, by no means constitute all the resources of the sea-side. Collecting a few bright-coloured shells, searching for pebbles, and gathering what wrack and weeds and stray forms of animal life are thrown up by the tide—thanks to Harvey's beautiful little Sea-side book and to the *Aquæ-vivaria* at the different zoological gardens—are becoming to a great extent superseded by a still more delightful occupation—the study of the curious forms, and still more curious habits, of the animated beings that abound on our coasts.

Few persons are fully aware of the many strange, beautiful, and wondrous objects that are to be found by searching those shores which every season are crowded in the pursuit of pleasure that is perpetually vanishing, when thought to be actually within the grasp; while to the humble lover of nature, a true and legitimate source of recreation is ever present, ever renewing itself, ever springing up, even at his feet, in new and fascinating shapes. Most curious and interesting, indeed, are the forms of animal life dwelling often neglected within a few yards of where the idler stands, whose lovely forms and hues, whose exquisitely contrived structures and amusing instincts, would not fail to attract his attention and afford him interest, were he only cognisant of their existence.

Here is Mr. Gosse, a naturalist who has before earned distinction by a careful study of the wonders of creation in inter-tropical countries; he comes home, studies too hard, and, as a natural consequence, loses his health; he is ordered change of air and exercise; he repairs to the coast of Devonshire, and finds on his own shores as much, if not more, to amuse him, to occupy his time in healthful recreation and to write about, as if he had spent the same time on the unexplored shores of Africa.

This is the tone of mind with which to enjoy the sea-side. How popular will these delightful rambles on the sea-coast become! One glance on arrival at the bluff red headlands marshalled out by Petit Tor, the white houses of Exmouth shining in the full afternoon sun on the blue hazy shore, irregular rocks, with strong iron bars driven in here and there as a fastening for herring nets, sand and shingle, with young dog-fish putrefying as useless, a wilderness of boulders beyond, and then down we go among the rocks and amid the boulders to peer into the pretty tide-pools, full of pure sea-water, quite still, and as clear as crystal. From the rocky margins and sides of these little tide-pools the puckered fronds of the sweet oar-weed (*Laminaria saccharina*) spring out, and gently drooping, like ferns from a wall, nearly meet in the centre; while other more delicate sea-weeds grow beneath their shadow. Sea-anemones, with slender tentacles set round like a fringe, of an olive colour or a deep rich red, sometimes brightening into blood-red, are

* A Naturalist's Rambles on the Devonshire Coast. By Philip Henry Gosse, A.L.S., &c. John Van Voorst.

scattered about the sides. The bottom is paved with small muscles, and fringed with dwarf *fuci*, *ulvæ*, and coralline—representatives of the olive, green, red, and stony sea-weeds. Under the great boulders are found whole colonies of the smooth sea-anemones and curious dense sponges. Beyond these, again, are great blocks of stone invested with a clothing of slippery sea-weeds, or covered at the edges with shells of *serpulæ*, which cruelly cut the fingers in turning them over—yet what a harvest below! whole colonies of those elegant creatures, the naked-gilled mollusca, are there awaiting the return of the tide. There is the large grey *Eolis papillosa*, there the little *Doris bilamellata*, there the pretty green *Polycera ocellata*, and the most lovely of all, the exquisite *Eolis coronata*, with tentacles surrounded by membranous coronets, and with crowded clusters of papillæ, of crimson and blue that reflect the most gem-like radiance. When these pretty captives are taken home and placed in what might be called a compensating vase, that is to say, a vase of sea-water, in which there is just so much vegetable life as will compensate for the consumption of aeriform gases by animal life (and all young naturalists should know how to make their own aquæ-vivaria), they will live almost any time. Place among these active *Eolides* a large but sluggish *Anthea*, or a helpless *Actinia*, and they will attack them at once, eat holes in their sides, or actually devour their tentacles. Thus, even in these apparently placid, tranquil tide-pools, there is the same war, the same system of compensations going on as everywhere else, and one portion of the humblest creatures that are endowed with organic life are busy destroying another portion. So it is in the whole scale of creation up to man, who is never long happy without an occasional onslaught of races against races—families of men madly destroying other families of men.

To turn, however, to topics suggestive of more agreeable ideas, we have on the Devonshire coast the rock honey-combed into a thousand little cavities by a stone-boring shelled mollusk, *Saxicava rugosa*, which, as it only attacks limestone, is probably assisted in its operations by an acid secretive power, and these honey-combed structures extending to beyond the reach of present tides, so it would appear that the rocks have been elevated since the existence of these stone-borers.

In the larger and lower tide pools, that are separated from the sea only at spring tides, large prawns swim at freedom among great oar weeds and tangles. It is curious that in the aquæ-vivarium the prawn loses his fine zebra-like colours in a few hours: he cannot bear the light, living as he does in a state of nature in the obscurity of deep holes and rocky pools. At Brixham, a handsome shell, very regularly conical, *Trochus ziziphinus*, is found under the large stones at low water, as is also the beautiful scallop *Pecten opercularis*. Mr. Gosse ascertained that the animal of this shell possessed the power of *leaping*. At Petit Tor is found also the Rosy Feather Star, and at Watcombe, the Sea Lemon, *Doris tuberculata*, the largest of our naked-gilled mollusca.

Mr. Gosse's great natural vivarium at this part of the coast was a certain rock-pool at Oddicombe, which he thus graphically describes:

I took another look at my pretty little rock-basin at Oddicombe. It is a deep, oval, cup-like cavity, about a yard wide in the longest diameter, and of the same depth, hewn out, as it were, from the solid limestone, with as clean a

surface, as if a stonemason had been at work there. It is always, of course, full of water, and, except when a heavy sea is rolling in, of brilliant clearness. All round the margin are growing tufts of the common Coralline, forming a whitish bushy fringe, reaching from the edge to about six inches down : a few plants of the Bladder *Fucus* are scattered around and above the brim ; and the arching fronds of the Sweet *Laminaria*, that I before spoke of, hang down nearly to the bottom, closely resembling, except in their deep brown hue, the hart's tongue fern that so profusely adorns the sides of our green lanes. Below the Coralline level are a few small red sea-weeds, as *Rhodomenia palmata* ; and the dark purple *Chondrus crispus* growing in fine tufts, reflecting a rich steel-blue iridescence. But all the lower parts of the sides and the bottom are almost quite free from sea-weeds, with the exception of a small *Ulva* or two, and a few incrusting patches of the Coralline-base, not yet shot up into branches, but resembling smooth pink lichens. The smooth surface of the rock in these lower parts is quite clean, so that there is nothing to intercept the sight of the *Actiniaz*, that project from the hollows, and spread out their broad circular disks like flat blossoms adhering to the face of the interior. There are many of these, all of the species *A. bellis*, and all of the dark chocolate variety, streaked with scarlet ; and they are fine in the ratio of the depth at which they live ; one at the very bottom is fully three inches in diameter.

There is something exceedingly charming in such a natural vivarium as this. When I go down on my knees upon the rocky margin, and bring my face nearly close to the water, the whole interior is distinctly visible. The various forms and beautiful tints of the sea-weeds, especially the purple flush of the *Chondrus*, are well worthy of admiration ; and I can see the little shrimps and other *Crustacea* busily swimming from weed to weed, or pursuing their instinctive occupations among the fronds and branches—an ample forest to them. Tiny fishes of the Blenny genus are also hiding under the shadow of the tufts, and occasionally darting out with quivering tail ; and one or two Brittlestars are deliberately crawling about, by means of their five long and flexible arms, in a manner that seems a ludicrous caricature of a man climbing up by his hands and feet—only you must suppose an additional arm growing from the top of his head. The variety of their colours, and the singular but always elegant patterns in which they are arranged, render these little star-fishes attractive.

Such a calm clear little well as this, among the rugged rocks, stored with animal and vegetable life, is an object well calculated to attract a poet's fancy. The following description must have been drawn from just such a rock-pool, and most true to nature it is :

In hollows of the tide-worn reef,
Left at low water glistening in the sun,
Pellucid pools, and rocks in miniature,
With their small fry of fishes, crusted shells,
Rich mosses, tree-like sea-weed, sparkling pebbles,
Enchant the eye, and tempt the eager hand,
To violate the fairy paradise.

MONTGOMERY.

Hundreds of dye-bearing mollusks, *Purpura lapillus*, are found adhering to the rocks between tide-marks, and as the *Saxicava* burrows the limestones, so at Tor Abbey the *Pholas* burrows the sandstones. Both these stone-boring mollusks breathe by means of double siphonal tubes, the currents from which keep the hole open behind them—another instance of those beautiful and wise contrivances common to the humblest forms of animal life, and in this case essential to the health and comfort of a poor shell-fish that spends its whole life buried in a sepulchre of stone.

It would take pages to record a tithe of the various captures of more or less rare creatures made by Mr. Gosse. One day, it is a rich-coloured *Pleurobranchus plumula*; another, a Dead-man's-fingers, *Alcyonium digitatum*, much more elegantly called by Sir John Dalyell, Mermaid's Glove. Next it was the *Laomedea geniculata*, a forest in itself, with slender zigzag stems shooting up in crowded rows, like trees in a wood, from a creeping root that meanders over the sea-weed, every angle of the stem bearing a glassy cell inhabited by a many-tentacled polype. Numerous other little creatures, as small Mantis shrimps, Eolides, and Dorides, are found in these forests. The habit of the Mantis shrimp is to take a firm hold of the zoophyte with its hindermost feet, and to rear its long spectre-like form in the free water, through which it sways backward and forward, catching with its singularly-constructed fore feet for any straggling prey that may be passing. Add to these, numerous rare anemones, among which one hitherto undescribed, and which Mr. Gosse calls the Rosy Anemone, *Actinia rosea*, with rose-red tentacles, olive disk, and rich umber-brown body.

From Marychurch, on the south coast, Mr. Gosse repaired to Ilfracombe, on the north coast, from whence one of his first excursions was in search of the rare *Caryophyllia Smithii*, which he succeeded in finding, as well as a rare anemone, *Actinia gemmacea*, and which immediately became new and interesting pets, domiciled in a home vivarium for inspection and study. A next pet was a very pretty zoophyte, *Eucratea chelata*, which was again supplanted by a snake-headed coralline and some less interesting parasitic animals. So persistent a partiality for Actinias, Eolides, Dorides, and other marine creatures, could not, however, satisfy itself with a simple examination of their habits and structure in glass vessels; after a time Mr. Gosse determined upon cooking and devouring some of his pets. The process was not quite so easy to put into execution as to watch them in an aquæ-vivarium. The experiment was first made with the common *Actinia crassicornis*, and is thus described:

In a few minutes I collected some half a dozen of different sizes at low water near Wildersmouth, and having rubbed them with my fingers in a tide-pool till the coating of gravel was pretty well got rid of, brought them home. I put them into a pan of sea-water for the night to cleanse them, and most beautiful and gorgeous was the appearance they presented when expanded; no two alike in colours, and yet all so lovely that it was difficult to say which excelled. Perhaps one with the tentacles partly cream-colour and partly white was as beautiful as any.

The next morning, however, I began operations. As it was an experiment, I did not choose to commit my pet morsels to the servants, but took the saucepan into my own hand. As I had no information as to how long they required boiling, I had to find it out for myself. Some I put into the water (sea-water) cold, and allowed to boil gradually. As soon as the water boiled, I tried one: it was tough, and evidently undone. The next I took out after three minutes' boiling: this was better; and one at five minutes' was better still; but not so good as one which had boiled ten. I then put the remaining ones into the boiling water, and let them remain over the fire boiling fast for ten minutes, and these were the best of all, being more tender, as well as of a more inviting appearance.

I must confess that the first bit I essayed caused a sort of lumpy feeling in my throat, as if a sentinel there guarded the way, and said, "It shan't come here." This sensation, however, I felt to be unworthy of a philosopher, for

there was nothing really repugnant in the taste. As soon as I had got one that seemed well cooked, I invited Mrs. G. to share the feast; she courageously attacked the morsel, but I am compelled to confess it could not pass the vestibule; the sentinel was too many for her. My little boy, however, voted that "tinny was good," and that "he liked 'tinny;'" and loudly demanded more, like another *Oliver Twist*. As for me, I proved the truth of the adage, *Ce n'est que le premier pas qui coute*; for my sentinel was cowed after the first defeat. I left little in the dish.

In truth, the flavour and taste are agreeable, somewhat like those of the soft parts of crab; I ate them hot, with the usual crab condiments of salt, pepper, mustard, and vinegar, mixed into a sauce. The internal parts, including the ovaries and the tentacles, though from their mottled appearance rather repelling to the eye, were the most agreeable in taste; the integuments somewhat reminded me of the jelly-like skin of a calf's head. I wonder they are not commonly brought to table, for they are easily procured, and are certainly far superior to cockles, periwinkles, and muscles. After a very little use, I am persuaded any one would get very fond of boiled *Actinias*.

A next experiment was still more successful. The anemones were fried in egg and bread-crumbs, and were declared to be equal to the most epicurean dish of Newfoundland—the tongues of the cod taken out as soon as the fish are brought on shore, and fried immediately. Really, considering the abundance of these anemones on some shores, Mr. Gosse ought to be looked upon in the light of a public benefactor. We shall assuredly try fried anemones our very next visit to the sea-coast, despite of the popular superstition as to their poisonous qualities.

The stern iron-bound coast of North Devonshire presents a peculiarly rich and tempting hunting-ground to the naturalist. The excessive productiveness of the coast, to those who know how and where to look, may indeed be judged of by the description of the diverse kinds of organic life detected on a single small fragment of rock.

It is (writes Mr. Gosse) a bit scarcely bigger than a penny-piece, which I detached the other day from a little rock-pool near low-water mark on the seaward side of Capstone Hill. One single polype on it attracted my notice by its beauty; and when I applied my chisel to the fragment, I did not suspect that it was particularly rich in animal life; nor is it richer than usual in the amount of animal life that it supports, but the variety certainly struck me as remarkable on so small a surface, when I came to examine it.

First of all, the surface is largely encrusted with the cells of a *Lepralia*, the species of which I shall probably better know when the development of some of its granules that I am watching is further advanced. Over these cells a yellow Sponge has spread itself, very thin, and profusely spiculous; and patches of a scarlet Sponge of another kind occur. Another portion of the surface is occupied by the rose-coloured crust of the common Coralline, over-spreading like a beautiful smooth lichen, but without a single shoot or many-jointed stem as yet thrown up, to indicate its true character.

These then may be called the groundwork, for we have not yet got higher than the surface. From this spring up two or three tiny sea-weeds. That very elegant plant, *Bryopsis plumosa*, is represented by several of its fronds, of a most lovely green hue, pectinated on each side like a comb, with perfect regularity. Then there is a little specimen of *Ptilota sericea*, also a pectinated species, something like the *Bryopsis* in delicacy, but of a brownish-red colour, and much less beautiful. Besides these, there are growing parasitically on one of the polypes presently to be mentioned, several very minute ovate fronds, not more than one-eighth of an inch in length, of a rose-red hue, which are probably very young specimens of some of the *Rhodymeniae*.

Now let us look at the Zoophytes. Most conspicuous are several of the

corkscrew funnels that first caught my eye while undisturbed in the quiet pool, and induced me to secure the fragment of supporting rock—the spiral polypidoms of *Cellularia avicularia*, one of the most curious of our native zoophytes. The specimens are particularly fine; the cells tenanted with healthy polypes in great numbers, protruding their crystal stars of tentacles, and covered with scores of birds' heads nodding to and fro their bald heads like so many old men sleeping at church, and opening and shutting their frightfully gaping jaws like snapping turtles.

Up the stem of one of these Bird's head Corallines a colony of *Pedicellina Belgica* has entwined its creeping clinging roots, and is displaying its clubbed polypes with unfolded tentacles in every direction. This is a very common species in our rock-pools, parasitic on many sea-weeds and calcareous polypes.

The most abundant thing of all is *Crisia aculeata*, a delicate and pretty species, easily recognised by its long slender spine springing from the margin of every cell. The multitude of these spines gives a peculiar lightness to the little shrubs in which this species delights to grow.

Several other species are parasitic on the *Crisia*. I detect the curious tiny snake-heads of *Anguinaria spatulata*, entwined about its stems. A stalk of *Bowerbankia imbricata* also is here, studded with little aggregations of cells in dense clusters, set on the slender thread-like stem at wide intervals. And a few of the pitcher-like cells of that singular zoophyte, *Beania mirabilis*, set with hooked prickles, I find; in one of which I can see the polype snugly packed, though I cannot get him to display his beauties outside his door.

Besides all these, there are at least two kinds of Hydroid polypes, both species of the family *Corynidae*. The one is a minute sessile *Coryne*, I believe undescribed; the other is either *Clava multicornis* or a *Hydractinia*, for though two specimens occur of it (as well as of the former) I cannot, from their youth, determine to which genus it is to be referred.

When I first looked over the fragment with a lens, I was sure that I saw *Eucræta chelata*, with active polypes; but as I cannot by close searching again find it, it is possible I was mistaken.

But even at this moment I discover something new; for two little *Balan*i have just opened their valve-like shells from amidst the yellow sponge, and are now throwing out their curled fans of most exquisitely fringed fingers, with precise regularity.

The minute *Crustacea* that hide and play among the tangled stems of the zoophytes I will not mention, because their presence there may be considered as only accidental. But I cannot reckon as transient visitors a brood of infant Brittle-stars which I find creeping about the bases of the *Cellularia*, because I perceive that they have quite made the spot their home, and though they have been now several days in a vessel of water, free to leave their tiny fragment and visit others, or to roam over the expansive bottom of the glass, if they will, they have no such desire; but cling to the circumscribed limits of their native rock, with as unconquerable a partiality as if they were Swiss, and these fragments of stone were their own dear Alps. They crawl and twine over the surface and round the edges; but it is with the utmost reluctance, and only by the use of force and stratagem combined, that I can get one off from the hold to which he tenaciously clings. I am watching the development, and I may say metamorphosis, of the little brood with interest, and cannot yet say what they are; but I think they will turn out to be either *Ophiocoma rosula*, or *O. minuta*, probably the latter.

Now is not this a very pretty list of the tenantry of a bit of slate-rock two inches square? And does it not read us an instructive homily—one of those "sermons in stones" that the poet speaks of—on the beneficent care of Him who "openeth his hand and satisfieth the desire of every living thing?"

Mr. Gosse added, by his researches on this coast, two new species of *Æquorea* to the British Fauna, and a magnificent species of *Chrysaora*. He ascertained, in addition to the quantity of information accumulated

upon the structure and habits of these little creatures, that a great portion of the luminousness of the sea in the same district is to be attributed to the presence of the *Noctiluca Miliario*.

Nor were the scenic beauties of the coast lost upon our ardent lover of marine zoology. He describes in living and admiring terms all that concerns Ilfracombe and the little villages in its neighbourhood. He sketches, with an eye alive to the picturesque, Hele and its lion rock, the prospect from Hillsborough and the Torr Cliffs.

He justly remarks of the sea-side taken altogether :

The sea-side is never dull : other places soon tire us ; we cannot always be admiring scenery, though ever so beautiful, and nobody stands gazing into a field, or on a hedgerow bank, though studded with the most lovely flowers, by the half-hour together. But we can and do stand watching the sea, and feel reluctant to leave it : the changes of the tide and the ever rolling, breaking, and retiring waves, are so much like the phenomena of life, that we look on with an interest and expectation akin to that with which we watch the proceedings of living beings.

He descends to particularities of a still more interesting character when describing favourite localities, as the Smallmouth Caves, Morte Stone, Capstone Hill and Spout-holes, Rapparee Cove, Wildersmouth, the Vale of Lee, Langley Open, Braunton Carn Top, Samson's Bay and Cave, Smallmouth Tunnel, Brier Cave, The Hangman,* and a host of other interesting spots. Few of these on such a rock-girt coast but have their legends of wreck and disasters, some with claims to interest of quite a domestic character. Here is an example :

Some years ago a party of nine ladies went down to the rocks at Wildersmouth, at the part below the Capstone, which is rather secluded by means of the more than usually large masses of rock that rise there. One of the ladies was the aunt of another, the latter a little girl, whose parents were in India. The child was to be bathed, but the sea was high, and she did not like it. When she had been dipped twice, she begged that it might suffice, but all protested that she must have her full allowance of three dips. The aunt accordingly plunged her a third time, but at that instant a heavy wave coming in took the child out of the grasp of her relative, and bore her back beyond reach. The tide was setting down, and the party had the agony of seeing their little companion carried rapidly away across the mouth of the cove towards the Tunnel rocks.

A young man, a relative, I believe, of one of the ladies, instantly stripped and swam after the child, who still floated. He succeeded in catching her, but so fast had the tide swept her down, that he had to land on the Tunnel side of the cove, and then to climb the precipitous cliffs with his helpless burden in one arm. She was found, however, to be quite dead, and no appliances could restore her.

The aunt was like a maniac ; crying and tearing her hair in distraction. They put her into one of the bathing-machines until the first paroxysm of grief had exhausted itself ; but she never recovered the shock. She used long afterwards to come down to the fatal spot, and gaze out upon the sea in hopeless and speechless melancholy—a melancholy that never left her.

To complete the sad story, the parents of the child, who had not heard of the event, were returning from India shortly after, when the ship was wrecked, and they too were both drowned.

* It is not a little curious, as illustrative of the propagation of legendary lore, that there should be a "Hangman's Stone" at Rottingdean, near Brighton, with precisely the same legend attached to it as to the stone on the coast of North Devon.

There is another story of a similar character associated with a steep flight of steps at the north-east corner of Capstone Promenade:

Four or five years ago the large house from which these steps descend was temporarily occupied by two ladies of rank, one of whom, among other accomplishments not very common to her sex, was distinguished as an expert and fearless swimmer. She was accustomed to plunge from these private steps when the water was high, and swim out to sea, over yonder belt of horrid rocks, in all weathers. On the occasion I speak of, a morning in autumn, she had boldly, nay rashly, sought her favourite amusement, though a gale of wind was blowing, and the foaming sea was breaking in furious violence almost to the very top of the wall.

The fishermen and idlers on the quay were just going to their breakfasts, when the sister of the swimmer rushed out of the house with a scream of distress. "A lady is drowning behind! who will save her?" was her eager demand, as she passed one young man after another. None replied, for the weather was tremendous; till a poor shoemaker offered himself. "I'll save her, if I can," said he; and he followed her swiftly through the house and yard to the head of the steps.

There indeed was the lady still bravely breasting the rolling waves; she had taken her outward range, and was returning, but the rebound of the sea from the cliffs was so powerful that she could not come in to the steps; her strength too was failing fast, and it failed all the faster because she was thoroughly frightened.

The young cordwainer, throwing off his coat and shoes, and taking a rope in his hand, leaped at once into the waves, and being himself a skilful swimmer, he quickly reached the drowning lady. He managed to pass the noose of the cord round her, by means of which she was presently drawn up by other men who had congregated on the steps. "Take care of the poor man!" was her first exclamation, even before her own feet had touched the firm ground. But "the poor man" was past their care; he had saved her life chivalrously, but it was with the sacrifice of his own.

As soon as he had secured the lady's hold of the rope, he sought the shore for himself, but scarcely had he swam half a dozen strokes, when the spectators on shore beheld his arms suddenly cease their vigorous play and hang down; his legs, too, sank into the same pendent posture, and his head dropped upon his breast with the face submerged. Thus he continued to float for a short time, but moved no more. He had been subject to occasional swooning fits, from a severe blow which he had received on the head some time before, and his brother, from whose mouth I received these details, conjectured that one of his attacks had suddenly come upon him, his predisposition being perhaps aggravated by his having gone out without having broken his fast.

The tide soon carried the body away out of sight; efforts were made as soon as practicable to recover it by dragging; and it was once hooked and brought to the surface, but before it could be hauled into the boat it sank again, and it was not till more than a fortnight after that it was found at Comb-Martin, some five miles to the eastward.

Nothing could exceed the distress of the lady at the death of her courageous deliverer; for awhile she appeared inconsolable, and the effect of the whole transaction is said to have been a permanent melancholy. Her gratitude was shown in providing for the widow and children of her benefactor, who continue to this day her pensioners.

And with this we must conclude our notice of Mr. Gosse's charming work, which is well calculated to render the pursuit of natural history more popular than ever, to show to sea-side visitors that they have other resources at hand besides the monotonous promenade, and to open their hearts by the contemplation of the excellence impressed on everything which God has created.

AMERICAN AUTHORSHIP.

BY SIR NATHANIEL.

No. VIII.—WILLIAM CULLEN BRYANT.

POETRY has been pronounced by Wordsworth, the spontaneous overflow of powerful feelings—taking its origin from emotion recollected in tranquillity ;—"the emotion is contemplated till, by a species of re-action, the tranquillity gradually disappears, and an emotion, kindred to that which was before the subject of contemplation, is gradually produced, and does itself actually exist in the mind." In such a mood, according to the great poet, successful composition generally begins, and in a mood similar to this it is carried on.* This species of re-action, this revival of powerful emotion, this living over again the passionate experience, between which in its historical reality and the present time a tranquillising medium has been interposed,—this revivification of olden sensibilities, in all their quick energy and moving influences, we seem to miss in the poetry of Mr. Bryant. The tranquillity somewhat overlays the emotion. The philosophic mind, brought by rolling years, somewhat over-rides, checks, confines the soul of poesy, and sometimes

— lies upon it with a weight
Heavy as frost.

Thirty years ago, Mr. Bryant was cavalierly characterised by a *Black-wood* critic as, "in fact, a sensible young man, of a thrifty disposition, who knows how to manage a few plain ideas in a very handsome way"—but wanting fire, wanting the very rashness of a poet—the prodigality and fervour of those who are overflowing with inspiration. The smartest of American satirists thus delineates him :

There is Bryant, as quiet, as cool, and as dignified,
As a smooth, silent iceberg, that never is ignifed,
Save when by reflection 'tis kindled o' nights,
With a semblance of flame by the chill Northern Lights.
He may rank (Griswold says so) first bard of your nation,
(There's no doubt that he stands in supreme ice-olation)
Your topmost Parnassus he may set his heel on,
But no warm applauses come, peal following peal on,—
He's too smooth and too polished to hang any zeal on :
Unqualified merits, I'll grant, if you choose, he has 'em,†
But he lacks the one merit of kindling enthusiasm ;
If he stir you at all, it is just, on my soul,
Like being stirred up with the very North Pole.‡

Tuckerman, who is so decided an admirer of this bard, admits a remarkable absence of those spontaneous bursts of tenderness and passion, which

* See Preface to the Second Edition of the *Lyrical Ballads*.

† We can fancy the "too smooth and too polished" poet looking grim horror, or blank perplexity, at the scansion of this rough-shod line of his critic's.

‡ A Fable for Critics.

constitute the very essence of a large portion of modern verse—and allows that he has none of the spirit of Campbell, or the narrative sprightliness of Scott; and that love is merely recognised in his poems, rarely forming the staple of any composition; and that even sentiment, except that which springs from benevolence, seldom lends a glow to his pages. We remember, however, Wilson's quoting "A Song of Pitcairn's Island" with the remark, "This is the kind of love-poetry in which we delight"—and his eulogising "The Hunter's Serenade" as "a sweet love-lay," and the "Song of Marion's Men" as a spirit-stirring, beautiful ballad, instinct with the grace of Campbell and the vigour of Allan Cunningham. Nor has Mr. Bryant ever, perhaps, been more justly appraised than by the same renowned critic, when he defines the chief charm of the poet's genius to consist in a tender pensiveness, a moral melancholy, breathing over all his contemplations, dreams, and reveries, even such as in the main are glad, and giving assurance of a pure spirit, benevolent to all living creatures, and habitually pious in the felt omnipresence of the Creator. The inspiration of many of his poems is traced to "a profound sense of the sanctity of the affections. That love, which is the support and the solace of the heart in all the duties and distresses of this life, is sometimes painted by Mr. Bryant in its purest form and brightest colours, as it beautifies and blesses the solitary wilderness. The delight that has filled his own being, from the faces of his own family, he transfuses into the hearts of the creatures of his imagination, as they wander through the woods, or sit singing in front of their forest bowers." The tenderness and pathos which mark "The Death of the Flowers," "The Indian Girl's Lament," "The Rivulet," and other pieces, produce in the reader a feeling not exactly, not even approximately, like that (if we may dogmatise at all on so indefinite a sensation) of

—being stirred up by the very North Pole.

Bryant loves to put into simple verse some simple story of the heart, or fragment of legendary lore. For instance, the "African Chief," which tells how a captive prince stood in the market-place, "all stern of look and strong of limb, his dark eye on the ground,"—and there besought his elated conqueror to accept ransom, for the sake of those who were weeping their loss in the shade of the cocoa-tree; and how, when the conqueror spurned that petition, the conquered became at once broken of heart and crazed of brain, and wore not long the chain of serfdom—for at eventide "they drew him forth upon the sands, the foul hyæna's prey." Or again, "The Hunter's Vision,"—which describes the slumber of a weary huntsman upon a rock that rose high and sheer from the mountain's breast—and how he dreamed of a shadowy region, where he beheld dead friends, dear in days of boyhood, and one fair young girl, long since housed in the churchyard, but now bounding towards him as she was wont of yore, and calling his name with a radiant smile on that sweet face which the death damps have so dishonoured—and how the dreamer started forward to greet the rapturous delusion, and, plunging from that craggy height, ended dream and life at once! Or again,—"The Murdered Traveller"—a touchingly mournful elegy on one who died a fearful death in a narrow glen, and whose bones were found and buried there by un-

weeping strangers—the fragrant birch hanging her tassels above him, and the blossoms nodding carelessly, and the redbreast warbling cheerily :*

But there was weeping far away ;
And gentle eyes for him,
With watching many an anxious day
Were sorrowful and dim.

They little knew, who loved him so,
The fearful death he met,
When shouting o'er the desert snow,
Unarmed, and hard beset ;—

Nor how, when round the frosty pole
The northern dawn was red,
The mountain wolf and wild-cat stole
To banquet on the dead.

But long they looked, and feared, and wept,
Within his distant home ;
And dreamed, and started as they slept,
For joy that he was come.

These lines are a fine specimen of the condensed, pithy, chaste picturesqueness of expression in which Mr. Bryant excels. A corresponding terseness as well as delicacy distinguishes his similitudes, which if sparsely, are almost ever effectively introduced, and evidence true feeling and taste. The breeze at summer twilight he bids

—go forth,
God's blessing breathed upon the fainting earth.†

The intellectual prowess of man he suggests by the discoveries of the astronomer—

he whose eye
Unwinds the eternal dances of the sky.‡

To a maiden sinking under a decline he says—

Glide softly to thy rest then ; Death should come
Gently to one of gentle mould like thee,
As light winds wandering through groves of bloom
Detach the delicate blossom from the tree.§

When "frosts and shortening days portend the aged year is near his end," then does the gentian flower's

Sweet and quiet eye
Look through its fringes to the sky,
Blue—blue—as if that sky let fall
A flower from its cerulean wall.||

Man, a probationer between two eternities, is thus apostrophised:

* The couplet,

"And fearless near the fatal spot
Her young the partridge led,"

is deservedly admired.

† To the Evening Wind.

‡ The Ages.

§ Sonnets.

|| To the Fringed Gentian.

So live, that when thy summons comes to join
 The innumerable caravan, that moves
 To that mysterious realm, where each shall take
 His chamber in the silent halls of death,
 Thou go not, like the quarry-slave at night,
 Scourged to his dungeon, but, sustained and soothed
 By an unfaltering trust, approach thy grave,
 Like one who wraps the drapery of his couch
 About him, and lies down to pleasant dreams.*

The poem which concludes with these lines, "Thanatopsis," is slightly said by a popular critic to have for its main thought the world as a huge sepulchre, rolling through the heavens, while its moral is to inculcate upon the death-devoted dust, which we call man, the duty of dropping into its kindred dust as quietly and gracefully as possible. So to "sacrifice to the graces" is hardly, however, the poet's wont. And this particular poem merits a higher estimate, mingling as it does so finely, a "mild and healing sympathy, that steals away their sharpness" with man's "darker musings" on the wormy grave, and with thoughts of the last bitter hour that "come like a blight over his spirit," and with "sad images of the stern agony, and shroud, and pall, and breathless darkness, and the narrow house." Not a few of Mr. Bryant's admirers admire "Thanatopsis" beyond the rest of his poems; and "Thanatopsis" it is which Nathaniel Hawthorne, in his dream† of a generation to come, beheld "gleaming" over the dead and buried bard, "like a sculptured marble sepulchre by moonlight." And "Thanatopsis" it is, of which we are told that Dana, and other critics to whom it was shown in MS., affirmed that it *could* not have been written by an American—there being, says Mr. Griswold, "a finish and completeness about it, added to the grandeur and beauty of the ideas, to which, it was supposed, none of our own writers had attained." America owns another guess sort of critics, now.

As a descriptive poet, with the national characteristics of his country's scenery for a theme, those who are familiar with such characteristics, accord to Mr. Bryant lofty praise. Cis-Atlantic readers are apt to complain of a seeming lack of nationality in his pictures of lake and prairie, and to find them tame and colourless beside the impressive and vivid studies, from the same objects, of Fenimore Cooper. But Trans-Atlantic critics assure us, that any of our "auld world" selves, "gifted with a small degree" of common imagination and sensibility, and free from a very large degree of prejudice and chronic amaurosis, may derive from Bryant's poems "the very awe and delight with which the first view of one of America's majestic forests would strike his mind." We are to regard him with the respect due to one who, in Wordsworth's language,

Having gained the top
 Of some commanding eminence, which yet
 Intruder ne'er beheld, from thence surveys
 Regions of wood and wide savannah, vast
 Expanse of unappropriated earth,
 With mind that sheds a light on what he sees.‡

* Thanatopsis.

† See "P.'s Correspondence," in the *Mosses*.

‡ Excursion. Book IV.

He has caught, according to Tuckerman, the very spirit of American scenery, as well as faithfully pictured its details—"his best poems have anthem-like cadence, which accords with the vast scenes they celebrate"—"his harp is strung in harmony with the wild moan of the ancient boughs"—his forest studies are not English parks formalised by art, not legendary wilds like Ravenna's pine-grove, not gloomy German forests with their phantoms and banditti—but they realise those "primal dense woodlands" of the New World (whose title of New seems a libel on *their* hoary eld) where "the oak spreads its enormous branches, and the frost-kindled leaves of the maple glow like flame in the sunshine; where the tap of the woodpecker and the whirring of the partridge alone break the silence that broods, like the spirit of prayer, amid the interminable aisles of the verdant sanctuary." And Washington Irving claims for his friend's descriptive poetry, the power of transporting us at will into the "depths of the solemn primæval forest, to the shores of the lonely lake, the banks of the wild nameless stream, or the brow of the rocky upland, rising like a promontory from amidst a wide ocean of foliage." Nevertheless, we own to a sense of general dulness and disappointment when doing our best to catch the inspiration of the "Forest Hymn," nor do we find in his picture of "The Prairies," those Gardens of the Desert, those

Unshorn fields, boundless and beautiful,
For which the speech of England has no name—

any such "proof impression" of the poet's art, as the subject seems capable of. Very graphic, however, are the lines—

Lo! they stretch
In airy undulations, far away,
As if the ocean, in his gentlest swell,
Stood still, with all his rounded billows fixed,
And motionless for ever.—Motionless?—
No—they are all unchained again. The clouds
Sweep over with their shadows, and, beneath,
The surface rolls and fluctuates to the eye;
Dark hollows seem to glide along and chase
The sunny ridges.

Mr. Bryant's residence in Queen's County,* as described by pencillers

* His house is at the foot of a woody hill, facing Hempstead Harbour, to which the flood tide gives the appearance of a lake, bordered to its very edge with trees. The house itself, surrounded with "square columns and a heavy cornice," which help to shade "a wide and ample piazza," is described ("Homes of American Authors," 1852) as "one bower of greenery," July's hottest sun leaving the inner rooms "cool and comfortable at all times." The library, as the haunt of the poet and his friends, is "supplied with all that can minister to quiet and refined pleasure," in addition to books. "Here, by the great table covered with periodicals and literary novelties, with the soft, ceaseless music of rustling leaves, and the singing of birds making the silence sweeter, the summer visitor may fancy himself in the very woods, only with a deeper and more grateful shade; and when 'wintry blasts are piping loud,' and the whispering trees have changed to whirling ones, a bright wood-fire lights the home scene, enhanced in comfort by the hospitable sky without, and the domestic lamp calls about it a smiling or musing circle, for whose conversation or silence the shelves around afford excellent

by the way, would appear favourable to the "consecration and the poet's dream," without excluding the "common things that round us lie" in active practical life. But he leaves now to others the "accomplishment of verse," and reposes on such laurels as he has long-ago won, be they ever-greens or not.

His prose writings are numerous, but chiefly scattered among reviews, magazines, and newspapers. The "Letters of a Traveller," collected for English publication two or three years ago, form an agreeable miscellany, but without pretension to novelty in matter or any distinctive excellence in style. The subjects are trite, the treatment so-soish. The repast is a sort of *soup-maigre*, presented in no very lordly dish. Enthusiasm of description is as much wanting as singularity of incident. But to those who love quiet communications on quiet topics, these letters have an interest and value not to be gainsaid. The subjects range over a pretty wide surface of time and space; from 1834 to 1849, and from New England to Old, *plus* France and Holland, Austria and Italy. If there is a deficiency of colouring and warmth in the traveller's sketches of Italian scenery and arts—of what is picturesque in Shetland life—of England's home beauties—and of the swamps of Florida, and the rugged wilds of Canada, and the tropic vegetation of Cuba,—at least they are free from the showy verbiage and fustian neologisms in which some New Englanders so profusely indulge. Nevertheless, they are distinctively American; for Mr. Griswold is right in affirming, as respects the poet's prose writings, especially the political part of them, that, whatever is in them of intrinsic truth, his views on every subject disputed internationally, are essentially American, born of and nurtured by his country's institutions, experience, and condition, "and held," it is added, "only by ourselves and by those who look to us for instruction and example." The *Evening Post* has been the main channel of the ex-poet's political effusions. Prose *belles lettres* he seems to have abjured, together with verse—though once so welcome and prominent a contributor to the *North American Review*, the *New York Review*, and other home journals. As in the case of James Montgomery, Thomas Aird, and others, in the old country, this devotion to newspaper partisanship is held a thousand pities by most who pay homage to his muse.

materials. The collection of books is not large, but widely various; Mr. Bryant's tastes and pursuits leading him through the entire range of literature, from the Fathers to Shelley, and from Courier to Jean Paul. In German, French, and Spanish, he is a proficient, and Italian he reads with ease; so all these languages are well represented in the library. He turns naturally from the driest treatise on politics or political economy, to the wildest romance or the most tender poem—happy in a power of enjoying all that genius has created or industry achieved in literature."

THE FRENCH ALMANACKS FOR 1854.

"*Education, amélioration, progrès*"—such is the motto of the French Almanacks for 1854, which reflect, we hardly dare say how faintly, the spirits which they invoke. Astrology, prophecy, devilry, and magic, with frivolities of ultra-Gallican insignificance, are still the order of the day; and to these are added, this year, table-turning, hat-turning, and man-moving, concerning which phenomena our lively neighbours appear to entertain ideas indicative of anything but progress in a sound and inductive philosophy.

Literature, to judge from M. Jules Janin's annual exposition, has received but slender additions. "Like Homer," says the *spirituel feuilletonist*, "who, according to Horace, goes sometimes to sleep, so also French wit is found to be occasionally somnolent." Exceptions are perhaps to be found in the work of M. Eugène Pelletan, entitled "The Profession of Faith of the Nineteenth Century," said to be a marvel of piety, poetry, and philosophy; in the "Histoire de Madame de Longueville," by Victor Cousin, an episode of the Fronde, related in the most spirited manner; in Auguste Thierry's "Essai sur l'histoire de la formation et du progrès du tiers état en France;" Theophile Gautier's "Voyage en Orient;" Gerard de Nerval's "Châteaux de Bohême;" Eugène Sue's "Gilbert et Gilberte;" Maxime Ducamp's "Livre Posthume;" Alexis Blondel's "l'Inimitable Falambelle;" and lastly, in Madame Emile de Girardin's "Marguerite, ou les Deux Amours." Amid such poverty of national literature, "Uncle Tom's Cabin" had a *succès de fureur*. Janin cleverly designates Uncle Tom as the modern Epicæteus, whose earthen lamp, we may add, archaeologists have as yet failed to recover. Of Mrs. Stowe he says, if France failed in imitation of the English to prostrate itself at her feet, it is because it is not the custom in France to admire persons who write, so much as a performer on the piano, or a travelling opera-dancer. This is also the case in England, M. Janin.

One or two tales are also noticed, so brief in their narration that they might be read between courses, the "Vase Etrusque," and "l'Enfant Maudit;" which are yet said to have created such a sensation as that the dates of their publication have become literary events; and Etienne Bequet, since dead, is declared to have earned immortality by a story of only four pages in length, called "Le Mouchoir Bleu." Nor must we omit to mention that a young man with a great name, M. Albert de Broglie, has thrown himself into the breach now so long open, in defence of antiquity, and has joined himself to the Villemains, Remusat, and Cousins of the day, in opposing the repeated onslaughts of a corrupt and narrow bigotry, as represented by the Abbé Gaume and his followers.

Apart from these literary passes, republication has, as with us, assumed formidable proportions in France, to the serious injury of the literature of the day. Janin, however, applauds the system, which certainly has its advantages. "This reproduction, or rather resurrection," he says, "of so many beautiful works, which were the spoilt children of our youth, is a happy symptom full of hope. It gives courage, and it is worthy of giving

courage to new efforts. It is full of consolation for honest and 'well-cut' pens: it resembles life, glory, and fortune." The point of the last epigrammatic sentence is not very clear. It reminds us of an illustration of the learned discussions on table-turning in one of the almanacks—a yawning gulf, dark as Erebus, leading only to darkness still more intense—nothing could illustrate more emphatically the exceeding obscurity of the subject.

The "Répertoire du Théâtre" has been far more prolific than that of publications. At least 300 new pieces have been brought before the public; among the most remarkable of which were "Le Cœur et la Dol," by M. Felicien Mallefille, and "Lady Tartuffe," by Madame Emile de Girardin, both produced at the Théâtre Français. The first is a comedy of the most legitimate description, the scene of which is placed at Vichy; the second is a bit of spite, a repulsive idea carried through by dint of combined skill and audacity. The great success of the year has, however, been achieved by M. Ponsard, in his comedy called "L'Honneur et l'Argent." This successful piece was refused by the Théâtre Français, and accepted without reading at the Odéon. Then there were lots of small things, among which, "Jean le Cocher," the "Lundis de Madame," the "Souvenirs de Voyage," the "Tante Ursule," the "Loup dans la Bergerie," were the most applauded. None, however, equalled in success the "Filles de Marbre," which, when we say that it is universally admitted to be twin-sister to the "Dame aux Camélias" of last year, we give a sufficient idea of its tendencies and character. The "marble fair" being, however, at once heartless and rapacious, they are, in reality, the opposite of the fair one with the camélias, but still the social circle in which both move being the same, they fully authorise Jules Janin's exclamation, "Is it possible, just Heaven, that the Tarpeian Rock shall always be so near to the Capitol! 'A woman, an asp! a worm, a god!' said Pascal." It only remains to add, that the dramatic success of "Uncle Tom's Cabin" cut short the career of many a piece which otherwise might have had a fair run; witness the "Lys dans la Vallée," and the resuscitation of Prudhomme—like Paturot, the acknowledged representative of the *bourgeois*—the blind, fat, national guard, victimised by boys and troopers, by the "marble fair," and by his own wife, and then laughed at by the public.

In connexion with a more general progress, of all the marvels of the past year, after table-turning, the one which appears to have created the greatest sensation is the propagation of fish, or pisciculture as they designate it on the Continent. The said art of pisciculture was well known to the Romans, and has been practised from time immemorial by the Chinese.* Messrs. Van Voorst published a treatise on the subject in this country years ago; and we know a gentleman who undertakes for ten pounds sterling to stock a pond with choice fish within a given time. But the secret was apparently new to the French, and therefore a discovery. A poor fisherman of Bresse had found time to alternate hours devoted to the capture of fish, to studies relative to the mode of propagation of the same. After prolonged observations, and many failures, he succeeded in discovering the secret of artificial propagation, and he laid the result of his researches before government, offer-

* Spallanzani and De Golstein have written on the artificial incubation of fish.

ing not only to replenish the exhausted stock of rivers and lakes, but also to introduce more particularly into them the rare and most esteemed descriptions of fresh-water fish. Government, as is customary in France, shrugged its shoulders—in this country it would have pooh-poohed the project—till the subject having been mooted in public and attracted attention, a commission of inquiry was instituted. The result was propitious. Thirty thousand francs were voted for a model pond at Huningue, and it is said that there are now nearly a hundred piscicultural establishments in France. The joy of the Parisians at the prospects held out to them of a glut of matelotes is boundless. Their imaginations soar far beyond the more common kinds; they aspire to filling the Seine with trout, salmon, and sturgeon. A professor of the Garden of France repaired to Prussia in search of living specimens of a fish much esteemed in that country; unfortunately, they all perished in the ponds of Versailles—possibly they degenerated into another species, as the roach becomes a rudd in tidal and other ponds. Thousands of little trouts and salmon have been cast into the Rhone from the reservoirs at Huningue; had they been thrown into the Thames, they would have been devoured as whitebait. The Parisians glorify themselves not only in anticipation of a glut of fresh-water fish, but also in the fact that they alone know how to cook the same. “The Frenchman,” writes one contributor, “clever by nature, created the *matelote*! And he did not stop even at this splendid creation; he suggested that turbot should be eat with capers, and pike should be disguised—*brochet au bleu*. Colbert—the great Colbert himself—did not consider it beneath his genius to invent a new method of dressing soles, let it be said to his eternal honour!”

The art of directing balloons—which was to attain perfection each succeeding year, according to the prophecies we have recorded for years past—has made no progress. A M. Henri Giffard made an experimental ascent from the Hippodrome on the 24th of September, 1852, in a machine, from which, as usual, marvellous results were anticipated, but, as usual also, nothing resulted. The progress of aerial navigation will receive a further blow by the establishment of stationary balloons in the Bois de Boulogne, where piscicultural reservoirs are also to be excavated, and other sources of recreation are to be founded under imperial patronage.

A M. Jussienne having invented a machine, not larger than a man's hat, which by means of compressed air can be made to draw a chariot with two persons in it, horses we are told are to be suppressed. Every one will have his carriage in his house, and his locomotive in his pocket. Every workman will have in his workshop a little machine that will spare him the use of his arms. The Messrs. Barrat have, it is said also, invented a machine, which, by means of steam, will plough the land as quickly as a steam-boat ploughs the ocean. Others have invented machines for mowing, hoeing, cutting, thrashing, &c., &c. Wonderful France, it can dispense with the more humble inventions of its neighbours; everything there is an original creation!

Add to this, the French have discovered during the past year a new rat-trap, and a new method of getting rid of flies; they have, however, been much terrified by mad dogs, but have discovered no cure; and ex-

perienced serious pecuniary losses by disease in the grape (*Oidium Tuckeri*), and have as yet found no remedy, but flowers of sulphur blown on the grape in the shape of a fine powder by means of a pair of bellows, or used in solution with any common watering apparatus.

A new application of the electric fluid has also been discovered for the detection of house-breakers. To do this it is made to ring certain bells, and if well paid for, can even be made to play tunes, agreeable to all except to burglars. It will also indicate by a telegraphic apparatus where the thief is hidden, whether in a cupboard or a butter-pot. How all these wonderful results are to be arrived at we are not told, for the secret is in the hands of a company called *La Vedette*, who only want 2,000,000 francs to bring it into general use. The shares are issued at 200 francs, but may be paid up by instalments of twenty-five francs a month; and if you can prove that you are the father of a family, an artist, or a literary man, you will be let off for fifteen francs every three months. Rumours of robberies have alarmed the timid very frequently since the company have issued their prospectus, and caused a great demand for shares.

The marvels of table-turning have, however, surpassed all others. The Parisians have from all times been partial to phenomena of all kinds and descriptions. This they tell us was introduced from Bremen, and excited at once the greatest enthusiasm. To every card of invitation was added: "The tables will be made to dance, and hats to turn." And a peculiar aptitude in the art was essential to social distinction. The success met with was proportionate to the enthusiasm created. A M. Mangolfier caused hats to turn, simply by ordering them to do so—without any apposition of hands. The same experiment was, it is said, tried with success upon a table. M. Sequin wrote to the Academy that he had seen a table raise one or two legs to the sound of a piano, and beat time. M. Vauquelin de Mortagne assured the same learned body that, in his hands, the tables understood French, and answered questions. The Academy smiled; the Academy does not laugh. The Academy declared that the whole of the phenomena depended upon insensible and involuntary impulsions communicated by the experimentors to the objects experimented upon. Paris rejected the explanation tendered by the savans, and declared unanimously that there was an utter discrepancy between the magnitude of the presumed cause and the intensity of the effects produced. Archæologists declared that the phenomena were known to Tertullian, and had been from time immemorial practised by the gymnosophists of India. The possibility of moving objects without touching them was, at the same time, attested by a whole army of newspaper correspondents. Some of the most curious among these contributions to modern magic are given in the *Almanach Prophétique*.

The first experiments in human rotation were made at Aranjuez, in Spain. The experiment was soon repeated in France, and one of the most determined sceptics was, by his own avowal, made to turn round and round and back again in whatsoever direction he was ordered! A boy at Prague has turned every morning since being first experimented upon. German physicians say he is affected with the *Veitstanz*, or St. Vitus's dance. We wonder it has not struck our lively neighbours that the dancing dervishes pass, after the lapse of a short time, under the influence

of some impulse of an analogous character. The Auvergnats, the water-carriers of Paris, were found to abound in a fluid of a different description, and essential to the success of the experiment. Their society was sought for, cultivated, purchased at a high rate: the Auvergnats reaped a splendid harvest by the new mania. Heads were turned as well as tables, and it became a matter of serious consideration whether tables had souls or not. Tables were consulted in obscure medical cases—the rappings made themselves heard to some people in the silence and darkness of night to their very great discomfiture. A chemist, with very little business, declared that he had got from Ninon de l'Enclos herself the secret of perpetuating the charms of youth. The prodigious sale of his ointment emboldened other speculators to search into the secrets of antiquity. The poisons used by Agrippina, Tophania, and Brinvilliers, are said to be no longer secret. We hope antiquity will be consulted for secrets of a more agreeable and useful character, or he who explains the rappings may be made answerable for the results. It is one thing to say, "It is Peter the Great who raps!" The shade of Peter the Great may be received with due respect. But it is quite another thing to say, "Your husband may be sent to the shades by a dose of the 'succession powder.'" The tables may thus be made to revive the *Chambre Ardente*. Meantime, M. Taxile Delord treats us to an innocuous and amusing history of a *Chapeau tournant*, which, after being claimed by a distinguished actress, contributing to an elopement, travelling with the celebrated paletôt of Menschikoff, winning the golden favours of a Sir John *Turtlesupp*, causing an insurrection in Toulouse, and decorating the head of a bag-man, was smashed by a disappointed *Portière* for misinforming her on the delicate subject of a lucky lottery-number upon which she had risked her little all.

The Parisians are more susceptible on the point of culinary inventions than upon those of such minor importance as ploughing and thrashing-machines, and other insignificant aids to human industry. An author complains as follows:

I went yesterday to Véfours.

"Garçon?"

"Sir."

"A *filet braisé à la Scribe*."

"Don't know it."

I adjourned to Véry's.

"Garçon?"

"Sir."

"A kidney *à la sauce-Halévy*."

"No such a thing in the carte."

I hastened away to the Frères Provençaux.

"Garçon?"

"Sir."

"A *croustade Shakspearienne*."

"We do not make any."

Same answer at Chevet's for cutlets *à la purée Lablache*. It is with the deepest concern, the most bitter humiliation, that I make known these facts to my countrymen.

The English have just invented one after the other four new dishes. The *filet braisé à la Scribe*; *Rognon à la sauce-Halévy*; *côtelettes à la purée Lablache*; and *croustade Shakspearienne*.

And these four dishes are as yet unknown in Paris. No one has thought of importing them.

There is, then, no more culinary art in France.

These four dishes sufficiently attest the fact. Would the English at any other time have thought of inventing, I will not say a filet, a côtelette, a purée, a rognon, a croustade, a sauce, but even a simple gravy?

The English ate, but they did not dine. The Saxon roast beef, the Scandinavian plum-pudding, constituted the basis of the antique cookery of England. They had never soared beyond these dishes from the time of Edward the Confessor, and now they invent Shakspearian custards!

I expect soon to hear that they have given a banquet, in which figured 500 *patés Byroniens* and 2000 *potages Walter Scottiens*.

And in face of such progress we remain stationary. For now nigh ten years French cookery is in a state of atrophy; the French cooks invent nothing.

I shall, perhaps, be answered by an appeal to the *côtelettes à la purée d'ananas du gouvernement provisoire*. That dish, it is now known, is purely apocryphal, it has never existed, it is utterly impossible; it is as fabulous as the unicorn, the phoenix, the roc, the white thrush, and the seal that said "Papa," "Mamma."

And yet in what consists our supremacy over other nations? In the first place in tragedies, in the second in dishes; all the tragedians and all the cooks, who spread themselves over all the countries of Europe, are French. The tragedy remains for us, but cookery is gone.

I would rather that it should have been tragedy.

As to what concerns illustrated dishes, we are still at our *côtelettes-Soubise*, our *biftecks-Chateaubriand*, and our *poulet-Marengo*. We have no *croustade Byronienne*.

Cooks of France, your honour, and the glory of France are concerned: reply to this croustade by a Charlotte Cornélienne, which shall make perfidious Albion grow pale with jealousy. Cooks of France, not one of you fell upon his sword on learning that the English had conceived four new dishes.

Do you wish that your indifference should be pardoned? Invoke Vatel, invoke Carême, study Brillat-Savarin, and produce a new *chef-d'œuvre* or blow your brains out.

If the least particle of spirit remains in you, you have no other alternative.

If the cooks have been wanting during the past year, the confectioners, another contributor informs us, have been triumphant. They have sent forth five new cakes, whose birth was saluted by a hundred trumpets of renown. The *gâteau des trois frères* is due to the united labours of the brothers Julien, who, however, are only two in number. *Le Cussy* is so called because it is manufactured by Bourbonneux, Place du Havre. *La Mathilde* owns for father, Sinot, pastrycook in the Rue St. Honoré. *La Pensée* is indebted for its name to being sold in a box, and *Le Soleil* was so baptised for reasons unknown to us.

Each of these cakes is the most delicious thing ever produced by the art of confectionary. It is satisfactory to hear that they do not devour one another. They improve, like Madeira, by long journeys. Formerly cakes, and notoriously buns, were no longer esteemed when stale; so particular were some that they would ask for the buns of to-morrow; but now everything is manufactured *pour les voyages de long cours*, comprising Havre and Dieppe.

Father Aymes, inventor and propagator of the Bazaar Provençal, continues to advertise his tunny pies, the crust of which melts like a flake of snow in the sun; but he has met with a rival in certain *Pâtés de Chasse*

de Carême, which are said to enclose wells of jelly and boneless turkeys still palpitating!

The reports of the courts of correctional police continue to furnish life-like sketches of the lower orders :

Peter and Martin were seated in an inn drinking white wine. "When I drink," said Martin, "it gives me an inclination to eat."

PETER. "And when you eat it gives you, I suppose, an inclination to drink."

MARTIN. "Precisely so ; what do you say if we should eat a bit ?"

PETER. "I have no objection. What shall we have ?"

MARTIN. "Sausages by all means ; I dote upon them."

PETER. "Sausages ? Well, they are not bad ; but they fill too much."

MARTIN. "Sausages fill one ! What a joke. Why I could eat a dozen without drinking a glass of wine."

PETER. "I bet you you could do no such thing."

MARTIN. "I bet you I could."

The bet was taken ; each put down two francs, and twelve sausages were ordered. Martin was like a horse champing its bit, and kept hurrying the cook. At last the sausages came, and Martin seized a fork.

"Are you ready," he exclaimed. "Shall I begin ?"

"Go on," replied the other.

Martin attacked the sausages. The first went down, the second followed, the third a little more slowly, the fourth with visible delay, at the fifth he became as red as a cock, nevertheless he swallowed the sixth, but only by great efforts.

"It won't do," said Peter ; "I shall get the forty sous."

Martin, annoyed, made another attempt. He grappled with the seventh sausage, but his breath failing him half-way, he rose hastily, ran to the pump, filled his glass with water, drank it off, and returned to finish off his seventh sausage at his ease.

"You need not stuff yourself any more," said Peter ; "you have lost."

"How lost ?"

"You have drunk !"

"What did I bet ?"

"You bet that you would eat twelve sausages without drinking !"

"A glass of wine !—without drinking a glass of wine."

"That means without drinking. We did not speak of water, because we never drink any ; but that was understood."

"Not at all ; we said without drinking wine, therefore I had a right to drink water."

The discussion grew animated, and from words came to blows, when Martin succeeded in planting such a vigorous argument on his friend's eye, that it remained yellow and painful for a week afterwards.

He was accordingly summoned on the complaint of Peter, and he attempted to explain away the misadventure as he had his bet. The court, however, condemned the truculent sausage-eater to a fine of thirty francs.

Imagine yourself Madame Margot, and suppose some one called you "an old buffet," what would you say ? You would say nothing, if a lady, for such an injurious epithet dries up the mouth in womankind, and not being able to express your feelings, you would do like her—you would bite Monsieur Pitache. Hence it came that M. Pitache appeared to depose to personal injuries inflicted on him by Madame Margot.

PRESIDENT. "Plaintiff, you have been bitten by Madame Margot, but you provoked her by insults ?"

PITACHE. "She insulted me grossly. I only retorted."

MADAME MARGOT. "Did he not call me a piece of old furniture?"

PITACHE. "To be sure he did."

MADAME MARGOT. "He called me an old buffet."

PITACHE. "If I said so, I was justified."

MADAME MARGOT. "He picked up some dung to throw at me."

PITACHE. "Bah! it was for my chilblains. Do you think I would pick up good manure to throw at you. You are not wanting in conceit at all events."

MADAME MARGOT. "And he beat me like a lump of butter."

PRESIDENT. "But come, defendant, did you not bite him?"

MADAME MARGOT. "It was only when he had agonised me."

PRESIDENT. "Plaintiff, you ask for damages?"

PITACHE. "I demand that twelve hundred francs a year be paid to my widow during her life."

MADAME MARGOT. "Twelve hundred francs! Does he think people make money as easily as he does?"

PRESIDENT. "Twelve hundred francs is a serious demand."

PITACHE. "She bit me, and if I die mad! The dread of such a catastrophe extends to the very end of my nose."

MADAME MARGOT. "What an infamous calumny! I have bitten my husband twenty, nay, a hundred times, and he drinks like a sponge—like you, you drunkard! I drive you mad! Oh! if Charles was only here!"

Madame Margot was condemned to pay a fine of sixteen francs.

And now for two *silhouettes* of the Parisian vagabond.

Legrand is a child of Paris, one of the cast-offs of the dust-heap and the gutter, pale and haggard, with hollow eyes, that have never known youth or joy, for they have never looked upon mother or friendly relative.

PRESIDENT. "Your pursuit?"

ACCUSED. "Manufacturer of copper instruments, so says my *livret*, but I don't believe it."

PRESIDENT. "What do you mean?"

ACCUSED. "That I don't work *ça m'embête*."

PRESIDENT. "How old are you?"

ACCUSED. "Seventeen years, nine months, and three days."

PRESIDENT. "How then do you gain your livelihood?"

ACCUSED. "I do nothing. Sometimes I pretend to *chiffoner*" (gather up rags).

PRESIDENT. "Without permission. That is illegal."

ACCUSED. "Good! had I known that, I would have gone into the handkerchief line. If every branch of industry is illegal, one cannot be much worse than another."

PRESIDENT. "Is there no one here to speak for you?"

ACCUSED. "Oh dear me no! so do not put yourself to any trouble; serve it up like little onions!"

The court condemned the outcast to three months' imprisonment for vagrancy.

The next was a great fellow, about fifty years of age, with a grey beard, and a generally repulsive aspect.

"You are charged," said the president, "with having been found, on the 28th of December, at three o'clock in the morning, laying in a shed on the Boulevard Beaumarchais."

ACCUSED. "It was ten minutes past four, if you will excuse me."

PRESIDENT. "The police-sheet says half-past three."

ACCUSED. "Well, I only know it was half-past four by my chronometer."

PRESIDENT. "By your chronometer?"

ACCUSED. "A manner of speaking. I mean the clock at the police-station."

PRESIDENT. "What were you doing at such an hour, in such a place?"

ACCUSED. "I was going to fetch my wife at Montrouge."

PRESIDENT. "You were sleeping."

ACCUSED. "That is a calumny; one does not sleep when one is married."

PRESIDENT. "When you were taken up, you stated that you had no home."

ACCUSED. "I live in the Rue de Rivoli."

PRESIDENT. "What number?"

ACCUSED. "Oh, the house has tumbled down."

PRESIDENT. "I understand. You sleep in the houses that are being newly built."

ACCUSED. "Well, I air the plaster. That is an act of consideration on my part."

PRESIDENT. "Is that your only profession?"

ACCUSED. "One must do what one can."

The accused was condemned to two months' imprisonment.

The history of Major Jean Daniel-Abraham Davel, formerly military commandant of the department of Vaux, canton of Vaud, in Switzerland, is remarkable as an example of the chivalrous feelings of olden time brought down to nearly our own days, and still more so as a rare example of that exceeding faith which is the first of theological virtues or graces, but which, when undirected by adequate intellectual and reasoning faculties, too often superadds to its legitimate developments of love, trust, worship, obedience, and resignation, a proneness to superstition, which is carried even into matters of almost ridiculous insignificance.

Davel was the son of a Protestant minister in the parish of Morrens, in the Jorat, and he received a purely religious education, not at all tending to unfold his future career. Having, however, lost his father at an early age, he decided for a military life, and went with his mother to reside in the steep street called La Mercerie, at Lausanne, till he was old enough to enter the service. A marvellous incident happened to him at this period of his life, of which he has left an account in his own words.

One day a house near the cathedral caught fire; he, being a little boy, was locked up while his friends went to give what help they could. Thinking that the church was in danger, he resolved to go also, and help in extinguishing the flames, but being unable to get out by the door, he was obliged to jump out of the window, which stood at a considerable elevation, and that without considering what might be the results of his imprudence. Luckily that Providence was there to protect him. Instead of falling perpendicularly, he was carried as it were away, lifted for a distance of ten or twelve paces higher up the steep ascent of the street, and thus brought down without the slightest injury. A servant who was coming back after the fire had been put out, was filled with astonishment on finding him there.

Young Davel was soon after exchanged, having been sent to the house of a pastor of Interlaken to continue his studies, while the son of the pastor took his place in order to improve his French. Whilst he was in Oberland, there occurred another singular manifestation of Divine intervention exercised in his particular favour, or of a profound faith, amounting almost to the enthusiasm of a monomaniac, which prompted him to refer all accidental matters to such a source.

I read (he relates) one day on the wall of one of my host's apartments, that on such a day of such a year the fishermen of the place had captured a great number of fish. A short time after that I went to see the fishing, and it so happened that the nets brought in more fish during the time that I was there than had occurred even at the period recorded on the wall of our house.

The sight of this successful haul having given me much pleasure, I repaired frequently to the same place, and the fishermen soon perceived that good luck attended upon my being there, and that my presence ensured a good haul. After they had made this discovery, they used to come and fetch me every time that they went out upon the lake. Another youth of the country, who was also generally a spectator of the fishing, wished to attribute to himself the merit of these successes—if any such there was. In order to determine if that was the case or not, I let him go out several times alone with the fishermen, who took on such occasions few or no fish at all. I returned to the lake, and good luck attended me as usual.

The year after this, and the one which preceded that upon which I entered the army—it was my eighteenth year—being with my mother at Cully, an incident occurred which decided upon my future.

It was at or about the year 1688, at which time deplorable superstitions were prevalent in the country districts. The devil had filled the minds of the peasants with terror, till it assumed the form of a panic; nothing but sorcerers, magicians, evil spirits, and apparitions, were talked about. I on my part argued with all my power against what I then believed to be a weakness.

The season for gathering grapes was just commencing, and there was among the foreigners employed, a young woman of great beauty and irreproachable conduct, who was called, for want of a better name, "the Unknown."

One morning my mother came into my room in great grief, and told me that "the Unknown" had apprised her that I should die in the space of three days, and had begged that she would acquaint me with the fact, in order that I might duly prepare myself.

This piece of information caused me very little uneasiness. I received it with perfect calmness; and I employed the three days that remained to me, in prayer and meditation. Whilst I was thus engaged, the Unknown came to me in a familiar manner, extolled my piety and resignation, advised me to pray from the heart rather than from the lips, and recommended me to change my linen, because, she said, it was proper to be careful in one's dress when about to appear before the Creator—a recommendation that I have followed ever since. She added, that I might go and take air and exercise in a secluded spot, where I should meet with no frivolous distractions, and that I must by no means discontinue to support my body with wholesome food.

The three days passed by. The night when I expected to die having arrived, I went to bed in a kind of ecstasy, a delicious languor, and an ineffable sense of pleasure. It appeared to me that I felt a gradual annihilation of my faculties creeping over me, and the sensation was more agreeable than otherwise. The curtains of the bed were shut, as were also my eyelids. Suddenly my eyes opened, and I saw two angels, one on each side of my bed.

Whilst I was enjoying this celestial vision, a slight knock made itself heard at the door, and a low voice called out "Daniel!" My mother, who always called me by that name, which she preferred, had been sent by the Unknown to see how I was.

I did not answer, and my mother being terrified, hastened down to the Unknown, who had remained by the fireside. The fair stranger remained for a short time silent, and then she said, "Go back to his door, speak to him, but do not go in. I think he will answer this time."

My mother came back accordingly, and I replied to her question as to how I was, "Oh, mother, I am well; I pray you leave me alone."

My mother related what I had said to the Unknown. "Since he has answered you," said the latter, "he will not die yet. God preserves him that he may accomplish great things. But you must give him something to eat in order to support his strength."

And saying this, the Unknown set about preparing a *rôté au vin*, which she placed on a dish carefully washed by herself, and then, followed by my mother,

she took it up to me. I tasted the roast, and finding that it possessed an exquisite flavour, I wished my mother to partake of it with me ; but the Unknown said : " That is not permitted, and I must oppose such a proceeding ;" then, addressing herself to me, she said : " Now you will not die."

They then left me alone, and I fell into a most delicious slumber.

The Unknown remained six days with us. She scarcely ever left the house, but helped my mother to prepare the repasts.

The morning after my vision, I went out at an early hour. The stranger seeing me, seized my hand, as if to examine it. " It is well," she said, " that you should know your destiny, since you are about to travel."

" Leave me," I said ; " I have no faith in these practices." And withdrawing my hand, I placed it behind my back.

" Well," said the young girl, " I will examine your forehead." So saying, she tilted up my hat, but I immediately thrust it down again.

" It is of no use," said she ; " I have seen everything. I know all."

And in order to convince me and gain my confidence, she repeated to me, with extraordinary exactitude, all the circumstances of my residence in the Oberland. Imagine my surprise—my astonishment : I had confided those details to no one, not even to my mother !

She, perceiving my surprise, said : " Fear nothing ; let me speak ; you have a happy physiognomy, happier than you think. Prepare yourself to undertake a great work, which Heaven has ordained that you should accomplish."

Having thus spoken, she took an egg, broke it on my forehead, and said, " You shall see something which will give you pleasure ; it is necessary that you should know it."

She then opened the egg, and pouring the contents thereof into a glass of water, she showed me several little figures upon the surface. The first that I saw had a pen in his hand ; the second was that of a dead person ; which prophesied that I should perform in the first place the duties of secretary to one who would die soon. The third figure held a flag, which prophesied that I should be an ensign. The fourth showed me myself on horseback, which promised me a military command. The different ranks I have since passed through have since fully confirmed these prophecies.

The Unknown informed me with the most circumstantial details of all that has since happened to me in my career as a soldier. " These events," she said, " should only be considered by me as a supernatural sign, a preparation for greater things (the attempt against Lausanne). She explained my future proceedings, and told me that I should be sustained by a superior force, which would bid me act and execute.

One day I perceived at the bottom of my hat three drops of oil, a circumstance that annoyed me for the moment. I attributed them to my brother, who denied having had anything to do with them. The Unknown, hearing our recriminations, exclaimed, " Show me these drops !" I accordingly showed them to her, when, placing my hat upon her head, she said : " It is nothing ; they will have disappeared now." I verified the fact, and at the same time passed my hand through my hair, which was moist with oil. The Unknown smiled, and asked me to smell the oil, which emitted a delicious fragrance. The perfume remained for several days, and I felt convinced that the young girl had anointed me without my knowing it.

The fair Unknown recommended me to give my hat to some poor man, and to see what effects would follow upon the gift. I did as she bade me, and chose a beggar in Vaux, called Abraham Lederrey ; the same man is now a wealthy landowner, and one of the councillors of the parish of Villette.

Everything that happened to me when in the army proved to me, to the minutest point, that the Unknown had seen clearly into my destiny. Marvels accompanied me at every step.

I was at first sent into Piedmont, in the Val d'Aosta, where I became secretary to the company of M. d'Aubrecan, who died shortly afterwards. I then

received a commission as ensign, as had been predicted to me by the Unknown.

During my detention in that country, I had occasion to remark, in a thousand circumstances, that I was looked upon as a young man in whom there was something particular. One day that the Catholics of Aosta were going through the usual ceremonies of the dead, the fancy took me, although I was a Protestant, to join in the procession. I cannot say why, but in doing so, I became impressed with the idea that the dead would raise his hand if anything lucky was to be expected, and I communicated the impression to others. Every one in his turn went up to the corpse, without its making the slightest movement, but when my turn came, it raised its hand. All who were present were panic-struck; but as for myself, I thought that some deceit had been practised, and I distinctly said so; but I was wrong, there was no mistake in the matter, and I was obliged to acknowledge that Heaven had effected a miracle to strengthen my faith.

My regiment had been lent by King William, to whom it belonged, to the Duke of Savoy; but it was soon called back to Holland. As we were travelling in Germany, having to cross a little lake in Swabia, we were assailed by so violent a hurricane, that every one, except myself, thought that they would be destroyed, and lost all confidence. Nevertheless, we reached the shore in safety. Many people had hurried to our aid. Every one threw himself hastily upon the shore, but I remained in a boat, the last to land, firmly convinced that my happy star had much to do with our deliverance.

One night that we were in garrison at Gorcum, in Holland, the inhabitants were thrown into the greatest possible state of alarm by an unusually high tide, which, being accompanied by a high wind, threatened the town with destruction; but nothing came of it. The Burgomaster and his council, seeing a miracle in this event, attributed it to the presence of a man fearing God, and the names of all the strangers at that time inhabiting the town were collected. The knowledge which my companions had obtained of my antecedents, caused them to attribute the prodigy to the influence that accompanied me.

Another adventure which happened at Gorcum deserves to be related. I was dining with some other officers at a gentleman's house, when the host, having caused two bottles of a very old and high-priced wine to be brought, asked the butler how many there still remained in the cellar. The latter answered that there were eight. Our host appeared to be much surprised at this statement; and somebody said, laughingly, "What, are you astonished, sir, at the despatch with which we empty your bottles?" "On the contrary, gentlemen," he replied; "I had only six bottles of this particular wine, I had two brought up, and yet they tell me that eight remain; that is what confounds my arithmetic." The butler was again sent down to count the bottles, and there were really eight. Our host was perfectly convinced that he had only six when the repast began. "The multiplication of your bottles need not surprise you," said M. Lubar, one of my comrades, to the master of the house; "there is a guest among us upon whom marvels attend everywhere." And in proof of his assertion, he narrated a fact of which he had been an eyewitness only a short time previously. We were at sea; the sailors, foreseeing a tempest by certain infallible signs, came, according to their custom, to request all present to pray for safety. When I had terminated my prayer, I went on deck to see how matters looked, and seeing no signs of a storm, I said to the sailors, "Why did you wish to terrify us?" "We never saw anything like it," they answered; "the heavens changed at once the moment that you appeared." When we landed at Dordrecht, the master-pilot came and took my hand, a crowd of sailors gathered round me, looking at me and loading me with attentions, and they followed me even to my lodgings. I could not understand why so much respect was shown to me, till being alone with M. Lubar, he told me that the sailors were persuaded that they owed their safety to me.

Another time that I was at supper with a few friends, I heard very dis-

tinctly a voice that announced to me my last expedition, that of *Lausanne*. It began in these words : " May heaven aid you ! " and finished with : " *Heaven will aid you.*"

Those who were present heard the voice, and thinking that it was a mystification, they set about exploring all parts of the house. They however found no one, and were filled with wonder at what they had heard.

Whilst in *Holland*, I successively attained the rank of captain-lieutenant under *M. de Saconnay*—whom the Unknown had mentioned to me—afterwards that of quartermaster and of adjutant. I was looked upon as one connexion with whom was salutary—as one who brought good luck with him ; and *M. Litberd*, surgeon-major of our regiment, being strongly impressed with the same conviction, did everything in his power to induce me to go with him whenever he went to see the sick. It was said that I had materially contributed to the cure of a *M. Achard*, who had been given over by the faculty.

I was not without my afflictions, which besides had been predicted to me by my fair village necromancer. I was ill up to the point of death at *l'Ecluse*, in *Flanders* ; those who nursed me thought that I was gone.

Lord Albemarle, the king's favourite, having done me an act of gross injustice in disposing to another of a company to which I was entitled by order of succession, I left the service of *Holland* and went into that of *France*. I was appointed a reformed captain in the regiment of *Spaar*, and no sooner had I entered upon the campaign than there came upon me, as if by inspiration, the idea of a little expedition, which would, undoubtedly, have succeeded, but the French generals to whom I communicated it would not accede to its being put into practice. I only asked for 800 resolute men, and with their aid I promised to put *France* in possession of *l'Ecluse*, and to bring *Prince Eugène* and *Marlborough* dead or alive. Jealousy, or want of apprehension on the part of my chiefs, put obstacles in the way, which I could not overcome ; and as I had taken the thing much to heart, I grieved proportionately about it.

Having after this taken charge of a recruiting business, which did not succeed as I anticipated, I fell into disgrace, became disgusted with the service, and returned to my native country, after twenty-five years' absence. I had not received a single wound in all the engagements I had been concerned in, as had been predicted by the Unknown.

Davel, however, subsequent to his retirement, offered his sword to *Berne*, in the inter-cantonal war of 1712, which was finished by the battle of *Willmerghen* and the defeat of the Catholic army.

The major lived after this several years tranquilly at *Cully*, loved and honoured by everybody, till 1723, when, having got together a small body of men, he marched on the 13th of *March* upon *Lausanne*, in order to deliver that town from the tyranny of the *Bernese* ; but being anxious to avoid any useless shedding of blood, he gave time to the council of the town to prepare a successful opposition, and being taken prisoner, the major died upon the scaffold.

He had composed the following prayer, which he recited morning and evening :

" Eternal great God, all powerful, creator of heaven and earth, thou who governs all things by thy Divine Providence, who disposes of events according as thou judgest them to be expedient for thy glory and the good of thy children ! I prostrate myself with the deepest humility to adore thee with all the force and capacity of my mind, and to obey those decrees of thy divine will, which thou hast manifested by the ministry of thy holy servants (angels).

" Fortify me, O my God ! in all the duties of my vocation, so that I may acquit myself with an entire zeal, firmness, courage, and perseverance. May your glory be reflected in my whole conduct, and may my neighbour be edified, consoled, and improved, by the purity of my words, so that together we may magnify thy holy name above all things, with all our hearts, our strength, and our understandings. We place ourselves in the arms of thy Divine Provi-

dence, with a firm faith, and an entire confidence. Preserve us from all illusions and temptations of the devil, and do so that we shall embrace and practise the pure truth of thy sacred orders."

Davel would appear throughout to have obeyed supernatural powers, as Jeanne d'Arc did before him; and he was as pious as the heroic shepherdess of Domremy. He perished on the plain of Vidy, exhibiting the same courage and resignation that the French maid did on the pile at Rouen.

The Canton of Vaud neglected for a long time the man who had offered himself up as a sacrifice for its independence; but at last such ungrateful oblivion was repaired by putting up a tablet of marble in the Cathedral of Lausanne, upon which is the following inscription:

To the memory
Of Major Davel,
Who perished on the scaffold in 1723, the 24th of April,
Martyr
To the rights and liberty of the Vaudois people.
The vote of the Provisional Assembly of 1798,
The generosity of Frederick Cæsar de la Harpe,
The gratitude of the Canton of Vaud,
Have consecrated this monument,
Erected
In the year 1839, the month of April, the 24th day.
To God alone be all honour and glory.

The village of Cully, situated on the borders of the lake near Vevey, resolved also to pay its debt to Davel, and raised an obelisk of white stone under the trees of the promenade on the shore, upon which are inscribed the following lines, written by M. Juste Olivier, Vaudois poet, and author of a life of Davel:

"A son pays esclave offrant la liberté,
Comme un héros antique il mourut seul pour elle;
Et, pieux précurseur de notre ère nouvelle,
Il attendit son jour dans l'immortalité."

The revelations of Davel, enclosed in an iron box, were deposited under the foot of the obelisk.

Our biographers do not make mention of the life of one of the most distinguished men of French-Switzerland.

The Pastor Vinet, of Lausanne, a man of great abilities, who died but a few years ago, alone consecrated a few lines to his memory in the seventh volume of the journal *Le Semeur*:

"Davel, who has no peer in the past, and to whom the future promises none that shall be equal; warrior greedy of all other blood except his own; calm and mild alike in his enterprises, his perils, and his catastrophes; foolish, if you so will it, but sublime and affecting in his folly, and whose motives, principles, and means would put to shame many who would be tempted to invoke his example—a man whose memory, if it cannot be the guide of our actions, at least teaches us a religious patriotism and a Christian citizenship, the only ones which can save us."

Gibbon, the great English historian, writes:

"Davel, an enthusiast it is true, but an enthusiast for the public welfare."

Lastly, M. Gleyre, a Parisian artist, but a native of French-Switzerland, to which country we are indebted for Pradier, Töpffer, and so many other great artists, has painted for the town of Lausanne a large picture, which represents Davel addressing the people, in whose cause he suffered, from the scaffold at Vidy.

To turn to something more lively, here is a lesson in morality from a quarter from which such would be least expected:

A friend of ours, living in the Faubourg du Temple, went out at a late hour of a winter evening to take a pistol without lock to the gunsmith's.

Turning the corner of the canal, he was stopped by a man of ferocious aspect, who demanded his life or his purse. It is related that Odry escaped when placed in a similar predicament by a pun; our friend adopted the readier plan of taking his pistol from his pocket and placing it on the highwayman's breast.

"Follow me to the next guard-house, or I pull the trigger!" he exclaimed.

As it was dark, the robber did not perceive that he was threatened by an imaginary lock. He had recourse to the supplications usual in such cases.

"Sir, do not ruin me!"

"It is to save you, on the contrary, that I lead you to the guard-house."

"I am the father of three children."

"I have six."

"I have a wife who depends upon me for support."

"And so have I."

"Indeed, I am not in reality a wicked man."

"Neither am I. Come, it is late, and rather cold by the water-side. March, or I shall fire."

The robber was obliged to follow our friend to the guard-house. They arrived there just as a patrol came in. Our friend related his history. The robber was examined, and discovered to be an escaped convict, of whom the police had for a long time been in search.

Our friend was next duly congratulated upon his presence of mind, and the energy which he had displayed.

"But," added the officer in command, "I regret to say, I shall be under the necessity of bringing an action against you."

"Why so?"

"Because it appears, from your own avowal, that you carry arms upon your person without the authority to do so."

Our friend then exhibited his pistol, and showed to the officer, that without a cock, it was no arm at all.

"Not so," said the officer; "a pistol is always a pistol. I must put your name on the charge-sheet."

The robber, turning round to our friend, then said to him:

"Sir, you have deceived me. May what happens to you now teach you that bad faith and lies always receive, sooner or later, their punishment."

And here we must conclude our notice of the *French Almanacks*. Politics, that fertile subject for caricature and ridicule, being now carefully eschewed, little remains in domestic manners to turn to humorous account year after year. Add to which, the very fact of an inexorable censorship weighs heavily upon the spirits of a once volatile people.

ST. MARTIN'S EVE.

BY THE AUTHOR OF "THE UNHOLY WISH."

I.

THE dull, sombre light of a November afternoon, was giving place rapidly to twilight. The day had been wet and cold, and the soddened leaves that strewed the park of a fair domain in England, did not contribute to the cheerfulness of the scene. But if the weather rendered the outward demesne desolate, it seemed not to affect the stately house pertaining to it; for lights gleamed from many of its windows, passing and repassing from room to room, from passage to passage, and fires were casting their blazing glow around. A spectator might have said that some unusual excitement or gaiety was going on there. Excitement in that house there indeed was, but of gaiety none; for grim death was about to pay a visit there: not to call one, waiting for him in a green old age, but to strike the young and lovely. The servants of that mansion were gathered in groups, sorrow and consternation imprinted on their faces: or they moved, with noiseless tread, attending to the wants of two physicians, who were partaking of refreshment in a reception-room: or they stole along an upper corridor, pausing and holding their breath, in awe, at the door of one of its chambers, for there lay their lady, at the point of doom.

In an adjoining chamber to this, standing over the fire, was a middle-aged woman, more intelligent-looking than are many of her class. The fire-glow shone full in her eyes, showing that tears were glistening in them. Strange sight! for the continuous scenes of sickness and sometimes of death in which these monthly-nurses' lives are spent, tend to render them partly callous to outward emotion. The family medical attendant was pacing the room, his footsteps falling noiselessly on the soft carpet. His hands were clasped behind him, resting on his back as he walked, and his face, worn and anxious, was never lifted from the ground.

"This will make the second case we have lost this year," suddenly observed the woman, in a whispered tone. "What can have made it so unlucky a year?"

The doctor gave no answer. Perhaps he did not like the "we" in her sentence. But he knew that his duty was always performed to the utmost of his skill and power, and his conscience, on this point, stood at peace before God.

"There are no further means that can be tried?" exclaimed the woman, using the words more as an assertion than a question, as she glanced towards the partially-opened door connecting the apartments.

"None," was the conclusive reply of the surgeon. "She is going rapidly."

The fire had burnt down to embers in the sick chamber; a pale light was emitted from the shaded lamp; and perfume, almost to faintness, was perceptible in the atmosphere. They had been sprinkling essences about in profusion: as if that would make pleasant the way to death. The heavy velvet curtains were thrown up from the bed, and, lying there,

was a form young and fair, with a pale, exhausted face. Every appurtenance in the chamber spoke of wealth : but not all the world's wealth and luxury combined, could have availed to arrest that fastly-fleeting spirit. Close by stood a cradle ; an infant, who had seen the light scarcely two days, quietly sleeping in it.

Leaning over the bed was a young man, bowed down with grief, of attractive features and gentlemanly bearing. Not long had they been man and wife, but a year at most, and now it was hard to part, doubly hard with this new tie which had been born to them. Yet they both knew it must be so ; and he had thrown his arm lightly across her, and laid his cheek, wet with tears, against hers, vainly wishing that his prayers could renew her life. There had been a long, agonising silence between them : each heart was full of painful thoughts ; yet it seemed, in that last hour, as if they could not give them utterance. But an anxious care, one of the many she must leave on earth, was pressing upon that lady's brain, and she broke the silence.

"When the months, the years, go by," she panted, feebly clasping her hands together in the attitude of prayer, "and you think of another wife, oh choose one that will be a *mother* to my child ! Be not ensnared by beauty, be not ensnared by wealth, be not ensnared by specious deceit ; but take one who will be to him the mother that I would have been."

"I shall never marry again," he passionately interrupted. "You, my first and dearest love, shall be the only wife I will take to my bosom. Never shall another usurp your place ; and here I swear——"

"Hush ! hush !" she murmured, laying her hand upon his lips. "It would be cruel of me to exact such a promise from you, and it would be useless for you to make it ; for you would never keep it, save with self-upbraiding. The remembrance of this scene, of me, will pass away, and you will begin to ask yourself, why should your life be condemned to solitude. No, no. To remain faithful to the dead, is not in man's nature."

He thought in his own heart, honestly thought it then, that her opinion was a mistaken one, and that he should prove a living refutation of it.

"Yet oh forget me not wholly !" she whispered. "Let there be brief moments when my remembrance shall return to you ; when you will dwell upon me as having been the one you once best loved on earth !"

Another deep silence, but the pulses of his heart might have been heard, beating wildly in its anguish. *She* spoke not from exhaustion.

"What will you have him named?" he asked abruptly, pointing towards the cradle.

"Call him Benjamin," she replied with difficulty, after a minute's thought. "*He* cost Rachel her life, as this child has cost me mine. And oh may he be the solace to you that Benjamin was to old Jacob, and may you love and cherish this child as he did his !"

Her voice suddenly failed her, a spasm smote her features, and she lay more heavily on the pillow. Her husband raised her ; he clasped her fluttering heart to his, and wildly kissed her pallid face. But that face was losing its look of consciousness, and no tenderness could recal the departing spirit. He called to the medical man in the adjoining chamber.

The latter came forward. He gave one glance at the bed, and then whispered the nurse to summon the physicians. He knew their presence

was useless : but, at such times, man deems it well to fulfil these outward forms.

In the local newspapers, there appeared that week two paragraphs : one, announcing a birth ; the other, a death.

" On the 10th inst., at Alnwick Hall, the wife of George Carlton, Esq., of a son and heir."

" On the 12th inst. at Alnwick Hall, in her twenty-third year, Caroline, the beloved wife of George Carlton, Esq."

II.

" To remain faithful to the dead, is not in man's nature." Such were the words used by Mrs. Carlton in dying, and a greater truth was never uttered or written by Solomon.

It was in the middle of September, but ten months after the decease of Mrs. Carlton, that Alnwick Hall was the scene of great festivity. Brilliant groups were in the park, in the temporary marquee on the lawn, and in the house itself; a sort of *fête champêtre*. Whether to escape the sad reflections left by the death of his wife, or that he found his own house monotonously dull, it was seen that Mr. Carlton had that summer joined in many of the festal meetings of his county neighbours, and he, in his turn, was now holding a *fête*. Rumour, with its many tongues, had likewise begun to whisper that he was already seeking a second wife.

In a pleasant room, opening to the conservatory, several ladies were gathered. They were of various ages and degrees of beauty. One stood conspicuous amidst the rest: not for her beauty, though that was great; not for her dress, though that was all that can be imagined of elegance; but for a certain haughty, imperious manner, and a malicious glance that, in unguarded moments, would gleam from her countenance. She was tall and finely formed; a profusion of raven hair was braided over her pale, regular features; but in the jet-black eye and compressed mouth, might be read an expression strangely disagreeable. Beautiful she undoubtedly was, but not pleasing. She carried her age well: few would take her to be four-and-twenty, yet she had, in reality, seen nearly thirty summers. Her mother, Mrs. Norris, stood by her side, a showy woman still. Could report speak truth in asserting that the first match in all the county was about to be laid at Charlotte Norris's feet? If so, it would, indeed, be a triumph for her, hitherto so proud and portionless.

In the centre of these ladies stood a young woman, holding a fine baby. He was not, indeed, what could be called a pretty child, but a pleasing look of intelligence, unusual for one so young, pervaded his features. And had he possessed all the beauty that since the creation of man has been said or sung, those fair women, now gathered round, could not have bestowed on him more courtly praise—for he was the heir of Alnwick.

" Yes, he is a fine fellow for his age," observed Mr. Carlton, with a flushed cheek and gratified eye, as he listened to the flattery, for he was fondly attached to his child.

" Pray is that his nurse?" inquired Mrs. Norris, scanning the maid through her glass. " What is your name, young woman?"

" I have had the charge of him since his birth, madam," said the girl, looking pleased and curtsying. " And my name is Honoria, but they call me Honour, for shortness."

"And what is the name of this dear child?" asked Miss Norris.

"Well, his name gets abbreviated for the same reason," laughed Mr. Carlton. "He was christened Benjamin, but is universally known amongst us as Benja."

A sharp, angry feeling of jealousy shot through the heart of the beautiful Miss Norris as she stood there, for Mr. Carlton had taken his infant and was fondly caressing it. She hated the child from that hour. "Will he ever love another child as he loves this?" was the thought that rose involuntarily to her mind. No, never, Miss Norris; you need not ask or wish it: man never loves another as he loves his first-born.

Miss Norris composed her features to the smoothness of glass, and drew near to Mr. Carlton. "Do let me nurse him," she said, in a low tone. "I adore children, and this one seems made to be loved."

He resigned it to her, and she carried it to a distant seat, out of sight, and, letting it rest on her knee, amused it with her gold neck-chain. Mr. Carlton followed her.

"Look at him," she exclaimed, as if in raptures, glancing up to Mr. Carlton's face; "look at his nimble little fingers and bright eyes. How happy he is!"

"Happy in all things, save one," whispered Mr. Carlton, leaning over the child, but gazing at her. "He has no mother to love and guide him."

Those black, unpleasing eyes of hers were cast down, so that the eyelids entirely hid them, and a crimson flush rose to her usually pale cheek.

"He wants a mother," proceeded Mr. Carlton; "he *must* have a mother. Not now will I urge it, when so many are near; but, Charlotte, you know whom I would entreat to be that mother, and my beloved wife."

"Ought you to talk of a *beloved* wife?" she asked, glancing up for an instant, and speaking in an impassioned tone. "She who lies buried in her grave was yours."

"I did not love her as I now love you," he hastened to avow. "Had I known *you* better then, I never should have chosen her."

"Yet see how you love her child!"

"And I will passionately love yours, Charlotte," he whispered, suffering his face to rest against hers, as it had once rested against that of his dying wife. She resisted not: but when a host of intruders came flocking in, she raised her haughty head, and swept on with a scornful step, as she resigned the infant into the arms of its nurse.

George Carlton had loved his first wife with the fresh, rapturous feelings that he could never know again, and he loved her memory. Yet here he was, ere twelve little months had elapsed, willing to swear to another that she was the first object who had ever awakened passion in his heart! But Caroline Carlton had faded away from his sight, and Charlotte Norris stood before him in all her beauty. *To remain faithful to the dead, is not in man's nature.*

But a little while, and again an announcement, as connected with this history, went forth to the world in the county papers. Read it:

"Married. On the 2nd January, by the Rev. Dr. Graves, George Carlton, Esq., of Alnwick Hall, to Charlotte Augusta, only daughter of the late Herbert Norris, Esq."

III.

THE time passed on. Mr. Carlton was now in parliament, and consequently spent part of his time in London. But, when sojourning at Alnwick, it seemed that he never wanted an excuse for being away from home. He would go out shooting, or coursing, or to visit his neighbours, or to attend public meetings in the county town, or would be riding over the land with some of his tenants, superintending improvements—in short, he was always out. What his wife thought of these frequent absences, was not known; but the dark cloud was rarely removed from her brow. It was whispered that Mr. Carlton had not found her the angel he had anticipated—how many men *have* secured angels, in marrying for beauty? A child had been born to her in due time after her marriage, yet she had shaken over it in an agony of passion, for Alnwick and its broad lands were entailed on Benja, and hers was but a younger son. Her selfish love for her own child made her unjust, and she actually began to regard him as the rightful heir, and *that other* as a usurper. The servants were not deceived: they saw, from the first period of Mrs. Carlton's entrance to the house, that she hated Benja with a deep and bitter hatred. It aroused in Honour's heart a rebellious feeling of indignation, and this sometimes peeped out in her manner. There was never sufficient, however, for her mistress to find open fault with: and she thought the girl had a quick temper. Mrs. Carlton, in her husband's absence, was cruelly unjust to Benja: and indeed we will describe one scene that took place in his presence.

It was the Thursday in Passion week. Mr. Carlton was expected from town to spend the Easter holidays, and the pony-carriage had gone to the railway station to meet him. It was a warm, brilliant April day, one of those lovely days that sometimes come in spring, raising many a heart to Heaven. The two nurses with their charges, Honour leading Master Benja, and the other one carrying Mrs. Carlton's infant, were strolling in the park, whilst Mrs. Carlton sat at an open window, having them full in view. Presently the carriage came rattling along, Mr. Carlton driving; but, upon meeting the children, he threw the reins to the groom, and leaped out. Little Benja danced about his father in an ecstasy of joy, and Mr. Carlton clasped him in his arms.

He turned to the baby to caress it, but his voice and face were strange, so of course it set up a loud cry, and Mr. Carlton walked on with Benja, leaving it far behind. The boy was sometimes caught up in his arms for a kiss, sometimes flitting before him along the grass, the buttons of steel on his bright green velvet dress gleaming in the sun. He had taken off his cap, and thrown it to Honour, and his hair waved aside with his every movement, displaying that winning look of feeling and intelligence of which his features had given promise in his infancy.

To many a woman this might have been a pleasant sight, but to Mrs. Carlton it simply presented cause for jealousy. She remained at the window, looking on, anger and passion working in her mind. All she saw, all she felt, was, that her husband was betraying his affection for Benja, and passing by *her* child. During her girlhood she had been subject to fits of ungovernable rage, so violent, that they seemed to

fall little short of insanity. And it would seem that one was coming on now.

Mr. Carlton came in with little Benja, fondly leading him; and, advancing to his wife, would have embraced her. To say exactly what next occurred, he could not. A fiendish expression of face, a torrent of invectives, such as he had never heard from the lips of refined woman, himself thrust rudely aside, and Benja hurled to the ground with a blow, was all he could afterwards remember. And when the violence had expended itself, she sunk upon a sofa, pale, trembling, and hysterical.

Mr. Carlton raised his child, soothed him to composure, and sent him to Honour. He uttered no reproach to his wife, but stood in silence, his back turned towards her, and his forehead pressed against one of the window-panes, as if looking at the outside prospect.

She began to utter reproaches now, sobbing violently—that all his affection was lavished upon Benja, and he possessed none for her child. He replied coldly, without turning round. That his affection was as lively for one child as for the other: he was conscious of no difference, and hoped he should never make any: but an infant of five months old, who cried at his approach, could not yet be made to him the companion that Benja was.

She retorted by impassioned words. Partly of regret for the violence her “quick feelings” had caused her to display, of expressions of love for him and for their child, and of reproach that he did not regard it so tenderly as he ought. But Mr. Carlton heard her not: his thoughts were far away, cast back into the past.

The injunction, nay, the prayer, of his dying wife was present to him: “When the months, the years, go by, and you think of another wife, oh choose one that will be a *mother* to my child! Be not ensnared by beauty, be not ensnared by wealth, be not ensnared by specious deceit; but take one who will be to him the mother that I would have been.”

Bitterly, bitterly the prayer came back to him. How had he fulfilled it? He glanced round at the form lying there behind him, distorted with evil passions, and could have wailed aloud in the anguish of his remorseful heart.

IV.

AGAIN the years went by, bringing changes to Alnwick. On a gloomy November day, in the general sitting-room, sat Mrs. Carlton. But, alas! she wore widows' weeds, betraying the melancholy fact that her husband, so universally loved and respected during life, was no more. Alnwick Hall, with all its wealth and dignity, had become the property of Master Benja; and she, *she*, the arrogant Charlotte Carlton, was only there on sufferance; a home accorded her in it as the personal guardian of the child. It was a thorn that eat into her ill-regulated heart, and rankled there. Another thought also had place in it—a wicked thought, a diabolical thought, carrying danger in its train. In the first waking of the early morning, in the broad glare and bustle of noonday, and in the midnight solitude, it was ever thrusting itself forward—that if Benja were no longer living, her child would be the inheritor.

Let us hope that accident was the first suggestor of this idea to Mrs. Carlton. She would whisper to herself that it was—for she could not

conceal from her own heart the errors that were suffered to find admittance there. About twelve months previously, or rather more, Benja had fallen into the lake, when a party of them were in the pleasure-boat. He was insensible when he was rescued, and several voices called out that he was dead. The wild beating of Mrs. Carlton's bosom, *not with sorrow*, at this announcement, laid bare a tale that perhaps she had not understood before.

She sat there now in her drawing-room, waiting for the two boys. It was their birthday, the 10th of November. A somewhat singular coincidence it was, that both children should have been born on the same day of the year; but the fact was so. They came into the room together; Benja, with his nobly intelligent countenance, and George, with his shower of fair curls, and pretty ways. He was a lovely child, but spoiled and wilful, his mother so doted on and indulged him. Benja was five, George three, that day; and they were attired alike, in mourning dresses of a handsome make and texture. They were to dine at two o'clock, and Mrs. Carlton had promised to forego her usual late dinner and to make it with them.

A present had arrived for Benja in the morning; a handsome gold watch, which must have cost twenty or thirty guineas. It was from one of his guardians, old General Carlton, who was also a distant relation. The general had never married, and knew far less about children than he did about Hottentots, so no doubt thought a gold watch was a suitable plaything for a young gentleman of five. Benja, however, was highly pleased with the costly toy, and he came in to dinner displaying it from his belt, Honour having hung it round his neck with a piece of black watered ribbon. The key, serving also for a seal, and on which Master Benja's crest and initials were engraved, was attached to it by a short gold chain. Benja thought he should never be tired of rattling it.

Things went on smoothly during dinner, but when the dessert had been some time on the table, and the boys had eaten as much as they could, they slipped from their chairs, never at rest, child-like, and began to look out for some amusement. Mrs. Carlton was cracking walnuts, a favourite fruit of hers, and drinking port wine. She had partaken of two sorts with her dinner; sherry, her usual drink at that meal; and Champagne, in honour of the boys' birthday. She was become fond of wine, and it was whispered, in the servants' hall, that she sometimes indulged in it more than was seemly.

"Let me have the watch on now," began Georgie.

"You will break it," answered Benja.

"Me shan't break it," lisped George. "Mamma, Benja won't let me have his watch."

"Don't ask him, my darling," said the mother. "I will buy you a better one than his."

"But me want that," retorted Master George, resolutely, who had a will of his own. "Me won't break it, Benja."

Benja possessed one of the kindest hearts breathing. He looked at his watch, thinking he should not like it to be broken, and then he looked at Georgie, who stood turning up his pretty face, eagerly declaring he would take care of it. In another moment, he had hung the watch round George's neck.

This did for a time, but, presently, the little fellow took the watch off, and tried to open it.

"Don't do that," interposed Benja, "you will spoil it. Give it back to me."

"No," said Master George, positively.

"Give it back to me, I tell you, Georgie," reiterated Benja.

"Give him his watch, George, my dearest," interrupted Mrs. Carlton, looking with a most evil expression at Benja. "Let him keep it to himself if he chooses: he is made up of selfishness."

Benja, child as he was, knew this to be unjust, but he uttered no further remonstrance; he was always timid in the presence of Mrs. Carlton. So Georgie thought he could go further, with impunity, and, taking firm hold of the short gold chain, swung the watch round and round, after the manner of a rattle.

"Oh mamma, mamma!" cried Benja, in an agony, running to Mrs. Carlton, and laying his hands upon her knee, "do not let him spoil my watch! See what he is doing with it!"

She pushed him rudely from her, with a gesture of dislike and contempt. And Benja, finding he could get no redress where it ought to have been afforded, ran back to Georgie, and caught hold of him as he was flying to his mother for protection. Baffled and angry, the naughty, spoiled child dashed the watch far from him, on the floor, shattering the glass to atoms.

Benja was, by nature, a sweet-tempered child, and he had been kept under by Mrs. Carlton, but this was more than he could bear. He burst into a loud fit of weeping, and struck at Master Georgie with all his might: now his face, now his chest; anywhere, in fact, that his infantine pugilistic skill could hit.

Up rose Mrs. Carlton, her face inflamed and her voice shrieking. Never had Benja seen her in so violent a passion since that ever-remembered day when she had hurled him to the ground in the presence of his father. She shook him, she struck him, she tore his hair, she kicked him, she battered his head against the table, and his beautiful birthday dress she tore nearly to pieces. The boy screamed with pain, Georgie screamed with terror; and Honour, who happened to be passing the door, came rushing in. Mrs. Carlton had probably controlled her temper better, had she partaken of less wine.

"Good Heavens!" uttered Honour, in alarm, "you will kill him! What is it? what has he done?"

"I did nothing," sobbed Benja, hysterically, struggling desperately to release himself from the violence of Mrs. Carlton. "Georgie spoilt my watch for the purpose, and I hit him for it."

"How can you for shame treat him in such a manner, ma'am?" exclaimed Honour indignantly, her own passion rising, and speaking to her mistress as she had never dared to speak before. "Poor orphan child! with nobody to protect him! How can you reconcile it to the memory of my dead master?"

"Take him out of my sight," uttered Mrs. Carlton, imperiously, "and to-morrow morning you quit my service. I never permit insolence, and you have been tolerated here too long."

She thrust Benja towards Honour as she spoke, the pieces of glass

cracking under her feet. The servant picked up the watch, with a jerk, and clasping the sobbing boy tenderly in her arms, quitted the room and went up-stairs.

"It's a burning shame!" she broke forth, sitting herself down by the nursery fire, and dashing the coals about with the poker, as if she would have dashed them all out of the grate, whilst she held Benja to her with the other hand—"it's a burning shame that he should be so treated! If she does turn me away, I'll go every step of the way to London, and tell all I know to your guardians, Benja: if I don't do it, may the Lord never prosper me!"

Poor little ill-treated child! He lay there in her lap, smarting with the pain of the blows, his trembling heart feeling as if it would burst.

"Let the worst come to the worst, my precious lamb, it can only be for a few years," began Honour again. "I know master left orders, in his will, that at ten years old you were to go to Eton."

"What's Eton?" sobbed Benja.

"Something very good," returned Honour, who had no definite idea upon the point herself. "And when you are of age, my darling, all Alnwick will be yours, and she and Master Georgie must turn out of it."

"Where will they go?" asked Benja.

"I don't know where, and it don't matter where," continued the kind-hearted but most injudicious servant. "You will be the master of all Alnwick, and nobody can live here, unless you choose to let them."

"Who is the master now?" questioned Benja.

"You are, my pretty boy, and have been, ever since your papa died; only she lives in it, and gives orders, because you are not old enough. I think master must have sent his wits a wool-gathering," added the exasperated Honour, in a sort of soliloquy, "to have left her with any power over the child at all."

Honour was right in the main. But Mrs. Carlton had played her cards well, during the long illness that had preceded her husband's death: she had made herself appear a perfect angel of gentleness to Benja: and Mr. Carlton had no female relatives with whom he could entrust the boy.

"Don't I hope she'll turn me out to-morrow!" ejaculated Honour, "and won't I go to London in double-quick time! I'll tell them the truth too—that she would commit murder upon him if she dared; and that it is not safe for him to be left here without somebody to look after him, and be a check upon her."

Benja remained in her lap, his sobs gradually subsiding. He lay thinking of many things, such as occur to children; his ideas running from one point to another. Presently he spoke.

"Honour, when is my church to be finished?"

"Suppose I finish it this afternoon!" cried Honour, starting up. "There's scarcely anything left of it to do: and if I am turned away, it may never get done."

Opening a closet door, she took from it what seemed to be a model of a pretty country church, with its spire. The framework was of wood, and the walls, as Honour called them, of thin white paper. Some coloured, transparent windows had to be pasted on, which was all there was left to do to it, and with a bit of lighted candle inside it at night,

the place to hold which was already made, it would really have a pretty effect. The idea was not Honour's, but taken from something similar she had seen in a threepenny show, recently exhibiting in the village, purporting to be, as the bills expressed it, an "Emporium of foreign curiosities."

Honour collected her materials about her, and soon accomplished her task, and little Benja forgot his troubles in watching her. She had taken off Benja's costly dress, with many a lamentation over its torn state, and had put him on a new tunic of brown-holland, handsomely trimmed with black silk braid, and a white pinafore over that; for she knew he would be getting his hands amongst the paste.

It was dusk before all was completed, and this famous church lighted up. Benja clapped his hands with delight. It was an ingenious, picturesque sight, especially to a child. There was no light in the room, save what was emitted from the fire, and that had burnt low, so the church was shown off in perfection.

"There ought to be moss all round here," observed Honour, pointing to the projecting board on which the church rested, "but it is too late to do it to-night; and, for the matter of that, I have no moss. If I stop, we will ask the gardener to get some."

Benja did not care for the moss: to his admiring eyes, nothing could improve its present state. He gazed at it on the high drawers, he danced before it as it stood on the table, and he carried it to and fro in the room, obeying Honour's directions to keep it upright and steady. In this manner some time passed, and Honour quitted the nursery to fetch up some things she wanted from the kitchen.

Honour was a great gossip, and the scene she had been a partial witness to in the dining-room, was now related to the eager servants. Questions, comments, and lamentations resounded from all sides. Honour seemed quite unable to tear herself away, and when, with a final effort, she did run up-stairs again, she found, by the hall clock, that she had been away more than half an hour. Turning the handle of the nursery-door, to enter hastily, she was surprised to find she could not pull it open.

"Master Benja," she called out, "why have you fastened the door? Come and open it."

There was no reply.

"He must have got upon a chair, and slipped the button," soliloquised Honour. But at that moment she became conscious of a strong smell of burning, particularly of wool; and, letting the things she carried fall down with a crash, she flew to her mistress's dressing-room, that she might obtain entrance that way, for a door, which Mrs. Carlton had had made when her child was born, communicated the two apartments. She reached it; it was bolted on the dressing-room side; but that was no unusual occurrence, and Honour opened it.

When Honour left the nursery on her way to the kitchen, she placed the church on the table, telling Benja to look at it until she came back, but *not to touch it*. Now, to look at a new toy, and not touch, is philosophy beyond a child. Benja soon took the church in his hands, and was parading it carefully before him up and down the room, thinking as he did so of what Honour had said about the house being all his, when Mrs.

Carlton opened her dressing-room door and looked in. She actually started back at the sight of the lighted church; it was a conspicuous object in that darkened room, and she stood contemplating it, in silence.

"I'll tell you what, Honour," began Benja, supposing it was his nurse who had entered, and too much occupied with the toy to turn his head round and look—"I'll tell you what I shall do when I am master of Alnwick. You shall be mistress and give all the orders, and we'll have a great wall built up, so that mamma can't come near us. But we'll have Georgie, and keep him to ourselves."

Mrs. Carlton heard the irritating words—doubly irritating to her in her present state, for the wine was now taking its full effect upon her. She glided towards the ill-fated child, raising her hand, as she went, to turn the button of the door opening to the passage, so that Honour might not come suddenly upon her, as she had done in the dining-room. She commenced the onslaught with a furious blow on his ear. The startled child dropped the church, and its paper walls took fire.

A short struggle ensued. Instinct caused Benja to endeavour to spring away from the flames, but Mrs. Carlton held him with a firm, revengeful hand, beating him about the head and ears, and the blaze caught his pinafore.

The flames rose and spread, now to his dress, now to his under clothing, and the child flew shrieking about the room in his terrified agony: but they were far away from the part inhabited by the servants, and the sounds could not reach them. There was no one to aid him, no one, no one; for a demon had taken possession of Mrs. Carlton.

Oh, wicked woman! She slipped away from him into her own apartment, bolting the door as Honour found it, leaving the ill-fated child to burn slowly away to death. She stole a last look at him as he flew after her, and prayed her to save him: she heard his awful cries and moans, resounding in her ears, louder than any other shall echo there, until the sounding of the Last Trumpet.

She passed down the stairs with a noiseless, stealthy step, and entered the dining-room, her heart fluttering awfully. Georgie was asleep, lying where she left him. It may be, that she would then have given all she possessed to undo her work, but it was too late. A clock was on the mantelpiece, and, as she stood before it, it struck the hour—six. She deliberately counted the strokes: they were the knell of the murdered boy up-stairs. She began to pace the room with a frantic step, the effect of remorse, terror, or excitement, almost as the unhappy child above had paced; she went to the sideboard, and poured out a quantity of neat brandy, and drank it: now she would sit down for a moment, quivering in every limb; now, tear about the apartment; now, lay her ear to the door and listen. That awful half-hour of suspense which ensued, was more terrible than all the horror she had ever heard or dreamt of.

V.

THE inquest was held at the Carlton Arms. It was universally believed that the child had fastened the door in sport, and had afterwards accidentally set himself on fire by means of the light in the church. He was quite dead when Honour found him—a black mass lying on the carpet, which was smouldering under him. The verdict of the jury was.

"Accidental death," with a severe censure upon Honour for having left the child alone with so dangerous a toy. Honour fully shared in it, and a remorse as great as that of her mistress, though of a different nature, seated itself in her heart, to remain there for ever. She was attacked with brain fever, and during the days of delirium she raved wildly of the occurrence, and accused Mrs. Carlton of the murder. The ravings were known to be the effects of a diseased brain; nevertheless, the servants would look at each other significantly; and Honour, upon her recovery, had no recollection of having uttered them.

VI.

MONTHS passed away. Mrs. Carlton had quitted the Hall immediately after the funeral with her child, now the heir. She was travelling about on the Continent, travelling *about*: now hither, now thither; now in one place, now in another; ever restless, ever changing. France, Flanders, Belgium, Germany: it seemed that some power impelled her forward, for no sooner was she settled down in one spot, than she would suddenly start away from it for another. Her attendants doubted whether she was deranged, and indeed there were moments when her conduct seemed inexplicable, unless by that affliction. A fearful remorse, a remorse that few can form an idea of, rent her heart. Would this remorse have been less felt, had her wicked desire for power and possessions been accomplished? It is difficult to say. But she knew, now, that she had perilled her soul for worse than nought; for the halls of Alnwick and their rich lands were passing rapidly away from her into the hands of strangers; passing away with her child's life.

Whether Georgie had eaten too much at that memorable birthday-dinner, or whether the shock at seeing his brother's lifeless body was too much for him, for in the wild alarm raised by Honour he had flown upstairs unnoticed, certain it is, the child's health declined from that night. The doctors said he had a fit of indigestion, and treated him for it. He seemed better in a few days, and his mother took him abroad with her, but he was never again the healthful, merry boy he had been. What could be the matter with him? Mrs. Carlton asked. And she soon knew. Consumption. A disease which had proved fatal to his father.

It was in Belgium that the disease came rapidly to a crisis. She could not move about then, lest it should prove fatal to the child: it would prove fatal soon enough, even with all the rest that could be afforded him. Mrs. Carlton's anguish, who shall tell of it? She loved this child with a fierce, raging love; he was the only being who had filled every crevice of her proud and passionate heart: it was for his sake she had jealously hated Benja; it was to benefit him, she had committed the crime that clung to her now like a nightmare. She called in, one after the other, all the medical men of the town she was located in: she summoned over, at a great expense, more than one physician from the British metropolis; and they all told her that they could not save his life. She watched his fair face grow paler, his feverish limbs waste and become weaker. She never shed a tear. The servants thought she was only kept in her senses by the aid of brandy—a strange help to sanity. To drink that had now become habitual to her. She would be attacked with bursts of anguish, fearfully painful to witness, in which she would

tear her hair, and fling about, as one insane, and call upon her boy to live—to live.

"Mamma, don't, don't!" panted the little lad, one day, when his end was drawing near, and he was a witness to one of these paroxysms, "don't be so sorry for me. I am going to heaven to be with Benja."

She started up from her position beside him, and darted about the room like one possessed, her hands to her temples.

"Oh, mamma, don't frighten me," moaned the child, in terror. "I shall be glad to go to Benja."

Cease, Georgie, cease! for every innocent word that you utter is torture to your mother. Look at her, as she sinks down there on the floor, and groans aloud in her sharp agony.

The time came for the child to die, and he was laid in his little grave in Belgium. What would be Mrs. Carlton's career now? It would seem that restlessness at least would form a portion of it, for, the instant the child's remains were hid from her sight, the old eagerness for removal came on. Who can describe, or imagine, the life that was hers? All her plans were defeated, her hopes in this world blasted, while she dared not cast a thought to the next: he, who was more precious to her than heaven, gone, and her soul loaded with a never-to-be-atoned-for, and now unprofitable crime! Let us be thankful that the terrors of such a state of mind can only, by the innocent, be faintly pictured. A fresh thought was now added to her remorse: it was, that if she had suffered the ill-fated Benja to live, she would still be revelling at the much-coveted Alnwick, as its mistress. No human care or skill could have prolonged the life of her own child, for it was the will of God that he should die; but Benja?—God did not call *him*.

Never was Benja Carlton's image absent from her; and, strange to say, it was not the burning figure, flying about and screaming, that haunted her brain, but the happy child, marching along, all pleased and contented with his pretty church. The lighted toy was before her eyes night and day: its form, its windows, its aspect, its blaze of light; not a point but was engraven on her memory in characters of fire. She dared not be in the dark; she dared not wake up alone at night; she scarcely dared to be alone at mid-day, lest the form of Benja and that lighted church should palpably appear to her. Think not this description of the woman's mind is exaggerated: believe me, it presents of its terrors but a faint outline.

The first anniversary of the day was approaching, the 10th of November. How Mrs. Carlton dreaded it, can never be told. It would occur about the period of her departure for England, where business demanded her presence. How should she pass it? Would it be more tolerable to spend it in travelling, or to remain where she was, at rest, until it was over? *At rest!* Oh, anything but that mockery! Let her whirl over the earth night and day—but never let her think again of rest, for there was no rest for her.

The nearest port of embarkation to where she was staying was Dunkerque; except Ostend, to which place she had a dislike; and upon referring to the time-bills of the steamers, she found that the *City of London* would leave Dunkerque for London on the night of the 10th of November. She gave orders that things should be in readiness for their

journey early on the morning of the 10th. Three servants were with her: her maid, George's nurse, and one man. The day fixed upon came round, and they commenced their journey, travelling to Lille, and from thence to Dunkerque, by train; which latter place they reached about four o'clock in the afternoon, and put up at the Hôtel de Flandre.

"Will madame dine in her room, or at the table-d'hôte?" inquired the head waiter, an old man who had served in the house more than thirty years.

"At the table-d'hôte," replied the servant addressed. "Madame is in bad spirits, from having lost two children, and does not like to be alone." The servant thought he spoke but the truth.

At five o'clock, when the bell rang for the table-d'hôte, Mrs. Carlton entered the dining-room. Four or five gentlemen—the hotels are empty at that season—came straggling in, one by one, and the repast began. The dinner was excellent, but it did not last long: she would have given much could it have lasted until the hour of her departure for the boat.

She was seated facing the mantelpiece, consequently the clock was in front of her. Coward, coward that she was! She watched its hands move slowly, but surely, round to the hour of six—the exact time that, twelve months before, she had stood before the clock in her own dining-room at Alnwick, hoping that Benja Carlton was burning away to death. Her agitation became painful to herself, and she dreaded lest other eyes should perceive it: her brain throbbed, her head was confused, her hands trembled. The gentlemen withdrew, one by one, as they had entered: they had gazed at her as she sat before them, in her severe beauty, and had wondered that one so young could be so wan and careworn. In vain she drank plentifully of wine; it did not drown her agitation: upon one whose habitual drink has for some time been brandy, French wines can make but little impression. A choking sensation oppressed her; her throat seemed to swell with it; and that sure minute-hand grew nearer and nearer. Suddenly she addressed the waiter—anything to break the painful silence; but there was no answer, and then she became aware that the old man was absent, and she was alone in that dreary room. With a cry of horror, she flew from it up the broad, lighted staircase, to seek her own room and the presence of her maid.

What is it that comes over us in these moments of dread? *We* have not the guilty conscience of Mrs. Carlton, yet we have surely all experienced the same sensation—a dread of looking behind us in these minutes of superstitious fear. Yet look we must and do. The miserable woman had taken but a few steps up the stairs, when she turned her head, in the impulse of desperation, and there—*there*—at the opened doors leading into the court-yard, stood a form, bearing a lighted torch, the very one it seemed that the boy had carried on his birthday-night; and, apparently issuing from the same figure, a dull, wild, unearthly sound smote upon her ear. What the form was, what the dreadful cry was, *she* will never know; but her guilty imagination whispered it was the apparition of Benja.

She was unconscious how she got up the stairs, she was unconscious how she burst into her room—the first on the right, at the commence-

ment of the long corridor. Her maid was not there, as she expected, but two wax lights were burning on the mantelpiece, and a fire blazed in the grate.

She stood there for a moment, her senses deserting her in her terror, when slowly, slowly, the clock before her struck the first stroke of six. Twelve months before—twelve months before! at that dread hour! Mrs. Carlton, with a smothered cry, pressed her hands upon her eyes, and flew—it was a habit she had taken to—flew about the chamber.

But, at the same moment, there arose a strange noise; the wildest sounds that ever struck upon the ear of man. They seemed to come from the street; the very air resounded with them: louder, louder they grew; loud enough to make a deaf man hear, and to strike even an innocent heart with terror. The same impulse that had caused Mrs. Carlton to look behind her on the staircase, drew her now to the window. She opened it in the height of desperate fear, and leaned out. What was it she beheld?

In all parts of the street, in every corner of it, distant, far, near, nearer, pouring into it from all directions, as if they were making for the hotel, *making for her*, pouring into it in crowds, from the Place, from the Rue de l'Eglise, from the Rue Nationale, from the Rue David-d'Angers, from the Place Napoleon, came shoals upon shoals of these lighted toys, like the one she had seen in the hotel yard, like the one carried by that unfortunate child when she had hurled him into eternity. Of all sizes, of all forms, of various degrees of clearness and light, came on these conspicuous things: models of cottages, of houses, of towers, of lanterns, of castles, and many models of churches, on they pressed; but Mrs. Carlton saw but the latter, and, to her diseased and terrified mind, they all bore but that one form. Accompanying them, were these horrible and unearthly sounds, making a din to confuse the calmest, and suggesting ideas not of this world. Mrs. Carlton had read tales in her childhood of demons appearing and dragging away a living murderer: will it be credited that she, an educated woman, remembered the idle tales now, *and feared them*? The forms in the street, to her, were but the spirit of the murdered boy, multiplied into thousands, accompanied by evil spirits howling and shrieking: *were they coming for her*, she raved, *in that dread anniversary hour*? Marvel not, marvel not that these fears rushed over her: you know not the fantastic terrors of a guilty conscience.

With a succession of low sounds, as of one in convulsions, Mrs. Carlton fell on the floor, her limbs contorted, and her mouth foaming.

In the next room, stood her maids, leaning over the little balcony, and gazing out upon all this light and din. To *them*, with a conscience at rest, the scene presented a most novel and pleasing appearance: though the noise was frightful, and they kept petulantly stopping their ears and laughing, wondering what in the name of wonder it could all mean. The lanterns, or whatever the lighted things might be, were of various forms, mostly composed of paper, the frames of wood; a few only being of glass. A square, or half-oblong shape, open at the top, seemed to predominate. They were mounted on the top of long poles or sticks, and it seemed as if all the population of Dunkerque, rich and poor, old and young, must have turned out to carry them; as indeed it had. The uproar proceeded

from *horns* ; cows' horns, clay horns, any horns, one of which every lad, from twenty downwards, held to his lips, blowing with all his might. The maid servants sought at once for some explanation of the strange sight ; and the reader would like it also.

When the holy saint, Martin, was on earth in the flesh, and sojourning at Dunkerque, the legend runs that his ass got lost one night on the neighbouring downs. The saint was in despair, and called upon the inhabitants to aid him in the search. So, all Dunkerque turned out to seek the ass with horns and lanterns, a dense fog prevailing at the time ; and, the account says, they were happily successful. Hence commenced this annual custom, and most religiously has it been observed ever since. On St. Martin's eve, and St. Martin's night, the 10th and 11th of November, as soon as dark comes on, the principal streets of Dunkerque are perambulated by crowds, carrying these fanciful-shaped lanterns, and blowing the horns. It is looked upon almost as a religious *fête*. Police keep the streets clear ; carriages, carts, and horses, are not allowed to pass ; and, in short, everything gives way to the horns and lanterns on St. Martin's eve and night. But as to the extraordinary din these horns create—I can only say that if anybody wants to hear a noise such as he never heard before, one to last his remembrance for life, and perhaps turn him permanently deaf, he had better pass the next 10th of November at Dunkerque.

We hear and talk of strange coincidences, but none can deny that it was indeed a most strange one which took the unhappy Mrs. Carlton to Dunkerque on that particular night, of all nights in the year : in no other part of the habited world could she have met with the sight that thus struck, and told, upon her guilty remembrance.

Her servants remained at the window, enduring the awful din, admiring some peculiarly tasty church, or castle, and laughing at others that took fire and so burnt away, to the intense irritation of their bearers. Presently the lady's maid passed into her mistress's room, wondering that she had not come up from dinner. Mrs. Carlton was lying on the floor, and it seemed that she had been stricken with a fit of epilepsy.

She revived sufficiently to be conducted that night on board the steam-packet, and was conveyed safely to England. But, as the hours and days advanced, she was found to be a lunatic, uttering things her attendants shuddered to hear, and which seemed to be but a repetition of the ravings of the unhappy Honour in her delirium.

She was quiet at first, Mrs. Carlton, except for these wanderings of the mind, but paroxysms of violence came on with time, and the physicians declared her malady to be confirmed and hopeless.

In one of the private asylums contiguous to the metropolis, she has been for some time placed ; to remain there, in all probability, for the whole of her remaining life, be it short or long. Strange rumours are whispered in Alnwick Hall and its neighbourhood, and there are some who scruple not to assert that it was his unhappy stepmother who wilfully destroyed the young heir of Alnwick.

A POLITICAL CONVERSAZIONE OF THE YEAR 1848.—METTERNICH, GUIZOT, LOUIS PHILIPPE, PALMERSTON.

METTERNICH. Yes, the first and primary error, sir ex-minister of France, was yours. You have precipitated all. Why neglect to give Rossi more prudent instructions, or orders more in accordance with the urgency of circumstances at the moment? The election of Mastai should never have been hurried through so hastily. In my secret despatches I moreover told you this man was a hot-headed subject, who would have compromised us all and himself into the bargain.

GUIZOT. And who would ever have believed that from Rome would arise the dreaded conflagration? No pope of modern times has ever deserted the cause of kings. Inasmuch as the temporal sovereignty of Rome is the moving spring of all other monarchies, so is the ruin of these a consequence of the decay and the ruin of that.

LOUIS PHILIPPE. But you, Prince Metternich, why attempt half-measures? You well know that in state affairs half-measures are the ruin of those who adopt them, and the salvation of those against whom they are directed. Why compromise yourself in the affair of Ferrara? And then why grow alarmed and draw back? During thirty-four years you made no grosser error than this. You have alienated from religion thrones and crowns, and have conjoined it with radicalism. Are you ignorant that the policy of Italy was always that of maintaining for allies the monks, the priesthood, and the *bescottinisti*? Why set yourself against this moral movement, so ancient, but ever great and powerful? I do not say that of itself papal influence may now be of great weight in European affairs. But I say that, united with liberal principles, it is to be feared, and more especially in Italy. It is for us to divide it. Be also assured that when the Pope becomes united with the people, the cause of kings is lost.

METTERNICH. That is an observation worthy of the exalted personage by whom it was made. Either I ought not to have attempted these measures, or I should have carried them through. A new pope, like Gregory XVI., of pious memory, would have agreed to all. The reason is plain. Upon the petty princes of Italy and Germany, who managed to maintain themselves behind our support, and without any moral principle, it was easy to impose silence, and prevent them from relaxing the bit or making concessions to the people. But the Pope, puffed up with a great European popularity, was unwilling to listen to advice, nor would he hearken to reason. In a word, he has placed himself in a false position. I acknowledge my error. But why was I not supported by all other monarchs? Why did the voice of England interrupt me? Why suffer me to be disparaged by the public journals? Why did France maintain a doubtful position? Why was I left alone in the lists? Against our union, and opposed to our bayonets, the Pope would have been forced to humble his tones.

PALMERSTON. These events were but natural consequences. They were

in the nature of things. They might, perhaps, have been protracted, but could not have been prevented. But you exasperate Italy with a senseless policy. You alienate the King of Piedmont. You have placed the supreme government of Venetian Lombardy in the hands of fools, of wretches incapable of any foresight, deaf to every counsel, and who deceived you as to the moral condition of the country. They loaded with ignominy and insolence a people who were ever the prop of your ruined finances, and gave them, in a word, the sole alternative of death or salvation. The least imbecile of all of them was the ex-vice-roy, upon whom you reckoned the least. He sold in time, and escaped in time. He possessed foresight, and with a clever hypocrisy he managed to keep the Lombards in good temper, and even to the last sought to palliate the cruelties of the police and the army. I should like much to read your secret correspondence with Torresani and Fiequelmont, who wished to ensnare the Milanese with a Viennese *figurante*, took serious notice of the boys who scribbled *Pio Nono* at the street corners, wore buckles and hats, and allowed themselves to be taken unawares, whilst alarming indications clearly showed the general conflagration which was smouldering under the ashes. The boastings of your generals, their incapacity, their vile barbarity, and that of the army, are things which are perfect horrors. The dominion of the house of Austria has ceased in Italy.

METTERNICH. If Austria's dominion has ceased in Italy, the exclusive sovereignty of England on the seas is at an end. We know the cancer that gnaws her; it is a colossus with the *gambe di creta*. She has failed in the policy of kings, in the general interests of Europe. You, my Lord Palmerston, you, sir ex-minister of England, have abandoned us, have even betrayed us at the most critical moment. And why, on what grounds, and for what national interests, did you favour the convulsions of the revolutionary rulers in Switzerland and Italy? They saw well the desire of the English merchants to get rid of the superabundance of their productions in Italy at the expense of Austrian commerce. They saw well to what end your negotiations tended. But what profit have you derived? You have kindled the firebrands which were to burn your wings. People once emancipated become themselves the fabricators of mercantile commodities. They load with prohibitions imports from abroad, and have nothing to say to the English. Good treaties of commerce can only be made with princes, who (to save themselves) should impede the enriching of the people, or that division of substance which, up to a certain point, brings commerce, and causes the ruin of monarchs. Too late did I discover it even at Vienna. The ports of Illyria and Dalmatia ruined the imperial chest. Why, then, did not England support our threats in Switzerland? What interests had she for the Swiss nation? I repeat, and shall ever repeat, that the nationality of the people is the ruin of England, of its foreign commerce, and its marine. Pitt and Castlereagh were never favourable to the people. They flattered them, aided them in Spain and in Germany to overthrow Napoleon, but it was when they had no longer need of them. If the allied sovereigns in 1815 had so ruined France that she could not again rise, they would not find themselves in their present position. History therefore, no less than political knowledge, indicated the path which England should have kept, and should still keep, in European turmoils.

GUIZOT. Bravo, Metternich! By your talk there is no difficulty in recognising you as the first pillar of absolutism—the most hoary-headed and consummate diplomatist of European cabinets.

METTERNICH. Well! and was my policy in any way ambiguous? It has been ever one and the same, as its end is one and the same—that of never yielding. I always said that we never could relax in severity, or dissolve our union, without being lost. You, in your timidity and embarrassments, still wanted to act, but you did not dare. You feared the journalists and the idle stories of the day; and lost yourselves in scrawling long *tirades* in your *Débats*, which caused me real concern. In the Switzerland and Sunderbund questions you attained to the acme of folly. Why despatch notes to the courts? Why so many vain threats against radicalism? Why propose a coalition of princes, and an armed intervention in Switzerland, when you were assured of nothing? You have compromised us; you have revealed our impotence. These things ought to be done, but secretly; seek the opportunity, put on the wolf's hide, and show the lion's claws only at the proper moment.

LOUIS PHILIPPE. Our infirm policy was an effect of our false position. We could not act differently. To have stood out on this last occasion would have conducted us to more speedy and certain ruin. For seventeen years I held the haughty people of France in external nullity. I sought to direct towards Africa the national effervescence; I did my utmost to establish my dynasty upon the throne; I surrounded myself with purchased nobility, since mild monarchies cannot exist without nobility; I ousted from the national representation the middle class, which is the great prop of liberty in all times; I bought over the heads of the army and placed my sons at its head; by cavils of every kind I weakened the National Guard, always the guarantee of liberty; I entered into intrigues, proposed marriages in Spain—family alliances. Collisions arose between the people and the princes in Germany, in Italy, Switzerland, and Greece, in the west and in the east. I feigned to cajole the people, but I speedily placed my hand upon the scale of kings, and forced it to kick the beam for us. But, in a word, I had neither the love nor the esteem of the French, and on the first *bel trarre* we went together into the air.

METTERNICH. When I think of the pitiful manner in which you effected your escape from the soil of France, I cannot refrain from laughter. I have been told that you arrived in London costumed as if you had issued from one of Dante's caverns.

LOUIS PHILIPPE. You have no cause to laugh at me. The populace, if they had caught you, would have made a fine figure of you. Considering, then, that the Parisians had every reason to drive me out of France, and that the Viennese, perhaps, were wrong in ousting you from the empire, I rather congratulate myself upon my mishaps.

METTERNICH. But I was not king.

GUIZOT. A truce to jests, which are unworthy of the exalted personages we are or have been. But do you believe, sir ex-minister of Austria, that it is actually over with kings?

METTERNICH. You will excuse me, but I have never regarded you as a profound diplomatist. You were the right arm of Louis Philippe, his good servant, and nothing more. Are these queries of your own conceit?

GUIZOT. A truce, I say, to idle jesting. Already must the French have repented of their republic. They see the abyss, the disorder, the misery which it produces.

METTERNICH. Follies again. What has misery to do with the monarchy or republic? The present distress is the effect of neither; but of agitation and the general uncertainty. The rich do not occupy themselves in commerce or industry, nor in monied enterprise, because they fear *communism* and war; whilst for the artisans, who needs must eat, employment should be found for them either in manufactories or in fighting on the plains of Europe. As for France, which you ought to know more of than I, I have no questions to ask. With reference to Italy and Germany—

LOUIS PHILIPPE. Permit me. I allow that in France all is lost. If France were in the present position of England—if the number of *proletarii*, of artisans, and of paupers, were as great as they are there, it would not be difficult for me, by dint of corruption and gold, to place myself at the head of such a party, and to hold the throne by means of the people and of the impoverished; while I could not have succeeded in retaining it by means of the great; but France is not yet in the position of England. Enough: we shall see in what way general events turn out. If the French remain quiet, I shall easily find means to excite them amongst themselves; either through the socialists and the starving artisans, or by means of the Legion of Honour and cordons. But if they leave their own domestic matters—if they manage to turn towards foreign affairs their restless activity and ambitious views, all is lost for me! But tell me what you would say of Italy, of Germany, and of the agony of—of kings.

METTERNICH. I believe that for the present it were better to allow our salvation to come from those who now banter us with caricatures, journals, libels, and the like. I say that the salvation of princes should spring from the follies of their subjects. Do you believe that I should wish this ferment against kings to last? It will endure until the people shall first have experienced anarchy, radicalism, and dictatorship. History nowhere tells us that a people passes thus dryshod from slavery to liberty without first falling into these extremes.

PALMERSTON. But under the kings the people were slaves.

METTERNICH. I do not say they should be slaves; but I say that order, and even a little absolutism, is always better than disorder and anarchy. In cabinet affairs there is no talk of evil and of good. The question is to choose of two evils the lesser—that, in fact, which is the best.

LOUIS PHILIPPE. Proceed with the argument which you undertook to explain, and do not interrupt the thread of ideas with misplaced interrogations.

METTERNICH. If the Austrians have good sense—if they are not the *imbeciles* which they have shown themselves by turning me out, and constructing a borrowed constitution, which, in the manner it has been made, can never last, and by making a revolution at a moment when there was the greatest need of internal concord—if the Austrians had sense, I say, they ought to defend themselves, but not fight in Lombardy; rather allow things to come of themselves to maturity. First of all, everything must be yielded to Hungary and Bohemia—an enlightened view taken of internal affairs. The finances are one vast chaos!!

A coalition should be formed under the rose with the Prussians, the English, and all the kings falling or fallen; Italy and Germany be put into collision with each other; and the German bishops alarmed in the affairs of the Pope. Finally, a new synod at once erected in opposition to Rome, whilst the Pope should be declared a decayed Jacobite—the destroyer of the spiritual and temporal power of the papacy, &c., &c.

PALMERSTON. I think you will not succeed. In the first place, because the Pope has too much popularity in Europe; and these synods do not succeed. You have an example in Napoleon. Secondly, Germany and Italy have interests too analogous to come into collision with each other. Both desire a centralisation, both wish emancipation from their leaders. Both are exasperated with the tyranny they have suffered, from vain promises, from nominal constitutions.

METTERNICH. If I do not get an opening from this side, I shall look for it with more probability in another quarter. When the Italians shall find themselves in proper authority, when they shall imagine they have driven out the Austrians, for I believe that (new to European affairs) they are not far-sighted; what will they do? the Unitarians, the Republicans, the Radicals, who are the strongest, and those who (with reason) desire a general union, or at least a certain centralisation of the various Italian governments, since, on the other hand, with disunion, independence and liberty do not predominate in the face of France and other great nations, what will they do? Certainly, in the general medley, it will be necessary to restore the temporal monarchy of the popes, it will be requisite to throw off the King of Piedmont, and to alienate from each other these two principal promoters and supporters of the common cause against foreigners. The Roman monarchy, allied with the King of Piedmont, will raise its head, because, having redeemed Italy, the Radicals owe him gratitude and obedience. The Radicals will then have the stage to themselves, and with their sacrifices, their unity, their Italian independence, and animosity unloosed against all the monarchs of the world, whatever their race, whether Legitimists or Ecclesiastics, anarchy they cannot avoid. If the Italian cause disconnects itself from the cause of Rome (which cannot remain united) then I triumph (*salto*); I declare myself immediately for the Pope, and for religion, and will create myself a strong party in Italy.

PALMERSTON. Others may do so, perhaps, but not you. You are now getting into the vale of years, and have no right to think of new disorders in this world. You are so hated by all people, that it is impossible for you to exercise any influence over them. Yet you still speak as a minister of Austria, and the first candidate of the councils of the Powers. You forget your present downfall.

METTERNICH. Whether I or others, it matters not. I say that the tendency of general events is this: Austria will soon fall upon Italy, which will then be torn to pieces between the two parties, who meddle only to *écarter*. I have never read in any history that a people can be overcome without a strong party being maintained amongst themselves. Our present intention should be to unite all monarchs great or small, constitutional or absolute, to vow discord in France, in Germany, in Italy, wherever the people are dominant, republics, or anarchy. I still maintain in Italy vast connexions—money—emissaries.

LOUIS PHILIPPE. But might not Pío IX. be one of the greatest legis-

lators in the world? might he not be able to give the last shake to the already decaying papacy, to create again or revive a great people?

METTERNICH. No, no; he has entered a labyrinth. Besides, it appears to me, from many indications that I have perceived, that Pío Nono may yet be too tender of the temporal and pontifical prerogatives, which are so easily confounded with those of religion. That good theologian, Gioberti, has in politics launched great thunderbolts (*strambergie*) at the Primate of Italy. He makes me laugh. His works have, perhaps, undeceived the Pontiff and the King of Piedmont, who were the first to make concessions to the people in order to acquire popularity for themselves, or from ambitious aims. But the times are no longer those when men trusted in the infallibility and divinity of popes. Those times of the moral pontifical power will be renewed when the present opinions of men shall undergo a change, when theocracy returns, and the superstitious republicanism of the middle ages.

LOUIS PHILIPPE. And, therefore, do you believe that in her moral, political, and financial dissolution, that Austria can ever set foot in Italy again?

METTERNICH. With exclusive dominion, perhaps not. But if anarchy, the general dissolution, and a war in Poland should be excited, if Russia shall be constrained to ally herself with Austria, and with the kings supplanted by their people, then war, an European war, being the consequence, the German, Italian, and Polish people, &c., will never be able to acquire nationality or independence, because they will never be able to act of themselves alone. They will be dependent on French assistance, and will be subject (as the progressists say) to their influence. Enough, that Italy will not be left to itself, whether France or another may possess it, and that in this case Austria should have compensation elsewhere.

GUIZOT. Indeed, you are a false prophet. You foretold neither the insurrection of Paris nor of Vienna, nor mine nor your own disgrace. I have little faith in your prophecies.

METTERNICH. These are particular cases. They have no influence on general events. As for me, I have always said that it was requisite to hold out; however, little was yielded in my case; for me all was over. If any such concessions would content these people, it should be fair dealing on the part of the king (*sarebbe bello fare il re ed il ministro*), but they are insatiable and ungrateful. Until they saw us utterly despoiled, and void of all authority, they were not contented. The Pope commenced, the Duke of Tuscany and the King of Piedmont followed, the King of Naples was constrained to yield. The Italians made a great deal about the concessions they had obtained. The pride of the French was put to too severe an experiment; there the Italians had the superiority over them. Then (as you are aware) was played the fine game you know of. Europe is (in fact) a chaos.

GUIZOT. But the end of these questions of ours, what is it? Will kings continue to govern people, or will the people begin to rule over the kings?

PALMERSTON. The reasoning of the matter has two aspects. 1st. If France does not cross the Rhine, if Russia does not cross the Vistula, if the Polish war and a general *bouleversement* does not arise, if Germany and Italy are left alone in their disorder, then after hot civil strife, perhaps war, an European war being imminent, the ousted, or at least di-

minished (*eclipsed*) kings, will come forth with some nationality (Austria, be it understood, being repulsed from Italy), and for the future will be a barrier for Russia and for France. 2nd. If the Polish revolution breaks out, or general war, then the question of nationality (*de nationale*) becomes European, as in the days of Napoleon. Russia, to avoid being hemmed in amongst her deserts, should unite with Austria and with all the falling, or fallen kings, France should join with the cause of the people, occupy the mountains of Switzerland and the Tyrol as her bulwarks, interfere in the affairs of Switzerland and Italy, and deal terrific blows on the Russians in the camps of Germany. The war terminated, Italy and Germany should be contented with the understanding which will at once be given to them in the general adjustment. In this case, better days will smile upon kings; and good, or otherwise, will be the condition of the people, according to the force, the union, or the disunion of these. Inasmuch as refers to the noble Polish nation, its strength will not be, perhaps, ever proportioned to the dangers to which she will be subjected. Napoleon was wont to say that Polish independence could only be thoroughly obtained at Moscow. Who will support the Poles—France? But are the interests of France for independence and the Polish unity in proportion to the sacrifices to be made? Will Russia see the keys of the north lost with Poland, become Asiatic, and diminish in importance with Europe, without a long and bitter war—without, perhaps, immense compensation on the side of the Dardanelles and Greece?

METTERNICH. The whole question, then, is reduced to the monarchy of the people; the greater and more extended the anarchy shall be, the greater and more extended the hopes of kings. Let our primary object be to foster civil war, and nourish dissensions. The elements are not wanting. Of Italy I have spoken to you. Of France you know, or ought to know, more than myself. Germany contains dissolving elements not less powerful than Italy. Divided amongst petty princes, thrown between Austria and Prussia—between a constitution and anarchy—between the various powers of kings, nobles, the middle class, Catholicism and Protestantism—how will she be enabled to establish a central and strong government, without passing through long and violent convulsions and a civil war? Many will have recourse to (the) kings, and will believe themselves happy in being able for a while to repose under the strength of their arm; allowing that which before they had denied, and desiring that which now they would renounce. But already as regards you, sir ex-king of France, and you, Monsieur Guizot, it is a settled thing. You are no longer necessary in European politics. You can amuse yourselves happily in writing the story of your disgrace. As for me, my long experience will still indubitably make me much in request amongst the northern courts as an instrument to establish the equilibrium of the powers and forces. Gentlemen, I salute you and go to my labours.

GUIZOT. I, to read the French papers.

LOUIS PHILIPPE. I, to pay a visit to Westminster with my family.

PALMERSTON. I, to draw up with the stenographer the summary of this our first conference, in order to inscribe it in the secret acts to be sent to the courts.

THE NORTH-WEST PASSAGE.

It is possible at length to head a few pages devoted to the record of Arctic discovery by the long-coveted phrase—the North-West Passage. Not that such a passage has in reality been opened—that a British ship has as yet passed through from Pacific to Atlantic, or *vice versâ*, by the Polar Seas; but that the fact of a sea-communication has been established to exist between the two; only it is blocked up by what appears to assume the form of almost permanent ice. As far, therefore, as the discovery of a passage for purposes of navigation is concerned, we are in reality no further than when Mr. Kennedy, of the *Prince Albert* (Lady Franklin's private Arctic expedition), discovered a passage leading from Prince Regent Inlet to the Western Sea, and the gallant and unfortunate Bellot gave his name to another. These were, as far as navigability is concerned, just as much north-west passages as the Prince of Wales' or Parry's Straits. For the north-west passage now determined, is not at the western termination of Wellington or Queen's Channel, to which attention has been so much directed since Captain Penny's discoveries, but where every common-sense man would have persevered in searching for it, in Parry's Strait, which is the westerly prolongation of Barrow's Strait.

Captain Sir Edward Parry, the discoverer of this strait, found it occupied by a fixed body of ice as far back as 1819. Since that time the way even to the strait has never been open to navigation. When the news first came to this country of the further exploration of Wellington Channel, and the discovery of a north-westerly passage also in that direction, as well also as by Jones's Sound, while granting all due importance to those discoveries, we still upheld the paramount importance of the acknowledged Arctic highway. We never sided with the decisive opinion given by Captain Austin and his companions, that their researches had decided the question that Sir John Franklin's expedition had not taken a westerly or south-westerly direction from Barrow's Strait. We discussed that question at length in the October number of the *New Monthly Magazine* for 1851, as comparing more particularly the results obtained by Captain Austin's sledge parties, and the instructions given to Sir John Franklin, which decidedly pointed out the route now followed by Captain M'Clure, of the *Investigator*. We returned to the charge in December of the same year. Arrowsmith's map, then published, enabled us to say still more positively, that the opinions that we emitted of the insufficiency of the data obtained by Ommaney, Osborne, Browne, and M'Clintock, to determine whether or not Sir John Franklin was frozen up in westerly or south-westerly ices, was further corroborated. We particularly insisted upon the fact, that the whole extent of country from Cape Walker and the most westerly shores explored by Captain Ommaney to Banks's Land, had been left unexamined, and it is precisely in that region that Prince of Wales' Strait has been discovered. Our hopes then lay in the progress of the *Enterprise* and *Investigator*, which we said (p. 484) would, on their way from Behring's Straits to Parry Islands, have to cut through a portion of these unexplored regions. In April, 1852, we again repeated (p. 451): "Our greatest hopes are, at the present moment, centred in the progress of Commander M'Clure and his party in her

Majesty's ship *Investigator*, now frozen in somewhere between Behring's Straits and Melville Island." And so it has really turned out to be the case.

Curious enough, Lieutenant M'Clintock must have been with the sledge *Perseverance*, when he attained his extreme westerly point of 114 deg. 20 min. in lat. 74 deg. 38 min. in May, 1851, within fifty-five geographical miles distance of the Bay of Mercy, where the *Investigator* was frozen in in September of the same year. Captain M'Clure and his party had to travel some 150 geographical miles, or more, before they could convey despatches from the Bay of Mercy in Baring Island, to Winter Harbour in Melville Island; but in reality some sixty geographical miles from shore is all that remained to be passed over to establish the existence of this frozen in "North-West Passage."

It will be remembered that the *Investigator* was last seen on the 6th of August, 1850, running to the north-eastward, with studding-sails set. It appears that she rounded Point Barrow, on the north coast of America, with great difficulty, and that the ship was also detained in its further progress along the same coast by thick weather, fogs, and contrary winds, in addition to the ordinary difficulties presented by shallow water, and the necessity of working to windward between the Polar Pack and the gradually sloping shore. On the 21st of August, however, the *Investigator* made the Pelly Islands, off the river Mackenzie, and on the 24th, communicated with some Esquimaux a little to the westward of Point Warren, still on the coast of Arctic America.

The Esquimaux at this place are said to have shown great apprehension as to the object of the *Investigator's* visit, fearing, according to their own statements, that the ship had come to revenge the death of a white man they had murdered some time ago. They related that some white men had come there in a boat, and that they built themselves a house, and lived there; at last the natives murdered one, and the others escaped they knew not where, but the murdered man was buried in a spot they pointed out. A thick fog coming on, prevented Captain M'Clure examining this locality, which is much to be regretted, as this is just the point that a boat's party from the expedition under Sir John Franklin, who was intimate with the geography of the coast of Arctic America, from his overland expedition in 1819, would—supposing the *Erebus* and *Terror* to have been wrecked in the intricate passage of the archipelago south-west of Cape Walker, or in the pack west of Baring Island—have sought to gain the Mackenzie, and which presented to them the most favourable—indeed, under their circumstances, almost the only route—by which they could hope to reach the settlements of the Hudson's Bay Fur Company. This notice, then, of the destruction and dispersion of a party of white men who came there in a boat, now some time back, obtains, in the absence of all other clue to the fate of our gallant countrymen, a very deep and melancholy interest. Captain M'Clure, for reasons which do not appear in the information as yet conveyed to us, does not attach any importance to the circumstance here alluded to; for, after visiting another party of Esquimaux at Cape Bathurst, on the same coast, he says: "We now took our final leave of the Esquimaux upon the American coast, fully convinced that neither the ships nor any of the crew of Sir John Franklin's expedition have ever reached their shores." It would cer-

tainly appear strange, if such had been the case, that neither Sir John Richardson, nor the boat parties under Captains Pullen and Hooper, should have heard anything about it. Still it is to be hoped that Dr. Rae's attention will be called to the fact, to which it is evident Captain Inglefield attaches more interest than Captain M'Clure.

On the 6th of September, being to the northward of Cape Parry, the next most remarkable cape of Arctic America, east of Cape Bathurst, they discovered some high land, upon which they landed the ensuing day, naming it Baring Island. On the 9th they discovered more land, which they named Prince Albert's Land, and which is said to be the westerly prolongation of Wollaston and Victoria Lands. The northern part of Baring Island also corresponds to Banks' Land of the Arctic explorers from the East. This multiplication of names appears, therefore, very unnecessary: Prince Albert's Land being part of Wollaston Land, and Baring Island part of Banks' Land. Baring Island is separated from Prince Albert Land by a strait which was called Prince of Wales' Strait, and which Captain M'Clure satisfied himself, by travelling parties, communicated with Barrow's Strait, thus establishing the existence of a north-west passage (when free from ice) in that direction.

Prince Albert's Land was found to be inhabited, in its southern portions, by a primitive people, described as being of quiet, simple, and inoffensive habits. They had never seen white men before, and were at first naturally much alarmed. There were also musk oxen, five of which formed a welcome addition to the stock of the *Investigator*.

The ice did not break up till the 14th of July, 1851, when the ship was allowed to drift with the pack towards Parry's or Barrow's Straits till August 14th, when, having attained lat. 73 deg. 14 min. 19 sec., long. 115 deg. 30 min. 30 sec., or a distance of only fifteen miles from the previously discovered entrance to Parry's or Barrow's Straits (the said entrance being in lat. 73 deg. 30 min. north, long. 114 deg. 14 min. west, and according to the map attached to the Parliamentary Blue-book printed in 1852, forty-five miles distant from the nearest coast of Melville Island, which is therefore the width of Parry's Strait at that point), their further progress was unfortunately arrested by a north-east wind setting in, which set large masses of ice to the southward, and carried them back with them. Had the *Investigator* been supplied with a screw-propeller, it is possible she might have confronted this difficulty, and have effected the north-west passage, and been in England in 1851.

Thus driven back, however, Captain M'Clure bore up to the southward of Baring Island, and ran up with clear water as far as to lat. 74 deg. 27 min. N., long. 122 deg. 32 min. 15 sec. W., within a mile of the coast the whole distance, when his progress was impeded by ice resting upon the shore, and the ship was at the same time in great danger of being crushed or driven on shore by the ice coming in with a heavy pressure from the Polar Sea. The *Investigator* was detained by these difficulties from the 20th of August to the 19th of September, or a month within a day, when observing clear water along shore to the eastward, she was cast off from a large grounded floe to which she had been secured, and worked in that direction, with occasional obstructions from ice and mud banks, and several narrow escapes from the stupendous Polar ice, till the 24th of September, when, being in lat. 74 deg. 6 min.

N., and long. 117 deg. 54 min. W., or fifty-five miles from the nearest shores of Melville Island, and at or near the entrance to Parry's Strait, they observed the said strait to be full of ice, large masses of which were setting down towards them. So finding a well-sheltered spot upon the south side of a shoal upon which they had grounded the night before, and which was protected from the heavy ice by the projection of the reef, they ran in and anchored in four fathoms. That very same night they were frozen in, and the *Investigator* has remained ever since in the same spot, which has very appropriately been designated by its gallant commander the BAY OF MERCY.

Baring Island, or Banks' Land, was luckily found to abound in reindeer and hares, which remained the entire winter, and the officers and crew were enabled to add upwards of 4000lbs. to their stock of provisions during their first year's detention. Captain M'Clure states that in these latitudes a ship stands no chance of getting to the westward by entering the Polar Sea, the wind being contrary and the pack impenetrable; but this does not apply to higher latitudes, supposing Sir John Franklin's expedition to have gone to the westward by Queen's Channel. Prince of Wales' Strait he conceives to be more practicable, but that apparently only to ships going westward or south-westward.

A party, consisting of Captain M'Clure, Mr. Court, second master, and six others, went over the ice in April, 1852, to Winter Harbour, Melville Island, where they deposited a record of their proceedings up to that time. This despatch was discovered by a party from the *Resolute*, Captain Kellett, which wintered the same year at Dealy Island, Melville Island; and as far as we can make out, the gallant Lieutenant Pim, the same who proposed the Siberian expedition of succour, was despatched at once to communicate with their long lost, frozen in countrymen.

The account of Lieutenant Pim's arrival at the Bay of Mercy, as given by Captain Kellett in a private letter, is one of the most affecting incidents that has yet sprung out of the Arctic expeditions. There is only one other possible event of a similar kind that would exceed it in that respect.

M'Clure and his first-lieutenant were walking on the ice. Seeing a person coming very fast towards them, they supposed that it was one of their party being chased by a bear. They accordingly walked towards him, but had not got above a hundred yards when they could see by his proportions that he was not one of them. Pim was at this time throwing up his hands and hallooing out, his face being described as appearing as black as his hat—we must suppose from running and excitement.

At length Pim reached the two lonely strollers quite beside himself, and yet under the circumstances he exhibited an amusing specimen of naval etiquette, still more amusing if we consider the position of the parties, two of them ice-imprisoned for two long winters, the third coming over the desolate ice from no one knew where. "Who are you, and where do you come from?" inquired Captain M'Clure. "Lieutenant Pim, *Herald*, Captain Kellett," was the answer stammered out by the happy sailor. "This was," says Captain Kellett, "more inexplicable to M'Clure, as I was the last person he shook hands with in Behring's Straits." He at length found that this solitary stranger was a true Englishman—"an angel of light." The arrival of a stranger had also

by this time been made out by the ship's crew, and the news had spread like lightning. There being only one hatchway open, the men got fairly jammed in their attempts to get up one before the other. Strength and health suddenly returned to the sick, who are described as jumping out of their hammocks—every one forgot his previous despondency; "in fact, all was changed on board the *Investigator*!"

It does not appear why Lieutenant Pim should have been "a solitary stranger." It is not likely that, however adventurously disposed, Captain Kellett would have let him start on foot a journey of some hundred miles over the ice alone. We must suppose that he ran on in advance of his sledge party.

This opportune and welcome visit was soon returned by Captain M'Clure, and Captain Kellett describes the arrival of his gallant friend with delightful enthusiasm:

"This is really a red-letter day in our voyage, and shall be kept as a holiday by our heirs and successors for ever. At nine o'clock of this day (April 19th, 1853) our look-out man made the signal for a party coming in from the westward; all went out to meet them and assist them in. A second party was then seen. Dr. Domville was the first party I met. I cannot describe my feelings when he told me that Captain M'Clure was among the next party. I was not long in reaching him, and giving him many hearty shakes—no purer were ever given by two men in this world. M'Clure looks well, but is very hungry."

No wonder! He had at the time Lieutenant Pim arrived at the Bay of Mercy thirty men and three officers, fully prepared to leave for the depôt at Point Spencer. "What a disappointment," says Captain Kellett, "it would have been to go there and find the miserable *Mary* yacht with four or five casks of provisions, instead of a fine depôt!"

Another party of seven men were to have gone by the river Mackenzie, with a request to the Admiralty to send out a ship to meet them at Point Leopold in 1854. Captain Kellett adds, he had ordered the thirty men over to the *Resolute*. The captain had also sent his surgeon to report upon the health of the crew. He had further desired that, should there not be among them twenty men who would volunteer to remain another winter, Captain M'Clure was to desert his vessel. Lieutenant Cresswell, of the *Investigator*, has returned to England with Captain Inglefield, of the *Phoenix*, who brought home the news we now transcribe.

According to a letter written on board the *Investigator*, and dated April 10th, 1853, Captain M'Clure states it to be his intention, should the ice break up in the Bay of Mercy sufficiently early to permit of his getting through Parry's Strait this season, to push forward at once; but if the ice does not permit this, he still hopes that it will break up sufficiently to enable him to take the ship to Port Leopold in Barrow's Strait, and complete a twelvemonth's provisions, and he will then risk wintering in the pack, or getting through in preference to remaining at that port.

If, however, the *Investigator* should not be able to get out of the Bay of Mercy, it was his intention to leave towards the end of April, 1854, and make for Port Leopold, where there is a good boat, a house, and supplies; and with this he would try to make the whalers in Pond's or Baffin's Bays. But it is evident that the Admiralty will not allow our

gallant countrymen to be driven to such extremities. If the *Investigator* cannot get out the present season, parties can supply the crew with provisions from Sir Edward Belcher's squadron, and by leaving one or more vessels in Barrow's Strait to ensure the safe return of the crew, they could remain on board the *Investigator* till another chance presented itself for the liberation of the ship in the summer of 1854; and such chance failing, the officers and men could then desert the vessel, and reach a ship in Barrow's Strait in time to get to England the same season. It may also be a matter of consideration with the Admiralty, whether it may not be worth while to re-man and re-provision the *Investigator*, to find her way back the same way she came.

Hope is said to live upon less than will sustain anything else; but there are very few grounds for expecting that the *Investigator* will be saved by getting through Parry's Strait. When discovered by the distinguished navigator whose name, as the westerly prolongation of Barrow's Strait, it justly bears, it was blocked up by a fixed body of ice, and, excepting in sledge parties, not one of the numerous expeditions of succour has since been able to get even so far westward as Captain Parry did. Captain McClure has now arrived and knocked at the same icy gate, but from an opposite direction—from the eastward.

When the *Investigator* got so far as it has, it must, as in Sir Edward Parry's instance, have been under the auspices of an unusual open season, as is shown by its being frozen in ever since; yet, on this occasion, Parry's Strait, when approached by Prince of Wales' Strait, and by the west shores of Baring Island, was apparently as permanently frozen up as on all former occasions. What, therefore, but the most unreasonable hopes can we entertain that that strait will be opened in 1853 or 1854, which has never, that we are aware of, being seen open since first discovered in 1819?

If the results of recent Arctic exploration—however anxious we may be for the fate of those engaged in them—have been of a brilliant description as far as geographical discovery is concerned in the south-west and west, they have not been less so in a northerly direction.

Sir Edward Belcher quitted Beechey Island on the 14th of August, and steamed direct up Wellington Channel, determined to have nothing to do with any land which could have been seen and named by Penny's people. He thus pushed on direct for Cape Becher, which he reached about midnight of the 16th, and leaving a *caché* at that point he at once proceeded to the extreme land called Cape Sir John Franklin by Captain Penny, but which he designated as Mount Percy, calling the territory "Northumberland of North Britain," and the "islet covered sea" beneath him, "Northumberland Sound." And here, in lat. 76 deg. 52 min. north, long. 97 deg. west, the *Assistance* passed the winter of 1852-53. The warrant for this change of names was found in the fact that this land was quite differently disposed, and in a totally different latitude and longitude to what has been described by the bold pioneer, but not very scientific explorer, Penny. From this point Sir Edward Belcher could see Cape Lady Franklin, Captain Penny's extreme point westward; but as he had reached the extreme land north of Cape Becher, he transposed the name of Sir John Franklin from where it stands on the chart in the Blue-book to the foot of Mount Percy, giving to an island next to him

the name of Point Sophia, from the same map. Sir Edward Belcher considered himself as wintering in the Polar Sea, which he adds is probably composed of a great archipelago of islets and sand-banks—a rather hasty deduction.

The ship being frozen in, boat and sledge parties were at once set to work. One started under Sir Edward Belcher, another under Commander Richards, and a third under Lieutenant Osborne. On the 25th of August Sir Edward Belcher describes himself as landing on a low point, where the coast suddenly turned to the eastward, and discovering the remains of several well-built Esquimaux houses, not simply circles of small stones, but two lines of well-laid wall in excavated ground, filled in between by about two feet of fine gravel, well paved, and withal presenting the appearance of great care—"more, indeed," adds Sir Edward, "than I am willing to attribute to the rude inhabitants, or migrating Esquimaux." What is meant to be conveyed by this? If the impression was that these were traces similar to what were found at Beechey Island, why not say so; but if so, some fragments of European art would also have been inevitably found. Coal was discovered in this neighbourhood, and bones of deer, walrus, seals, &c., were strewn around.

On the evening of the 27th of August, Sir Edward Belcher took possession of a large island, which he named Exmouth Island, and its summit Milne Peak, in lat. 77 deg. 15 min. north, that is to say northward of anything discovered by Captain Penny. From hence he navigated with great danger to land still further north, in lat. 77 deg. 33 min., long. about 97 deg., and which he named North Cornwall. This was the extreme point reached upon this occasion; and the party returned to the ship on the 8th of September, having been absent sixteen days.

In a subsequent despatch, dated Beechey Island, July 26th, 1853, Sir Edward Belcher, who had before given it as his opinion that the so-called Smith and Jones's Sounds were connected with the sea he was then exploring, describes himself as having discovered the outlet of the latter in about lat. 76 deg. 30 min., and 90 deg. west long., the Polar Sea open, and extending as far as the eye could reach. This was on the 26th of May. A despatch of Sir Edward Belcher's, written in the month of April, has not appeared, and thus renders it difficult to follow the gallant officer's proceedings between the winter of 1852 and the spring of 1853; but it appears from this last despatch that he named other portions of the region around him Prince Alfred Bay and Princess Royal Island, and that he discovered a whole group of islands in the very high latitude of 78 deg. 10 min. which he called Victoria Archipelago. The easternmost of these islands, which is said to form the channel to Jones's Strait, he called North Kent, in honour of his Royal Highness the late Duke. The Victoria Archipelago is therefore the most northerly land known, as Victoria Land is the most southerly; and *the limits of Queen Victoria's dominions has now been made to extend very nearly indeed from pole to pole!*

Sir Edward Belcher returned to his ship from this remarkable expedition on the 22nd of June, after an absence of fifty-two days. Commander Richards had, in the same interval, crossed from the Polar Sea to Mel-

ville Island, exploring in his way Sabine Island and Hecla and Griper Gulf, and determining the connexion of Byam Martin Channel with the Polar Sea. Lieutenant Osborne was exploring the coast of the Polar Sea at the same time, on its western side.

The *North Star*, Captain Pullen, passed the winter of 1852-53 on Beechey Island, in a most dangerous position. She was driven on shore by a violent gale, and remained there the whole winter, and was only got off last spring; luckily, it is said, without much difficulty or damage.

As late as the month of August, this year, M. Bellot having volunteered to lead a small party with despatches for Sir Edward Belcher, that gallant officer left the *North Star* with four men, a sledge, and an india-rubber boat, the ice being at that time still heavy in Wellington Channel. A sudden and unforeseen disruption of the ice took place, however, very soon after the departure of the party, and on the third day they came to open water, supposed to be off Cape Grinnell. M. Bellot tried to fetch land twice in the india-rubber boat, but without success. William Harvey, boatswain's mate, and William Madden, A.B., were more successful, taking a line with them in order to establish a communication with the shore. By this means three loads were landed from the sledge, when unfortunately the ice began to break up, moving from the shore, and M. Bellot, two men, and the boat and sledge, were drifted rapidly away. The men left on the floe with M. Bellot were Johnson and Hook. Johnson's account of what followed, under such fearful circumstances, must be given in his own words:

We commenced trying to draw the boat and sledge to the southward, but found the ice driving so fast; we left the sledge and took the boat only, but the wind was so strong at the time that it blew the boat over and over. We then took the boat with us under shelter of a piece of ice, and M. Bellot and ourselves commenced cutting an ice-house with our knives for shelter. M. Bellot sat for half an hour in conversation with us, talking on the danger of our position. I told him I was not afraid, and that the American expedition were driven up and down this channel by the ice. He replied, "I know they were; and when the Lord protects us not a hair of our heads shall be touched." I then asked M. Bellot what time it was? He said, "About a quarter-past eight A.M." (Thursday, the 18th); and then lashed up his books and said he would go and see how the ice was driving. He had only been gone about four minutes when I went round the same hummock under which we were sheltered to look for him, but could not see him, and on returning to our shelter saw his stick on the opposite side of a crack, about five fathoms wide, and the ice all breaking up. I then called out "Mr. Bellot!" but no answer (at this time blowing very heavy). After this I again searched round, but could see nothing of him. I believe that when he got from the shelter the wind blew him into the crack, and, his south-wester being tied down, he could not rise. Finding there was no hope of again seeing Lieutenant Bellot, I said to Hook, "I'm not afraid; I know the Lord will always sustain us." We commenced travelling, to try to get to Cape de Haven, or Port Phillips; and, when we got within two miles of Cape de Haven, could not get on shore, and returned for this side, endeavouring to get to the southward, as the ice was driving to the northward. We were that night and the following day in coming across, and came into the land on the eastern shore, a long way to the northward of the place where we were driven off. We got into the land at what Lieutenant Bellot told us was Point Hogarth. (?)

In answer to a question as to how the survivors got on shore, Johnson replied:

In drifting up the Straits towards the Polar Sea we saw an iceberg lying close to the shore, and found it on the ground. We succeeded in getting on it, and remained for six hours. I said to David Hook, "Don't be afraid, we must make a boat of a piece of ice." Accordingly we got on to a piece passing, and I had a paddle belonging to the india-rubber boat. On being asked what became of the india-rubber boat, he replied, "It was left where Lieutenant Bellot was lost." By this piece of drift-ice we managed to reach the shore, and then proceeded to where the accident happened. We reached it on Friday. Could not find our shipmates, or any provisions. We then went on for Cape Bowden, and reached it on Friday night. We found Harvey and Madden there. They told us they were going on to the ship with the mail-bag. We rested that night in a miserable state, and in the morning got some bread and pemmican out of the *caché*, and after we had refreshed ourselves proceeded to the ship.

Thus it was that M. Bellot, who had endeared himself to every member of the Arctic expedition by his zeal, his gallantry, and his cheerfulness, and more especially to the officers and crew of the *North Star*, who had most of them served with him under the extraordinary difficulties which accompanied the exploring expedition of the *Prince Albert*, previously detailed in these pages, was lost to his country and to Europe. It is by such united labours in the cause of humanity that the cause of general peace and civilisation is best served. The men looked up to M. Bellot, although a foreigner, as a man they were always ready to follow; and such an example of mutual confidence and friendly union ought never to be forgot by both nations.

The *Phoenix*, Captain Inglefield, which has happily reached our own shores, had also its share of disasters. Being with its consort, the *Breadalbane*, off Cape Riley, on the 20th of August—a day which is noticed by Captain Pullen of the *North Star*, lying at the time off Beechey Island, as one of exceeding boisterousness—the ice closing obliged both ships to quit the cape before midnight, and in endeavouring to push the ships into a bight in the land floe the *Phoenix* touched the ground, but came off again immediately, without damage. The whole night was spent in struggling to get the ships into a place of security, but the ice drove both vessels fast to the westward, when, at 3.30 A.M. of the 21st of August, the ice closing all round, both vessels were secured to a floe edge, but with steam ready to push through the instant the ice should loosen.

Shortly, however, a rapid run of the outer floe to the westward placed the *Phoenix* in the most perilous position. Captain Inglefield ordered the hands to be turned up, not that aught could be done, but to be ready, in case of the worst, to provide for their safety; the ice, however, easing off, having severely nipped this vessel, passed astern to the *Breadalbane*, which ship either received the pressure less favourably, or was less equal to the emergency, for it passed through her starboard bow, and in less than fifteen minutes she sank in thirty fathoms of water, giving the people barely time to save themselves, and leaving the wreck of a boat only to mark the spot where the ice had closed over her. Anticipating such a catastrophe, Captain Inglefield says he got over the stern of the *Phoenix* as soon as the transport was struck, and was beside her when she filled; and he unhesitatingly states that no human power could have saved her. Fortunately, nearly the whole of the Government stores had been landed.

Having taken on board the shipwrecked crew, every precaution was used with regard to the safety of her Majesty's steam-vessel; but it was not till the morning of the 22nd of August that they succeeded in getting her to a safe position in Erebus and Terror Bay, where the ship was again secured to the land floe.

Captain Inglefield describes himself as having obtained information on his way home of the existence of a most productive coal-mine, at a distance of twenty-five miles from the Danish settlement of Lieveley Disco. The importance of such a discovery cannot be over estimated. With this we must conclude our notice of these recent brilliant discoveries; but we shall wait for further details, more especially in connexion with the fate of her Majesty's ships *Enterprise*, Captain Collinson, and the *Investigator* and its gallant crew, with anxious interest. As it is, the record of the doings of the latter, and of the privations of her crew, as well also of the explorations of Sir Edward Belcher and his assistants, will add some most remarkable and heart-stirring pages to the now long annals of progress in Arctic discovery and research. Alas, that we cannot also say of succour to the long lost expedition! All the chances are increased by the negative results obtained by Captain M'Clure, that that expedition entered into the Polar Sea by Wellington Channel, and the habitations discovered on the shores of that sea by Sir Edward Belcher might possibly turn out to be a continuation of the traces discovered at Beechey Island.

BABALI AND THE PACHA.

BEING THE SECOND TALE OF MY DRAGOMAN.

BY BASIL MAY.

BABALI the poet, philosopher, and dreamer, took a stroll, bent on stargazing. Babali was in advance of his age, had outstepped the Maynooth doctors who said that the stars were so many balls of fire, and that the moon was no larger than a Dutch cheese. Babali had gone deeper into the matter; with head thrown back almost at right angles with his heels, arms crossed on his chest, and eyes distended, he had studied the moon, had been charmed with the good-natured expression of its broad physiognomy, grinning mouth, and benignant nose. From those signs he drew the conclusion that it must be a jolly world that smiled so pleasantly upon mankind. Babali was in one of his humours, ecstatic, foreign, detached from the outer world. Heedless of the deepening shades of night, not caring a pistachio for the khamsy which might surprise and overwhelm him, he pursued his course. How long he might have done so it is hard to say, but all of a sudden a violent pain of cramp at the nape of the neck dispelled his visionary speculations, and recalled him to himself.

"Allah! Allah!" he exclaimed, wincing under it, and trying to bring his head forward to a perpendicular; but it had remained so long thrown back, the nerves had contracted, and it was some time before he could get it right again, or felt entirely free from a sensation of pain.

"Allah! Allah! where are we?"

Where was Babali indeed? Above, the heavens; below and all around, a desert—arid, wide. Babali had lost his way. He retraced his steps, walked back again, diverged to the right, to the left; went north, south, east, and west, all to no purpose; he could not find the right track. Bewildered, exhausted, panting, the nascent morn found him lying on the ground, his head resting on a mound of sand. Babali's hands were clasped, his travel-soiled and torn brodequins scarcely held to his feet, bleeding, sore. The blood had flown to his head, his lips were swollen, his tongue was parched, his eyes distended and fixed. There was a guttural sound in his throat—Babali was choking. Then he experienced a spasmodic sensation; his head rolled off the mound, and struck heavily on the ground, face downwards. He bled profusely at the nose, and this fortunate circumstance saved him. He sat up, gathered in his knees, and joined hands around them.

"Oh, if I had but a donkey!" he exclaimed.

"Allah is merciful," said a deep voice behind him.

Babali pirouetted in the direction of the sound, and beheld a fat gentleman, with a long beard and many tails, leading an ass with a foal *en croupe*.

Now this fat gentleman happened to be a pacha, who was taking an early ride, and it chanced that the animal he rode, being *eccentique*, littered on the way. This sorely perplexed the worthy man, who valued his new-got treasure, so he placed it on its parent's back, and was fain himself to lead the elder beast.

Babali, believing in the interposition of a kind Providence, prepared to take his place by the side of the youngest member of the party, but the pacha, with a nervous hand, grasped him by the broadest part of his pantaloons, and held him back.

"Ah, dog! what wouldst thou? Art mad, to think of bestriding this poor ass. Take thou the foal on thine own shoulders and relieve the dam, or by Mohammed thou livest not to see to-morrow's sun."

Aghast, terrified, Babali staggered back.

"Highness!" he cried, "I am worn out with travel—I can scarcely stand—dim shadows flit before mine eyes; 'pity the poor blind man.'"

"Pity me no pities!" answered the pacha. "On with you; why 'tarry yet awhile?'"

Now it was known far and near, that when the pacha quoted from the North Land savages it was no joking matter, and Babali fearing to provoke his ire shouldered the young ass and staggered onwards, as best he could, at the pacha's heels. In due time they reached the city, and having set down his burden at the pacha's door, the latter rewarded him for his pains and great suffering with a kick in his breech, adding:

"Babali, oh thou fool! When thou callest upon Allah to send thee an ass, ask for a donkey that thou canst ride."

Poor Babali made the best of his way home, where he found his wife standing on the threshold of the door. He had strength enough left to throw himself into her arms, from whose embrace he was removed to be lain upon his bed, from which he did not rise for many days.

It was a fine night, just such another as that which introduced Babali to the reader. He was convalescent, and had gone out to breathe the

soft night air. Babali's cheek was pale, and step somewhat unsteady, yet he felt a strong inclination to roam.

"If I had but a donkey that I could ride!" he ejaculated, as he emerged upon the square.

"Babali, as I live!" exclaimed some one who heard the wish.

"That's true, friend Mustapha," rejoined Babali.

"Methought I heard thee wish thou hadst a donkey?" continued Mustapha.

"Verily thou heardest aright."

"And whither wouldst thou go?" inquired Mustapha.

"Merely a-roaming."

"Listen to me, friend," said Mustapha, falling into Babali's step, and walking by his side. "Thou art a dreamer, and passest thy life in vain endeavours to unravel the mysteries which encompass us on every side, hoping to obtain a solution which will remove the veil from before the eyes of thy fellow-men. Hast thou never heard of that North Land compounder of drugs, whose wise maxim it was that 'where ignorance is bliss 'tis folly to be wise?' If a patient recovered, it was attributed to the virtue of his pills; if the patient died, it was that his time had come. Those there were who would know of what the pills were made, and then they lost all faith, and were never saved. Take my advice: accept the world and its anomalies as it is. Thy measure of life is threescore and ten. It will soon come round, friend; think of that, and let not the reflection intrude on thee at the eleventh hour that thy life has been a dream."

But Babali heeded him not; his eyes were raised to the canopy of heaven; his whole soul was absorbed in its contemplation.

"If I had but a donkey that I could ride!"

"Allah hears the prayer of his faithful servant," said Mustapha. "My ass has been at grass for the last month. Command thy friend, and it shall bear thee whithersoever thou wouldst go."

They had by this time reached Mustapha's dwelling, who took Babali by the arm and led him to the back of the premises, where there was an enclosed piece of ground whereon the donkey had enjoyed a month of rural freedom.

"An airing will stretch its legs," said Mustapha; "mount thou him, therefore, and the spirit of the true Prophet attend and watch over thee."

Babali did not require a second bidding, but accepted the offer at once, and in a few minutes was journeying without the city.

"I will not stray from the path," said Babali to himself; "but being on assback will indulge in a long ramble. There is no fear of my getting tired."

So saying, he slackened the rein on the donkey's back, letting him go his own pace, and gave himself up entirely to the study of the stars.

We are not quite sure that he had not made some satisfactory discovery, without the help of a telescope, tending to prove that the end of the world would be brought about by our running foul of one of the planets, when we should inevitably be split to pieces, not larger than those so-called thunderbolts which are occasionally picked up in the fields, but which never by any chance honour crowded cities with their presence. Babali's imagination had soared thus far above sublunary matters, when the cold

night air taking effect on his prominents, he was fain to remember that he still formed part and parcel of the known world ; but he had derived such gratification from his ride, that his first impulse was to get off his ass, throw himself down on his knees, and offer up a prayer of thanks to the Prophet. Having thus solaced his exuberant spirit, he got on assback again, but, wonder of wonders ! the beast would not stir. No, let him try what he would, patting, thumping, it was all to no purpose ; the brute was steeled alike to coaxing and beating. He remembered the well-known strophe which the popular North Land poet addressed to his own donkey, deprecating in soul-stirring language the employment of rigorous measures in the event of his meeting with a stubborn animal, nobly insisting on "persuasion better than force;" and Babali repeated the original words in melodious strain to Mustapha's ass, but it was not to be charmed. Evidently Mustapha had not cultivated in the animal a taste either for poetry or music. Morning dawned, and found Babali a victim still to his companion's stubborn disposition. He had given up the struggle in despair, and sat down ; but now he resolved to try again. Standing before the brute, he was endeavouring, with outstretched arm, to pull him along by the bridle. With fore feet stoutly planted, the brute stood firm as a rock, not to be moved. Babali *rampant*. Ass *reposant*.

A loud laugh at his back caused Babali to start and turn his head : there, at his elbow, stood his old acquaintance the pacha, as before on assback, whilst at his side walked his aga.

"Holy Prophet ! what ails his faithful servant ?" he asked.

"Highness," answered Babali, "'tis Mustapha's ass has brought me here : the stubborn brute since noon of night has stood, and nought that I can do will move him."

The pacha chuckled. The aga stooped, and rubbed his hands between his knees.

"Aga," said the pacha.

"Thy slave is here, O Sublime Essence of Truth."

"Hast thou the bundle of thistles ?"

The aga made no reply, but from the spacious pocket of his pantaloons drew forth the required bundle, and presented it to the pacha, who got off his ass, and commanded the aga to take his place. Then bidding Babali stand on one side and keep his eyes open, he tied one end of a piece of string round the bundle of thistles, and the other end he fastened to his bamboo. Then getting astride the stubborn donkey's back, he rested the cane on its head, with the thistles dangling about an inch from its nose. No sooner did the beast feel the propinquity of the thistles, than it stretched out its neck, and bit at them ; but with his cane, which he managed like a rudder, he first allowed them to bump up against its nose, and then thrust them out of its reach. Tantalised, teased, the ass, losing all patience, set off at a tremendous gallop in pursuit of provender which it was not destined to reach. Evidently the pacha's neck was in danger, so his faithful aga clapped heels to his ass, and both master and man had soon disappeared.

"Verily, verily," said Babali, as despondingly he bent his steps homewards, "are our wishes ever realised, or, being realised, are we ever satisfied ?"

EXTRACTS FROM THE COMMONPLACE-BOOK OF A
LATELY DECEASED AUTHOR.

DISTRUST A FOOL'S PRAISES.

THOMAS DE YRIARTE, an old Spanish fabulist, describes a bear as pleased when his dancing was approved of by the ape, but relinquishing the exercise when the pig applauded, and concludes by drawing this moral :

Si el sabio, no aprueba malo,
Si el necio aplaude, peor.

Your work is bad if wise men blame,
But worse if lauded by a fool.

I never hear one fool praise another without thinking that the very bray of the ass is sweetest music to his kinsmen ; and their conversation over their thistles doubtless turns upon its tone and richness.

ANTIPATHIES.

There are some persons so hateful to me, that I should turn away though I met them arm-in-arm with a seraph in the shining streets of heaven.

GOUT.

It is not every vice that has its badge as gluttony has in the flanneled limb, but this deadly sin ruddle-marks his followers like a butcher does his sheep. I never see a gouty foot limp up the pulpit stairs, but I expect anon to hear a thundering denunciation of epicurism. No wonder the Rev. — denounces the sins of the flesh with such an even flow of pious Billingsgate, for every one talks on the subject with which he is most conversant.

ASPIRATION.

" Aim high, my boy," my father used to say ; " if you miss the sun you may hit the eagle. Better paint a bad cartoon than a good miniature. It is something to be even stupid on a large scale."

FAME.

The other day as I was rambling, after breakfast, through a leafy lane in Kent, I met three children seeking the haunt of an echo. How like man seeking fame ! Fame ! 'Tis but a footprint in the dew after all.

OUR POETS.

Shelley's heart leaps up into music like a fountain in one perpetual jet of liquid silver, ascending noiselessly, fading away in melody. Byron's poetry is fierce and fitful as a cataract. Wordsworth is like a mountain rivulet. Southey flows on calm and equable as a river. Shakspeare alone is the great weltering flood of brightness, crimson in perpetual sunset. Men copy St. Peter's, but they never reproduce the Pyramids. No one imitates Shakspeare.

STYLE.

How differently men handle controversial matters. There's Johnson, with his two-handed sword, striking with the edge, while he pierces with the point, and stuns you with the hilt, hitting right and left with antithesis, and wielding the ponderous weapon as easily as you could a flail. Then there's Burke, with his glittering rapier, all rhetorical rule and polish according to school—*passado, montanto, staccato*—one, two, three, the third in your bosom. Then comes Macaulay, who runs in under your guard, and stabs you to the heart with the heavy dagger of a short epigrammatic sentence; Jeffery, who first kills then scalps; and Carlyle, who advances armed with an antique stone axe, with which he mashes his foes as you would drugs in a pestle and mortar.

HABIT.

'Tis only great minds who retain the freshness of perpetual boyhood. Wordsworth kept it eminently, but in him it occasionally sinks into second childhood. Habit deadens the intensest feelings. Hear a child's thoughts on the sea or the sky, and he'll talk better poetry than Tennyson. If an angel was caught in a man-trap to-morrow, and exhibited in London, he wouldn't draw a house in six months. Men flock to see a comet, but they never look up at the stars. Tell them there is a way to pluck those fires from heaven to light their factory, and they listen; but there they blaze, burning on, supplying their own gas, and needing no lighting, and who cares? I have often gone up the Strand, with my back to the west, about sunset, and seen every face that met me crimsoned as with the glare of a great conflagration, but no one looked up. There will be many men go to heaven without ever having known anything either of love or the pleasures of nature. When we get accustomed to heaven, we shall begin to criticise the very songs of the angels, and call that too sharp, and this a quarter of a note too flat. If dragons ever became numerous again, in a month they would be harnessed to the higglers' carts.

A TEST OF AFFECTION.

Was there ever yet a son who looked for five minutes at his dead father without thinking of the still sealed will?

MEDIOCRITY.

Mediocrity is, after all, the best thing in life. The tasteless commonplaces are the standards—bread and water, and good, dull, steady people. I'd as soon lodge over a powder-magazine as live with a genius. There's M——, whose poems are like sparkling champagne at the first reading, and like a second day's claret at the next. I'd rather drink water than nectar for a continuance. Leaves are neither crimson nor gold colour, but plain sober green.

CHRONICLES OF A COUNTRY TOWN.

PART III.

I.

THIS was the state of affairs at the time when the ladies were introduced to the reader. On that day, Captain Howard called to speak on the subject to the major, who, having been previously prepared for the visit by his wife, and being himself not averse to the connexion, immediately gave his consent. Charles neither saw nor suspected that his happiness was resting on a frail foundation; he never dreamt of falsehood or deceit; and when, a day or two after, in a long and, to him, most interesting conversation with his betrothed, he spoke of the years he had spent at school, of Mrs. Selby, and dear little Nelly, and related the cruel accident which had deprived the poor child of sight, health, and beauty—when Fanny heard him, with every appearance of deep feeling and interest, and when she breathed gently a wish that he would go to England, and see what could be done to repair the injury, how could he do other than ask her to go with him? How could he feel otherwise than that the pleasure would be doubled, trebled, to him if shared with so gentle a partner, so sympathising a companion? Fanny seemed, at first, startled at the idea of so short a preparation, but she nevertheless led him on so artfully, that at length the request was earnestly, passionately pressed; and then, with every appearance of maidenly modesty, it was granted; and she had promised to marry him, and, if he could get leave of absence—of which there was little doubt—to go with him to England in less than a month.

By Fanny's wish, the engagement was kept as private as possible, and all went smoothly on to the appointed day, the time passing away in an almost uninterrupted succession of scenes of pleasure and gaiety. On the very evening before the day fixed for the wedding, there was to be a grand ball at the Government House, to which the sisters and Captain Howard were invited. Charles was most unwilling to go at such a time; but it was voted that the invitation could not be refused, and so they prepared to set out. Fanny was dressed betimes, and, while waiting for the carriage which was to convey her to the scene of pleasure, she stood contemplating, with infinite satisfaction, the image reflected in the mirror before her; and indeed she might well feel satisfied with the result of the labours of herself and her maid.

"Miss Crewe," she thought, "may be there, loaded with diamonds, but I do not think that, even with them, she can look like this."

At this moment, Louisa entered the room, and as she stood by her sister's side, the expression of her countenance, as seen in the glass, caused Fanny to turn around with surprise, and to exclaim:

"Why, Louisa, what is the matter? You look as if you had seen a ghost!"

"I feel as if I had," replied Louisa. "Look here! This has just been brought to me by mistake, instead of to you."

And she gave Fanny an unsealed note written in pencil; it merely bore the words—

"They tell me, dearest Fanny, you are going to a ball. Spare me only ten minutes before you set out.—Yours,

"ROBERT SINCLAIR."

As Fanny's eyes fell on the words her face and neck flushed, for an instant, to a crimson hue, which again faded rapidly away to a deadly paleness.

"This is most unfortunate," she said; "where is he?"

"As he asked to see you alone he has been shown into the breakfast-room."

"So far well. And where is Howard?"

"Captain Howard has not yet arrived."

"Go, Louisa, into the drawing-room," said her sister, after a moment's thought, and when Howard comes amuse him there until I join you. I will go to Robert."

"You go!" exclaimed Louisa. "What will you say to him? How can *you* see him?"

"Leave that to me," replied Fanny, steadily enough; "I will go, or there may be mischief."

As she entered the room Robert Sinclair flew to meet her.

"Fanny! dearest Fanny!" he cried; "my own beloved, my promised bride! I am come sooner than you expected—say I am not unwelcome."

"Unwelcome!—no," said Fanny; "but why did you not write to say your plans were altered? This sudden arrival has surprised me greatly." And she trembled as she spoke.

"I wished to *see* you, Fanny: I had much to tell you, and preferred saying it to writing it. But must you go to this ball to-night?"

"I must indeed," she said; "my sisters would be very angry if I refused; they are ready to go. You must come to-morrow, and then I can hear all you have to tell."

"Well," replied her lover, "I suppose I must submit. I regret the delay; but I should wish, when I speak to you, to have a little time to ourselves. But how very beautiful you are looking, my own Fanny! I trust the rumour——"

"When did you arrive?" asked Fanny, abruptly.

"I have landed only a few hours, and already I have heard that the world of Calcutta has been busy, as the world is everywhere on those matters, in cutting out a match for you, dear Fanny. I could afford to smile at the report; but tell me, love, that there is no foundation for it."

"No, Robert," she said, "none whatever. But you must go now; come again to-morrow. We shall be later than usual; for we shall be up late to-night. Good night."

"Good night, my dearest!" said the lover; and drawing her gently towards him, he pressed the lip of her whom he looked upon as soon to be his bride.

Fanny Somerville was that night the undisputed belle of the ball-room, though she made less display than ordinary, and though, notwithstanding her efforts to repress it, there was evidently a restless uneasiness in her manner; but the flush on her cheek, and the dax-

zling brightness of her eyes, rather heightened her beauty, and people said they had never seen her to such advantage. Charles Howard watched every glance. He saw that she was agitated, and remarked that there was less self-possession than usual in her manner; but he could, and did, account for this in a way most pleasing to himself.

The evening passed, as such evenings usually do, and when the sisters were once more at home, they remarked that Fanny had grown very pale.

"I have a bad headache," she said; and, wishing them good night rather abruptly, she retired to her own chamber. She had not been gone more than five minutes, when Louisa, who felt very uneasy about her, followed her to her room. She found her sister seated before the toilet; the light fell strongly on her face, and Louisa started at seeing that it was white as that of a corpse, and almost as rigid.

"Why do you come here?" Fanny exclaimed, starting up; "do you want to see my misery?"

"Oh, Fanny, dear Fanny, what can we do?" cried Louisa, weeping. "I feared something like this. But it is not too late now: give up Captain Howard; tell him the truth at once—anything is better than this."

"Give up Captain Howard?—tell him the truth? Oh, Louisa, it is too late for that! Think!—if I were to do so now, all my prospects in life would be blighted. The very boys would hoot me, as the false mistress of two lovers and the wife of neither! No, no, no! that may not be; I must go on with it now."

"But," said Louisa, "consider the sin! You will take on you solemn duties; you will pronounce at the altar the most solemn vows. Can you do so deliberately, and know that you are devoted to another?"

"What are *you* about to do?" said Fanny—"what are *you* about to do? How many women every day do the same? I must throw off this weakness, and be myself again: Robert's coming so unexpectedly has upset me sadly. I will go to bed; and, Louisa, promise me to say nothing of this. Good night, once more."

And dismissing her gentle sister, with something like recovered composure, she retired to bed; but not before she had taken a miniature from a small casket, and looked at it long and sadly. She then sought repose, but little was found.

The next morning saw Fanny Somerville the bride of Charles Howard.

What was the disappointment, the agony, the rage, the contempt of Robert Sinclair, when he heard the astounding intelligence of Fanny Somerville's marriage to another! The shock brought on a severe illness; two months had elapsed before he was sufficiently recovered to leave Calcutta; and when he took his passage back to Europe, Captain and Mrs. Howard were far on their watery way to England.

Sinclair betook himself to France, and became a sojourner in its gay capital.

II.

It was a gloomy November's evening. The dark clouds, which had for some time hung over the little town of St. Bennett's, calling forth various sagacious opinions from old veterans who had seen a winter or two in *their* time—some to the effect that there was going to be a heavy fall of snow, others that there was not "heart" enough in the weather for that—had at length settled the matter by pouring down one continuous, soaking, firmly-resolved deluge of rain. It had rained all the day before, it had rained all night, it had rained all the morning, and it was, though in a less degree, raining still. The world was looking as if there had been an universal washing-day—cold, sloppy, and comfortless; the trees were dripping with moisture; the houses were stored with wet umbrellas: the streets were damp, dirty, disagreeable, and, except for the occasional click of a patten, silent; the lamp-lighter—unattended by the half-dozen little boys who usually made it their business to follow him, and shout exultingly, as each successive lamp was lit—was noiselessly making his rounds, gliding through the streets, placing his ladder, scampering up, and sliding down again, with inconceivable velocity; and people were drawing down blinds, closing window-shutters, and giving the knob of coal on the fire a smart rap with the poker, to make it blaze. In a word, it was five o'clock.

Mrs. Selby and Eleanor were sitting alone in the little parlour of the old cottage: they had just finished their tea, and each had turned around towards the fire, and was gazing into the glowing coals, absorbed in her own thoughts. Since Eleanor's return from London, all had gone well with her; she was in perfect health, and the sight, so mercifully restored, seemed to have quite regained its former power. Time, too, had perfected her childhood's promise of beauty, and now each succeeding day seemed to add a new grace to her person and manner; almost all agreed that they had never seen so lovely and elegant a girl. Neither had the culture of her mind been neglected, although she had sat for so many years in darkness and suffering; for though she had, necessarily, much yet to learn, and was, indeed, busily employed every day in acquiring knowledge and accomplishments which might be of use to herself and her mother, yet even during the period of her blindness, her mother's anxious care, and the kind teaching of her companions, had stored her mind with information, the more solid, perhaps, and well-remembered, because her attention had not been distracted by outward objects.

"Well, Nelly," said her mother, suddenly, "what are you thinking so deeply about?"

Eleanor looked up, with a start and a half blush, but she answered, artlessly,

"I was thinking of Charlie, mamma."

"Do you think you should know Charles Howard again, by sight, Eleanor?" asked her mother, after a moment's pause; "it is many years since you have seen him."

"Know him, mamma?—know Charles Howard? I should think so! When I was blind, I used to try to think I saw you all, when I heard you moving about me; and I then stamped your faces quite firmly on my mind. I used to have such pleasant dreams, too, at times—such bright

memories of the past!—especially when I heard Charlie's *Æolian* harp; and sometimes I could see you all nearly as plainly as I see you now." She paused a moment, and then continued: "When God restored me my sight, I saw you, and Dr. Barfoot, and Mr. Cooch, and old Janey, just what I remembered. You were but little altered, and the others were changed still less; but all the Barfoots and Cooches—the girls, I mean—were strangely different from what I remembered them; they were so much taller and more womanly than I had imagined. You will laugh at me, mamma, but I cannot tell you how startled I was, when I saw myself, for the first time, in the glass. I had heard people say, when they saw me in the streets, 'Poor child! how very pretty she was before Charlie Howard shot her; one can hardly believe her to be the same!' And others would say, 'Poor thing! what a melancholy-looking child she is now! Her mother will never rear her; and it would be a mercy if she were taken at once, for she will never be anything again!' I did not like to tell you all this; but it used to make me fret, and be, I fear, very cross: but you bore all, my dear, good, kind mamma; and now I am longing to be able to pay you back some of the debt I owe you."

"But," said her mother, inquiringly, "you do not tell me, Nelly, what you thought of yourself when you looked in the glass."

"I scarcely know how, mamma, but I will try. As my health grew better, the poor people, who are generally the most ready to tell the truth, would compliment me on my improved looks; and I was so gratified, because I knew that Charlie would be glad to find me something like what I had been. When I could see again, there was quite a struggle in my mind between hope and fear, and it was almost with dread that I thought of looking in the glass. When I at last ventured to take a peep, I actually started with surprise! 'Could that be,' I thought, 'little Eleanor Selby?' Mamma, I am ashamed to say it, but my heart bounded with joy, at seeing myself so much better than I had expected, and for days I could not still the triumph of my own vain heart. But now I feel differently: I am grateful to my heavenly Father for taking from me the deformity which had been my portion, and am contented to be no better, in other respects, than those I see around me."

There was a minute of silence, and then Eleanor again spoke:

"Mamma," she said, "I should think Charlie must surely have had our letter by this time. How glad he will be to know that I can see! May I just open the window a little bit, for five minutes, mamma, to hear the *Æolian* harp? I don't think it rains much now. As time goes by, and I become acquainted with the realities around me, I find that the visions which cheered me through years of darkness, grow fainter. I should not like to forget Charlie Howard, and when I hear the tones of the *Æolian* harp, his voice seems to mingle with them; and sometimes, I fancy, I catch again the very airs he played long ago on his flute."

"Do so, if you please, Eleanor," replied her mother; "but I fear we let our minds dwell too much on Charlie Howard. We do not know how contact with the world may have changed him."

Eleanor made no answer, but she placed the *Æolian* harp, and, seating herself by the window, closed her eyes that she might recall more distinctly the visions of the past; whilst her mother sat gazing on her with

a somewhat sad and anxious look. For, perhaps, five minutes they had remained perfectly still, when suddenly the repose of Eleanor's countenance was changed to an expression of eager listening; then, springing to her feet, before her mother could speak, she clasped her hands, and exclaimed,

"*Mamma, mamma! that is like Charlie's footstep!*"

Mrs. Selby, accustomed to rely on the acuteness of hearing which had been remarkable in her daughter since her loss of sight—though she had but little expectation of her being right in this instance—opened the parlour-door quickly, and was, in an instant, clasped in the arms of Charles Howard!

"My dear, dear Mrs. Selby!" he cried, "where is Nelly? where is our own little Nelly?" And his eye rested doubtfully on the beautiful face and perfect figure of the young lady near the window. Eleanor had not moved—she had seen, not only Charlie, but also a strange lady, who had entered with him, and who was gazing around the room and at herself with no very pleased air of surprise.

"Charlie," at last said Nelly, in a subdued voice, "do you not know me?"

No consideration stopped Charles Howard: in a moment Eleanor was clasped in his arms, and he was kissing her blushing cheek. But Mrs. Selby saw dark clouds passing over the brow of the stranger lady, and hastened to recal his attention, by requesting an introduction.

"Oh, I forgot," said Charles. "Mrs. Selby, this is my wife—my bride, Mrs. Charles Howard. We came to England together to see you and Nelly, and try what could be done to repair the mischief which I had so recklessly caused: but I find that the good work has been completed without me."

"Captain Howard thought to have given you an agreeable surprise," said his wife; "but it would seem that the tables had been turned: the surprise appears to have been rather on our side than on yours."

An agreeable surprise! What a mockery is the phrase! Who is there that has ever tried the experiment, but has found how sure is the disappointment which follows? Time may have changed those with whom the anticipated pleasure was to have been shared; or circumstances may mar the effect; or we may be annoyed merely because every little trifle does not occur exactly as we had pictured it; or there may be a thousand causes why an "agreeable surprise" should turn out to be a most disagreeable affair: *something* is sure to occur to prove how vain was the hope of drinking one cup of earthly pleasure without its bitter. Charles Howard had for years indulged the dream of going back to his old home at St. Bennett's, and of surprising Mrs. Selby and Eleanor by his unexpected arrival; for years had Eleanor listened for his voice or his footstep; and often and often had she started and blushed and trembled at some passing sound which had cheated her into the hope that Charles was near; and Mrs. Selby and old Janey, unromantic as they were, had also had their dreams of their favourite's return to his old home. Now he was come—and a sense of blank disappointment took the place of their highly-wrought expectations of pleasure. Charles himself was unchanged in heart, but an uncongenial spirit had come with him, and all their bright visions were overclouded. Mrs. Selby struggled against the feel-

ing, and spoke gently and kindly to Mrs. Howard ; but that lady appeared by no means inclined to make herself agreeable—her manners were stiff, and her answers somewhat of the shortest : Jane was called in to see her old friend, but she too was oppressed by the presence of the stranger ; and Charles, on his part, was disappointed at what he considered her coolness. After a rather brief stay, Mrs. Howard rose, saying that she was too much fatigued to remain, and that she must return to the hotel where they had put up. In vain Mrs. Selby proffered the accommodation which her house afforded, and begged that Mrs. Howard would take some refreshment : she refused all coldly, though politely, and very soon Eleanor and her mother were again alone.

They scarcely uttered a word until old Jane entered with the bed-candles somewhat before the accustomed hour, and said, as she threw them down with an unusual demonstration of spleen,

“ Master Charlie might as well have written and said he was going to bring that proud, ill-tempered looking thing with him ; or he might as well have stayed away—and better—if he could not come without her. But you, mistress, and you, Miss Nelly, had better go to bed ; there is no use in staying up, thinking about it.”

Eleanor took Jane's advice, but Mrs. Selby sat long, buried in thought. What her reflections were she did not say, but she sighed deeply as she rose to go to her room ; and she sighed again as she stood, according to her nightly wont, by Eleanor's side, and saw that the long, dark eyelashes were wet with tears.

Charles Howard took lodgings in St. Bennett's, with the avowed intention of residing there for some time ; and Mrs. Howard wrote to her father, and to her old maiden aunt, Miss Sarah Somerville ; and heard from the latter, in reply, that her father and his young wife were just gone to the Continent, where they intended to remain for a year or two. The old lady's style was concise and cold ; she sent her compliments to Captain Howard, made no mention of Robert Sinclair, and expressed no wish to see her niece. Fanny was much discontented at the idea of remaining any length of time in St. Bennett's, spoke sneeringly of the place and its inhabitants, and declared that she must die of *ennui* ; but Charles, though he treated her with untiring good nature and good humour, did not yield to her caprice, but remained among his early friends, enjoying the renewal of old affections and old associations. Mrs. Howard occasionally visited at Dr. Barfoot's, and some of her husband's other friends, and astonished them by her magnificent voice and musical abilities ; but this was all—for though, when she chose, she seldom failed to dazzle, yet she never seemed entirely to please ; nor were the little triumphs she gained among the good people of St. Bennett's by any means sufficient to satisfy her own ambition, and she soon began to pine for the glitter and display of Indian society.

It is astonishing how soon, in country towns, the mysteries of the most secluded hours are penetrated by surrounding goossips ! Their organs of vision seem strengthened by some of the magic ointment which made the dervish in the Eastern tale see through solid rocks. At least, if they do not see through solid rocks, they seem able to penetrate the thickest of stone walls, and the most carefully closed blind and shutter ; so that, in St. Bennett's, where the talents of people in this way were somewhat

above the average, it soon became whispered about that Captain Howard was not very happily married; and tales were told of violence of temper in his young wife, which caused amusement to some, and sorrow to most.

Mrs. Howard was generally in trouble about her servants; none could remain with her long; she was, they said, so difficult to be pleased, and so imperious and exacting. They generally took themselves off at the end of their month, or, if they did not, their mistress was pretty sure soon to dismiss them for some trifling offence.

"I must send, Captain Howard," she said one day, "to try if I can get Mary Smith, the young woman I used to have at home. Those stupid girls here are not fit to wait on a lady; they may do well enough for your St. Bennett's people, but will not suit me."

"You can please yourself, Fanny," said her husband; "perhaps you had better write at once."

A few days after this, Mrs. Howard being out with Mrs. Carthew, who was her most frequent companion, Charles was told that a woman, called Mary Smith, had just arrived by the coach. He directed that she should be sent in, and presently a slightly formed, careworn-looking young woman stepped timidly into the room. She was dressed entirely in black, even to her bonnet, which was tied closely around a very pale face; her eyes were dark, and exceedingly restless, her cheeks were hollow, and her thin, bloodless lips were pressed closely together. She curtsied as she entered, and Captain Howard said:

"You are Mary Smith, I suppose, the young person that Mrs. Howard expected?"

"Yes, sir," she said, "I am. How is my dear young lady?"

"Mrs. Howard is well," he replied; "she is out at present, but will return shortly. You were with her, I believe, before she went to India?"

"Yes, sir," said Mary Smith, "I lived with Miss Fanny Somerville from the time I was four years old. My mother was left a widow, and lost her little baby just as Miss Fanny's mother died; Miss Fanny was only a month old then, and my mother went to nurse her, and took me with her."

"You must be much attached to her?" said Captain Howard.

"Oh, yes, sir! very much, indeed. She is such a sweet, kind-hearted, good-tempered young lady!" and her eyes were fixed, for a moment, with a watching curious gaze upon Captain Howard's face.

At this moment, Mrs. Howard entered the room, and, seeing who was there, said abruptly:

"So you are come at last. Why, what have you been doing to yourself since I saw you last? You have grown old and ugly!"

"I have been ill, Miss Fanny," said the young woman, in a subdued tone; indeed, her whole demeanour to her mistress was expressive of respect, amounting to fear.

Mrs. Howard rang the bell.

"Show this young person to my room," she said to the servant who answered the summons. "And, Mary Smith, open the dress which you will find on the chair, and prepare it against I come; I will be with you in a minute or two."

"Fanny," said her husband, "the young woman looks ill, and must be fatigued; let her rest and refresh herself first."

"Go and do as I order you, Mary Smith," said the lady, imperiously; "and let me beg you, Captain Howard, not to interfere between me and my servant."

"A sweet, kind-hearted, good-tempered young lady!" thought poor Charlie, with a sigh; but he merely said, as the young woman left the room, "This girl tells me she lived with you from her childhood, Fanny."

"Yes, she did. Her mother was my nurse, and, after she died, Mary Smith lived on with me, as a sort of playfellow; and being four years older than I am, she had to take care of me when the child's maid was otherwise engaged. Afterwards I took her for my maid."

"There is something unusual in her expression," remarked Captain Howard. "Why did she not go to India with you?"

"You are very curious in your inquiries," said Fanny; "but the truth is this. Mary Smith became engaged to a young man in her own station of life; they were both too poor to marry, and the lover, who was a carpenter, went to London in search of work, and there he died in less than a month. Unfortunately, it soon appeared that the girl was likely to become a mother; of course I discharged her, and she went to the workhouse. However, I took pity upon her, and had her back again; for, before this, I had found her useful enough, but she was of very little service afterwards. She thought of nothing but her child; she was perfectly mad about him; and every moment was making and mending for her Willie, as she called the brat. The week before I left for India the child died, almost suddenly, and since then I have never seen her until now. I scarcely expected that my letter would have found her when I wrote. I trust that she is more reasonable than she was; else we shall soon part again."

"Fanny," said Captain Howard, after a minute of silence, "will you go with me to Mrs. Selby's this evening? They must think it strange that you so seldom go to see them. I believe you never have gone at all, except for a formal morning call."

"I cannot to-night," answered Fanny. "I am engaged to go to Mrs. Carthew's, and they expect you with me."

"I detest that woman," said Charles, "and must say that I wonder at your taste, in being so much with her."

"I might echo back your words, perhaps," said his wife, "but I cannot stay to quarrel."

Charles took up his hat with a sigh, and left the house; and Fanny went to her dressing-room, where she found Mary Smith awaiting her coming.

"Well, Mary," she said, "were you surprised to hear of my marriage?"

"I was, Miss Fanny; and so, I believe, was everybody. Old master was in a great rage, and Miss Sarah, I hear, could not sleep for nights after. It was not because you were married, but somehow we did not expect to hear you called Mrs. Howard; yet, to be sure, Captain Howard is as fine, handsome, soldier-like-looking a man as I ever saw, and seems very kind-hearted."

"But why were you all so very much surprised at my marrying Cap-

tain Howard? I suppose you thought I ought to be called Mrs. Sinclair; but, in my opinion, Mrs. Captain Howard sounds the better of the two."

"Perhaps it does," said Mary — "Mrs. Howard! — Mrs. Captain Howard! — Mrs. Captain Charles Howard! It is a pretty name, but not so grand-like as Lady Sinclair! — Lady Robert Sinclair! I should have liked to have been able to call you 'My lady!'"

"I certainly should have had no objection myself," replied Mrs. Howard; "but as I had not the choice, I don't see why you should be surprised that I did not accept that title."

"Not the choice, Miss Fanny? — not the choice? Did you not see Sir Robert, then, before you married Captain Howard? We heard that you had, and that he was very dangerously ill after your marriage."

"See Sir Robert?" exclaimed Mrs. Howard, turning suddenly around. "What does the girl mean? Is she mad?"

"Why, don't you know, Miss Fanny, that old Sir Robert is dead, and both his sons? and that the title and all the money — not less, they say, than twelve thousand a year — have gone to our Mr. Robert Sinclair, whom the old Sir Robert never could abide, because his mother was not a lady?"

Mrs. Howard stood for some time as if she were stunned.

"And this, then," she muttered at length, "was what he wanted to tell me that night when he came to see me in Calcutta! Fool, mad-woman that I was!" and she burst into an agony of tears. Mary began to explain how Sir Robert's sons had been drowned by the upsetting of a yacht, and how the shock had brought a seizure on the old man, from which he died, almost immediately; but Mrs. Howard did not hear her: her ungovernable feelings of disappointment and mortification had thrown her into violent hysterics.

Mary did all she could to recover her, without calling assistance, but the cries soon attracted the attention of the people in the house. Charles, who had not gone far, was sent for. He returned, and, hastening to his wife, kindly endeavoured to soothe her; but she, pushing him rudely away, exclaimed,

"Don't touch me, don't touch me! — oh, how I hate you! — oh, that I had never seen you!" And another paroxysm of hysterical weeping came on.

Charles turned away, inexpressibly shocked. There was that in the tone, in the action, in the look, which could not be mistaken. He tried to think that she knew not what she said; but no, the impression was too strong to be erased. He felt in his very soul that the woman whom he had married did not love him — never had loved him. He questioned Mary Smith somewhat sternly as to what had caused the attack; but the girl asserted steadily that she did not know — probably Mrs. Howard's situation; for there was a prospect of Fanny's being a mother, and Charles had borne much, thinking, poor fellow, that when a child claimed her love, the faults, which he could not but see, would be conquered.

III.

It was midnight before Mary Smith left her mistress and retired to her sleeping-room. When she had entered the chamber, and bolted the

door, she put down her candle, and, standing like a statue in the middle of the room, said to herself, in a low, hollow tone :

"Alone!—once more alone!—that, at least, is some comfort. Alone again, with my own thoughts!"

She was silent for a moment, and then again muttered :

"'Old and ugly!'—I am grown 'old and ugly!' And whose fault is it if I am? Does she think I can forget what I owe to her?"

The girl looked wild and strange, as she thus stood, with her black dress, her black hair, her full restless black eyes, and her deadly pale face; sometimes her lips were still, sometimes they moved rapidly, but gave forth no sound, and sometimes she spoke audibly, either in a low, hollow voice, or in a hissing whisper.

"'Tis as I thought—she does not love him. Did she love Robert Sinclair? Oh! no, no, no!—not as I loved my William. Oh, could he but know what I have suffered, the grave would not hold him! She would not let me marry him, though she knew my condition. 'She would not,' she said, with her proud sneer, 'keep a *married lady* near her.' She knew I had no home to go to, no friend to shelter me; and when poor William left me to seek a home, and when he died in that strange place, with none but strangers near him, she turned me forth, in my shame and agony, to bring forth my baby in a workhouse. She called me 'strumpet!'—'vile strumpet!' Fanny Somerville!—shall I ever hurl back that name in your face? Shall I ever brand you, as you did me, with that foul word?"

She walked quickly up and down the room, with her brow knit, and her hands clenched; and then, pausing once more—" *This, this,*" she said, her features working convulsively, "*this* I might have forgiven; but when I went back to her, that I might earn something to keep my boy, my darling Willie, from the parish—how was I treated then? Oh, my Willie! my Willie! when they came to say that you were ill, and calling for me, she would not let me go until I had dressed her for that gay ball; and when my trembling hands broke the string of pearls that I was putting in her hair, she struck me, and told me that I might go, for I did nothing but mischief, and 'she should be glad if the base-born brat were dead!' And when I came to him, his little hands were clenched, his teeth were set, his beautiful curls were matted and damp with the death-sweat! My Willie! my Willie! my beautiful! my darling! You had died, calling for the mother that could not come to you! I ran—I struggled to get over those two weary, dark miles; but I could not come until you had been called away from your miserable mother. *You*, the only creature that loved me—the only thing I had to love!"

She flung herself on the bed, burying her face in her hands, that her sobs might not be heard; and there she lay—the stricken, the bereaved one—until the convulsive heavings of her frame subsided in a death-like sleep. The candle burned down in the socket, the bright light of the morning sun streamed through the window, and Mary Smith awoke to wash the traces of tears from her eyes, to change her dress, and to go forth to attend Mrs. Howard with the most assiduous attention, and with the most submissive deference to her capricious wants.

For a fortnight Mrs. Howard kept her room, and saw no one. Charles said nothing, but was grave and silent. He did not neglect her; on the contrary, he was kind and attentive, but she evidently disliked his pre-

sence. The evil spirit within her made her regard him as one who had marred her fortune, and she purposely shut her eyes to the wrong she had done him. She said often to Mary Smith, "But for him, I should have been Lady Sinclair, the happy wife of the only man I ever cared for."

All the people of the little town of St. Bennett's vied with each other in attention to Mrs. Howard during her illness (for she was really ill); some for Charles's sake, many because she was regarded as a great lady. When she was sufficiently recovered to see visitors, Mrs. Carthew and Mrs. Stoneman were the first admitted.

"Well, really," said Mrs. Carthew, "I am very glad your own maid was with you. As for Captain Howard, I don't know what he would have done but for his old friends the Selbys. By the way, the Selbys, I hear, were dreadfully disappointed at Captain Howard's bringing a bride with him. They hoped, I fancy, that he might take it into his head to marry Miss Eleanor. He! he! he!"

"Marry Eleanor Selby!" exclaimed Mrs. Howard. "Really, Mrs. Carthew, that is an extraordinary idea! Captain Howard's family would scarcely have thought the daughter of an usher in a country school a fitting match for him."

"That's what I say," replied Mrs. Carthew; "but folks say that when a young man is very much in love, all these obstacles are soon forgotten. As for Mrs. Selby and her daughter, I believe they think themselves quite good enough for anybody; and whatever else may be said about the matter, I believe it is certain that *Miss Eleanor* would have had no objection. He! he! he!"

"Whatever may be said," remarked Mrs. Stoneman, with some sense of justice, "I believe people have never had any reason to accuse the Selbys of impropriety."

"That depends on what people call 'impropriety,'" said Mrs. Carthew, snappishly. "For my part, I do not consider it proper for any married man to desert his wife's sick-room, and spend all his time with a young girl. That's what folks say. Mrs. Howard will guess whether it is true or not."

Mrs. Howard replied rather haughtily, for her pride did not altogether relish Mrs. Carthew's manner.

"Captain Howard has certainly spent very little of his time with me lately," she said; "I have been too unwell to wish it."

But, as she made the acknowledgment, she felt angry that he had found solace with another, even for one solitary hour; and, as she observed with irritation to Mary Smith, after her visitors were gone, "It provoked her to think that she had refused a baronet for a man who cared so little for her. And yet," she said, "the very notion of a common country girl like Eleanor Selby being preferred to herself was rather too ridiculous."

"Well," said Mary, "I do wonder to hear people say she is more beautiful than you are—you, who are so very beautiful! You can't think, Miss Fanny, how often I hear people say that Captain Howard ought to have married Miss Selby, and how sorry they were when——"

"Leave the room instantly," cried Mrs. Howard. "Do you mean to insult me?"

Not many minutes after, Captain Howard, quite unconscious of the

mischievous which had been going on during his absence, entered with Mrs. Selby and Eleanor. Meeting them near his lodgings, he had invited them in to see Fanny, and Mrs. Selby had accepted the invitation, glad of the opportunity of making some inquiry, without the cold formality which Mrs. Howard's manner had produced. They were received very distantly, but the recent indisposition formed some excuse, and they got on as well as they could. At first, Eleanor—as indeed she had generally been since her old playfellow's return—was somewhat timid and silent; but Charles, anxious to throw off the feeling of restraint which hung over them, rattled on, asking her whether she remembered this or that adventure of his boyhood, until at last they both almost forgot the present, and Mrs. Selby, finding it impossible to draw Mrs. Howard into conversation, sat listening, with a somewhat melancholy smile. In reply to some reminiscence of her childhood, Eleanor said, laughingly, "Oh, yes, dear Charlie!" the term which she had been accustomed to use in the time so vividly recalled to her memory—"Oh, yes, dear Charlie!"—and was going on, when Mrs. Howard started up suddenly, her face crimsoned with passion, and exclaimed:

"This is too bad! Miss Selby, are you not ashamed to address a married man in such terms of familiarity before his wife? And are not *you* ashamed, madam," addressing Mrs. Selby, "to encourage your daughter in such unwarrantable freedoms? Surely it is not too much to expect even Miss Selby to call my husband 'Captain Howard' in my presence. I am his wife, and will not suffer any one to make love to him before my face."

"Fanny, are you mad?" exclaimed Captain Howard.

"No, sir, neither mad nor *blind*; though had I been blind, perhaps I might have pleased you better. I can and *do* see what is going on; and even if I were blind, I could not avoid being made acquainted with it, unless *deaf* too. The whole town is ringing with your shameless conduct. They say that Mrs. Howard's sick room is deserted by her husband, and that all his time is spent with his *mistress*—Miss Eleanor Selby."

"Mamma!" gasped Eleanor, who was as pale as death, "let us go home."

"By Heaven! Fanny," cried Charles Howard, "this is too bad! I have borne with your temper almost ever since the day when I was so unfortunate as to marry you; but *this* I will not bear. Mrs. Selby—my dear Miss Selby, come with me. I deeply regret that through my means you have been exposed to such undeserved calumny from that insolent woman."

We blush to write it, but as Charles approached Mrs. Howard, to take his hat, which lay on a chair near her, she snatched up a glass of water that stood on the table, and flung it in his face! His features, which had been before flushed with anger, in an instant faded to a deathlike hue; he hesitated a moment, and then, wiping the water from his face, offered an arm each to Mrs. Selby and Eleanor, and left the room in silence.

Not a word was spoken, until they reached the quiet little cottage, in which poor Charles had passed so many happy days; but then, giving way to his feelings, he even wept before those whom he regarded as his mother and sister. Nelly's tears flowed too; only Mrs. Selby retained any appearance of composure:

"I grieve at this, Charles," she said; "but I fear you must leave St.

Bennett's. Mrs. Howard must have heard some unpleasant remark, and for our sakes, you must leave ; Eleanor's name must not be made the theme of scandal."

"And do not be angry with poor Mrs. Howard, Charles," said Eleanor; "she has been ill, is not well now, and then—she loves you."

"Loves me!" replied Charles. "That dream was soon over—she deceived me—bitterly deceived me. But I was in fault too. Oh, how I regret my precipitancy now! Had I but seen you—I believe you are right, Mrs. Selby—I must, for your sake, leave St. Bennett's; for your sake, I came, but it would seem as though I were doomed only to bring misery, where I would give the world to confer happiness. My mother—my darling sister, farewell! Pray for me, Nelly—I shall need your prayers."

In another moment, the garden-gate had closed, and Charles Howard was gone.

Hours had sped by before Charles could summon sufficient composure and self-command to return to his wife. Shall we attempt to trace his musings? No—"The heart alone knoweth its own bitterness"—and, we fear, regret and sorrow on Eleanor's account mingled largely with his feelings of disgust and shame for his own wife—not unaccompanied by some thoughts—resisted but irrepressible—which caused more self-reproach than either.

"I have but myself to blame," he thought; "when my own little Nelly's beauty was destroyed, and by my hand too, I thought of her only as an object of pity and compassion. I have returned to find her glorious in her loveliness and her unsullied purity. She might have been taught to love me better than as a brother. Had she been maimed, and halt, and blind, she would still have been a treasure! But I must not think of that—for the sake of the unborn babe, I will be patient. I will leave St. Bennett's at once—to stay here now were torture."

When Charles reached his dwelling, he found Mrs. Howard still in the room where he had left her; and spoke to her calmly, but firmly, respecting her recent conduct. The first ebullition of passion over, she had herself felt ashamed of her behaviour; but pride would not allow her to confess this, and she listened to her husband in silence: at length, however, she said,

"Mrs. Carthew had been here telling me that your attentions to Miss Selby had attracted general remark, and I was vexed beyond endurance."

"And you suffered that mischievous woman to speak in this way of one whom, as you well know, I so much respect! Fanny! I must not say all I feel—but you must conquer your temper, or we must separate: I cannot, and will not endure such an indignity a second time from any one. Go to your room now, and send Mary Smith to me."

There was that in Charles's eyes which would not be disobeyed, as Fanny, somewhat subdued, withdrew.

The remainder of the evening was spent by Captain Howard, with Mary Smith's assistance, in packing; and early next morning he went to take leave of Dr. Barfoot, Mr. Cooch, and some of his other friends. He paused for a moment to look at his former home—tears dimmed his sight, and he turned away.

In an hour after, Captain and Mrs. Howard were rolling along towards London.

THE
NEW MONTHLY MAGAZINE.

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NEW MONTHLY MAGAZINE.

THE WAR IN THE EAST.

IT is impossible not to allow that the policy of Great Britain in the present crisis in the East, so far as it has yet gone, has been simple and straightforward. It has been directed by all possible efforts to obtain a peaceful arrangement of the differences that have arisen between the Sultan and his powerful neighbour, to oppose the aggrandisement of Russia, and to preserve the integrity of Turkey. Failing in peaceful measures to ensure these objects, England is prepared to go to war with the greatest military power in the world in concert with her chivalrous and warlike ally—France. This, however, not till every possible means of bringing about an adjustment shall have been exhausted; even to tranquilly permitting the occupation of the Danubian Provinces, or allowing the Russians and Turks to fight out the battle themselves, until some great catastrophe happening to the latter, or a triumphant march upon the Sultan's capital, shall actually force the allies to more energetic steps.

The reason of this policy is as simple as the policy itself; it is adopted because, were the Crimea occupied by British or French troops, Sebastopol taken by land, the Black Sea fleet destroyed, Odessa blockaded, and Russia placed in the last straits, should, indeed, probably any reverse occur to the Russian arms, Austria would come forward to the help of one to whom she is largely indebted for her own integrity. Russia crippled would be the signal for an uprising in Poland, which will involve the interference of Prussia, otherwise friendly disposed towards us and the cause of Turkey, in favour of Russia. Thus England and France would soon find themselves at hand with three of the most powerful states in Europe, the whole Germanic Confederation would be brought into the trouble, and a battle originally begun on the Bosphorus might be concluded on the Rhine. Any necessity imposed upon Austria to interfere in favour of Russia would involve insurrection in Hungary, to whom any disasters happening to either power are so many opportunities. Indeed, it would be difficult to say if the Hungarians are not prepared to rise at the first turn of fortune that should happen to Russian arms, for the results of the last war satisfied them that they could cope with the Austrians single-handed. Again, Austria engaged in subjugating Hungary in insurrection, the Lombards would seize the opportunity to assert their nationality. Thus Russia, Austria, and Prussia, would have, in case of a general war, enough on their hands without the threatening aspect of things in the East. It would also be difficult, in the actual state of things in Russia itself, to determine that the commerce and well-being of the vast populations which compose that empire, could be

perilled without danger to the existing dynasty. Yet, in the mean time, the Tsar, relying on his million of troops, is weakening his centre to carry out the most desultory projects. He has a very large army—an army of not less than 70,000 men in Poland; he has hitherto been concentrating troops in the Principalities, the actual centre of war; he is stripping Odessa and the Crimea to reinforce Prince Woronzow in the Caucasus, and yet, at the same time, he is advancing in forced marches on Khiva, Bokhara, Samarkand, and the Balkh, to stir up disorder in Persia and Afghanistan, and threaten British India from the west. Nor is he without one claw of his grasping eagle fixed on the frontiers of the land of the yellow people. This is far from strengthening his position. The Anglo-Indian army, reinforced as it is now by the warlike Sikhs, is fully competent to encounter the hosts of Russia, wearied out, if not decimated, by a long march through the desert and the wilderness. Indeed, it is quite out of question that the Russians could ever do anything while engaged in war elsewhere on the frontier of India. They would hold out the threat which would suffice for their Machiavellian policy, and to which the natural susceptibilities of the British lend themselves far too readily. The Affghans, whatever might be their feelings towards the Anglo-Indians, would, as Mussulmans, side to a man [with Turkey; they have already intimated as much to the Shah of Persia, who was supposed for a moment to waver as to what party he would embrace. If, then, we are now by force of circumstances the ally of the Islam, so Afghanistan and Bokhara are now our allies, and not those of Russia.

This is all very trite, and must have passed through the minds of all intelligent persons; but is it all right and just? There can be no doubt that all and every sacrifice ought to be made for the sake of peace—not the kind of sacrifice demanded by the so-called peace societies—men without character or patriotism, who would disarm the nation—leave our colonies and shipping without protection—hug the good terminus to their breasts like many a recreant Roman at the decline of the Empire, and expose their altars, their hearths, and their homes to the desecration of any foreign invader, be he French or Russian; but sacrifices of a natural resentment, of a ready will and the power to avenge, of an ally's first interests, almost of our national honour, so, at all events, many of the ultra-warlike—the extreme of the other party—would have it. Still, any ministry, we do avow, is justified in making almost any sacrifice, except that of positive defeat, humiliation, and subjugation, to preserve that union of states, that long existing state of things, and that peace of the world which we have seen to be threatened and involved by the conflagration of war. The dearest interests of religion demand such sacrifices, and therefore on such a principle the Aberdeen policy—reviled as it has been—is the only just and true one.

But an equally important question presents itself. Supposing the policy of peace to be a just and a good one, what of our active measures, supposing such policy no longer tenable? To prevent the aggrandisement of Russia, we go to war for Muhammadan interests as opposed to Christian—there is no mincing the matter, it is an infidel warfare. In Turkey in Europe alone, according to Boué, the best authority, there are upwards of 13,000,000 Christians of different denominations to 1,700,000

Mussulmans, of whom only 700,000—we speak in round numbers—are of the dominant, or ruling Turkish or Osmanli race.

Next, do we the better secure European peace by combating in the cause of the Turks? Yes, it will be answered, by preventing the aggrandisement of the Russians we preserve the *status quo*. Not at all, we cannot prevent the ultimate aggrandisement of Russia without either backing the Turks in subduing her, or helping them in their onward career of success ourselves and our martial allies. Yet by doing so we at once entail the explosion of all those political catastrophes which we have before marshalled forth in due array. Suppose, on the contrary, Russia conquered the Turks, the fleets of Great Britain and France, and the peaceful interference of Austria and Prussia, as dictated by their own interests, could arrange for the future government of Turkey, as was formerly done for Greece, on terms that would be satisfactory to all parties, and yet would not endanger the peace of the world. If we have made two sacrifices already—the looking on during the occupation of the Principalities and the commencement of hostilities in Europe and Asia—we may make a third, and wait till the concentration of forces on the part of the Tsar has entailed a first dismemberment of the Muhammadan hosts to enable us to make something like permanent arrangements in the cause of humanity and civilisation at large.

When the Turks made war in Montenegro (says a well-informed Austrian officer in the *Allgemeine Zeitung*), it seemed impossible that they could ever collect a well-appointed army of 100,000 men, and much less could it be supposed that such an army would, within the short period of six months, be assembled in Bulgaria. It seemed as if the Turkish Empire was in the last stage of its existence. Popular enthusiasm has for the moment triumphed over the weakness of the body politic. It is the last gleam of the candle in the socket. But the result of this last gleam is, that about 200,000 Osmanlis are in arms; that the fortresses on the Danube and the Balkan are actually in a state of defence, and that the war fleet, well armed and manned, is now stationed in the Upper Bosphorus.

The Osmanlis have crossed the Danube, and driven the Russians, demoralised by sickness, discontent, and surprise, before them, it may now be added. Disease is decimating the Russian ranks. Cholera, typhus, dysentery, malaria, and a new and formidable malady, something between plague and carbuncle, ravage the Muscovite hosts. If 12,000 men are in hospital, what debility and demoralisation there must be in the army generally! Under other circumstances, and supposing General Osten Sacken's *corps d'armée* to get up in time, the Danube might still be passed, columns be pushed forward, and an important point occupied on the Black Sea, before the French and English could act. Considering the strategic position of the Russian forces, all military men felt that Turkey would be compelled by that disposition to operate against the front of the Russian advances, and partly against the furthest part of their right flank. But few anticipated even the partial success that has been attendant upon so bold and courageous a movement.

Some portions of the press have been honest enough to avow all along that they only looked with favour on the material aid given by Great Britain and France to Turkey as a means for securing the nationality of Hungary, Poland, and Lombardy. The *Examiner* has spoken of the

certainly, which no sane man has ever doubted, "that war upon the Danube is synonymous with insurrection in Hungary." It is impossible to deny the probability of such a result, and fate seems in favour of the oppressed nationalities, by every onward move that is made. Kossuth very naturally traced the backwardness of Great Britain to let the Turks move in self-defence, or to move themselves in aid of their cause, to apprehension of such popular risings. Justly so, we may entertain every good feeling towards Hungarian, or Polish, or Italian nationality; but could Kossuth himself aver for a moment that it would be statesman-like, or even humane, to fan the flames of insurrection? Were the executive government of the day to be guided by the resolutions adopted at some of the public meetings that have been held to discuss the Eastern question, they would "take measures to drive the Russians out of the Principalities, and to prevent their ever invading them again!" Such a spirited resolution was much admired in sundry quarters, and is a good sample of the capacity of such meetings to deal with such questions. By all means let us do all these things, and a great many more, *if we can*. Let us redress the wrongs of all mankind, past, present, and future. Why not drive the Russians out of Poland—the Austrians out of Cracow, and Milan, and Venice—the Prussians out of Posen—the French out of Rome and Algiers—the Americans out of Texas, Mexico, California, and the Oregon? Great Britain and France, and Austria and Prussia altogether, could not, from the national antagonism of opposing faiths, and the numerical inferiority of Turks over Christians in their own territory, secure Turkey from future Russian aggressions, at least not without the dismemberment of that colossal empire, no more than they could from the inevitable downfall that awaits Turkey within her own self.

War will only hurry that inevitable result—the *Kismet*, or doom of Turkey, as Mr. Macfarlane has it; and the press, even that portion which has been most in favour of measures tending to preserve general peace, has been overshadowed by the dark side of the results of the present war.

"Though," says the *Times*, "the united forces of Europe may successfully defend Turkish territory from Russian aggression, it does not follow that, in the event of extremities, the Ottoman Empire will be preserved for the Ottomans. One of the surest results, indeed, of a general war and a redistribution of Europe, would be the disappearance of the Turks from its territories. At present the Divan may certainly appear to be staking little on the issue of a Danubian campaign, but, if this campaign should acquire the dimensions of a continental conflagration, the Turkish question will soon perish in the flames."

The French press have given utterance to similar sentiments. Witness the *Assemblée Nationale*, which says:

If peace be necessary for the whole of Europe, it is more particularly so for the Ottoman Empire, which can alone be checked in its downward course by peace. To speak truly, the preservation of Turkey is completely artificial, and its independence is an empty word. If, up to the present time, the powers have succeeded in keeping alive this tottering empire, it has only been by skilful management and reciprocal concessions. It is useless to insist on a fact which is so evident, and to call to mind the history of the last thirty years. But, let war break out, and everything will change. With war, wise and

moderate combinations are no longer possible; with war, each one resumes his pretensions, his views, and his particular cupidity, and seeks to satisfy them in the chance of events. In such a conflict what would become of the Ottoman Empire? It would be no one's business to prevent its ruin, and the formidable question of partition, so long postponed, would weigh on every one's head. It would be impossible any longer to elude it, and, on the other hand, no one could proceed to solve the question without precipitating himself into an unknown path full of danger to every one.

Dr. Aiton, Faber, Cumming, and others, have argued the downfall of Muhammadanism upon religious grounds: and what a blessing it would be! In half a century after the overthrow of Islamism we should have open roads, if not railways, to Calcutta, perchance to Peking, and the seeds would be sown for the revival of the great nations of antiquity.

We, as our readers well know, have contented ourselves with urging the claims of the existing Christian races, Romani or Wallachian, Servian, Greek, Bulgarian, Syrian, Armenian, and Chaldean, placed in unison or separate Principalities, under the safeguard and protection of the more civilised states. Others would partition out the Sultan's empire among the belligerent states of Europe, according to an arbitrary plan of their own. Of this we have a remarkable example in a pamphlet now before us,* written by one who is evidently perfectly intimate with the internal condition of the Turkish Empire, and *au fait* to the real state of things in the very heart of that vast seat of petty tyranny and of base corruption and degeneracy, but who allows his sense of what is necessary to the welfare of the country to carry him into a theoretical partitioning off of regions—a grand result, in which Providence may be called in to play a part as well as man.

Our author starts by saying :

Now, setting aside for a moment this said barrier theory, we would ask the following questions :—Since we have thought fit practically to stand by Turkey, has that country taken, or attempted, any such step towards improvement as might at all invite or even warrant the continuance of our favours? Have the changes there, of which we have heard such boast, tended in the least degree to exalt the character of the Turkish executive, the very power we seem so bent on maintaining? Has the condition of those of its subjects, who “profess and call themselves Christians,” become so ameliorated, and so happy, as to induce us to waste our money and shed our blood in the support of their oppressors? On these points great ignorance generally prevails amongst us here at home. But facts are stubborn things, and of these we will proceed to quote more than one.

He then proceeds to give some revolting instances of tyranny and extortion on the part of Turkish officials which have come under his own cognisance, which it would be well for some of the out-and-out friends of the Turks to peruse carefully.

That the nephews of the Sultan are even now regularly destroyed in their infancy—let the trumpeters of Turkish civilisation say what they will—is well known; and the sad tragedy in the house of the late sister of the present

* The Partition of Turkey, an indispensable feature of the Present Political Crisis; or, a Series of Ideas, the result of experience gained by one who has been long resident in the East; and reduced to their present form by a Graduate of the University of Cambridge. Chapman and Hall.

monarch, who was even a second time robbed of her offspring, has been pathetically described in the *Illustrated London News* of the 24th of September last.

Wherever the Ottoman power has been established, ruin and desolation have speedily appeared as the sole fruits of conquest. "Where the Sultan's horse has trod there grows no grass," is a Turkish proverb, which only too well expresses the fatal truth. From the banks of the Danube to the shores of the Propontis the traveller may behold whole provinces, which, in the hands of civilised beings, would yield an abundant harvest, lying uncultivated, and void of inhabitants. Many a city of the dead dots the desert around him; but as to the abodes of the living, they are "few indeed, and far between."

That this is not a coloured picture, we would appeal to any one personally acquainted with the Turkish dominions. We could give a hundred instances from our own personal knowledge, of towns and territories once flourishing and prosperous, which are now mere villages, or not inhabited at all, and around which all is wilderness and tenantless. We could quote similar instances, with the painful thoughts inevitably suggested by them, from Layard's last work. In Assyria, Mesopotamia, and Babylonia, there is indeed little doubt, from the pages of historians, that from the time of Nebuchadnezzar, through Persian, Macedonian, Roman, and Saracenic rule, there never was such desolation as exists in the present day under the Osmanlis.

It may, we think, be safely said, that the Turks are a people to whom history at large presents no parallel. Surrounded by nations who have, from century to century, made rapid strides in civilisation, they have themselves remained sunk in all their ancient ignorance and fanaticism; while each ruler, great or small, is alternately the agent and victim of injustice and oppression. The Sultan extorts money from the pashas, who in turn oppress the beys; these again pounce upon the effendis; and so on, through every class of both the civil and the military departments.

And further on he writes of the same irreclaimable race:

In short, what has he, in the name of common sense, whereof to boast? He has simply the good fortune to be in the unlawful possession of a country that is one of the fairest in the world, the "bone of contention" amongst his neighbours, which he is permitted for a while to gnaw, while they are disputing as to who shall in the end be its real owner. The Turks appear *conscious* of their own instability, and they often *wonder* at their being allowed, as they are, to beard powers that could ride roughshod across their territory, and blot out their very existence with but little more than the stroke of the pen. Not a whit the less, however, do they avail themselves of their suffered position; and, as the moments of impunity present themselves, repeated are the acts of insult and HUMILIATION to which their protectors, in the persons of the European representatives, are subjected. With a hypocritical excuse, based on some point of his so-called faith, the very poorest Turk will not rise on the entrance of the most distinguished European. And herein, comparing great things with small, we see a true picture of the superstition and mean arrogance which, as a nation, we seem so pertinaciously inclined to maintain; a perfect incubus, crushing the liberties and energies of a Christian population of twelve millions.

Then, again, as to the misconceptions existing in English minds upon Turkish affairs; it arises from a fact, the very relation of which would hardly be credited by those accustomed to anything in the way of honesty:

For the last twenty years there have been journals published at Constantinople, and in the pay of the government, the business of whose editors is, from time to time, to put forth to the world certain state propositions, the offspring of their own fancy alone, and represent them as matters, not merely in contemplation, but already carried into execution, and bearing fruit to the manifest advantage of all concerned.

The indignation of European residents has repeatedly been roused by such false announcements, and their friends at home have been well acquainted with the real fact, without, however, any success against the influence of the press. A remarkable fatality, moreover, seems to have attended all efforts to propound the truth. The pro-Turkey prejudice, so rife amongst us, *has stamped the candid authors of such communications as calumniators of a young "rising government," and thrown them aside in disgrace.*

You may dress the Turk in any other than his national costume; you may substitute the wide trousers for the wider sharwals; you may lead him into the vortex of what are essentially European vices, such as gambling and drinking, where he will willingly learn anything that is new to him in the way of evil; you may thus divest him of the only good qualities he ever possessed: but to change his real nature is an attempt utterly beyond the ingenuity or power of man. It is universally acknowledged, that under the wide heaven there is no greater fanatic, as to his hatred of Europeans,—no man more entirely without the pale of anything like order, than a pasha who has been to Europe for his education. Unconverted as respects Christianity, he has learnt enough to lead him to laugh at the so-called faith of his fatherland; his moral senses have suffered a total wreck, and a boldly-acknowledged infidelity sweeps away the last barrier of restraint which even superstition might have served to maintain. If you could by any means really civilise the Turk, his very identity would be destroyed; he has never yet mingled with those whom he has conquered; he and his are a separate class from all others on the same soil, and regard the latter but as the slaves of their indolence or pleasure. Though mixing daily with those who are more advanced than himself, he is what he ever was—a Tartar to the last. His mind is that of the mere wanderer, and we are from experience convinced, that at the present moment any Turk in Constantinople could, at an hour's notice, if circumstances should invite, mount his horse, and, with his few chattels bound on a mule's back, and his family on foot bringing up the rear, proceed to the plains of Tartary, as though he had but lately left them. To those same plains we would gladly give him a ticket of perpetual leave with the least possible delay, and bid him seek, beneath a Russian rod, an education with which we would promise never to interfere!

Having demonstrated that under Osmanli domination no living thing, except jackals and hyænas, can thrive, our author proceeds to argue that the Christians in Turkey are so debased, by continued sufferings under Turkish despotism, that they are utterly incompetent for the task of self-government. "At best," he says, "the exalted slave would be but a tyrant in his turn; and, while liberty itself would at first be a strange possession in their hands, the idea of legislation could be only an unanswerable enigma."

Turn the matter over which way we will, we can but plainly see that Turkey is falling: yes! whether we will or no, this empire of cruelty and superstition must see its end. Why, then, attempt to delay an event so much to be desired, at all events, *per se*, by every nation of Christendom? The power of the Porte, as we have already argued, is not, and cannot be, independent: it is thus useless to us under any circumstances: while, if it were to have any success against its Northern foe, that success must be through our instrumentality. A war between Turkey and Russia is, after all, only an underhand and unbecoming resistance offered by England and France to the designs

of the Czar. If we must oppose him, let us honestly tell him the quarrel is our own, quite apart from Turk and Sultan; let us show ourselves the sole agents in the matter, and bid him understand that he is to retire before us at once, and that south of the Pruth we intend, as two united nations, to hold full sway. Away with the nonsense of a puppet swinging in mid-air, supported by two giants, who would gladly be supposed to have nothing to do with its various antics! Any plain, straightforward course, would be better than nailing to our own honoured mast-heads the hideous crescent-flag of the superstition of the false prophet! And, moreover, what moral right connects itself with this Moslem rule, about which we see and hear so much pretended squeamishness? How came the Turk to the throne of Constantinople? Simply borne on the arms of an unjust and barbarous invasion. For 400 years he has defiled the seat to which he never had a lawful claim: against improvement he has almost uniformly set his face: not one of his Christian subjects, the chief of his population, has he rightly treated. It is perfectly sickening, to those who know the merits of the case, to hear of its being maintained by any rational Englishman, that the Christians of Turkey are satisfied, or have any just reason for being satisfied, with their present rulers, or tyrants.

The question which next proposes itself is :

Are we to prevent the consummation of the emperor's plans, seriously resolved to enter into a tremendous and doubtful war—a war involving we know not what and how many interests ere it end—and one, too, on the side of the Infidel *versus* Christianity? Are we really willing to appear in the arena with such an ally as Turkey, or rather, with such a tin-kettle tied to our tail, making all the noise, while unable to inflict any great damage on the foe? Will our one idea of jealousy with respect to Russia serve to carry us through campaign after campaign, merely to retrieve the cause of a helpless tyrant, and prop up his already ruined towers? If, indeed, England has lost her self-respect sufficiently for this, be it so! What then? As it is, we know something of taxation. In spite of extensive emigration, the rapid increase of our population has brought each senator to his wits' ends, as to how we are to answer the demands on the public purse. Are we, under such circumstances, determined to add million upon million to our national debt, simply on behalf of this thrice troublesome Ottoman Empire? The question really comes to this: for, as we have already said, and as we think our readers must have allowed, the idea of Turkey, under its present rulers, forming any independent breakwater to stem the ocean-swell of Russian progress, is a fiction beyond the necessity of explanation. Let us, then, be wise in time, and keep our money for a better purpose.

This "better purpose" is to unite with others in raising a real barrier against encroachment on the part of Russia, and such is, according to our author, only to be effected by the partition of Turkey. We believe it could be effected by establishing the independence of the Christian nationalities, under civilised and adequate guarantees, as in the instance of the Hellenic Greeks, at the time of their emancipation, as debased as Syrian, or Bulgarian, or Thracian Greeks, but we quite agree with the author that the Turks can never be made to form a permanent barrier. However, the difference between real and protected states is very slight; and where such important interests are at stake as the welfare of so many Christians, not worth disputing about. Providence will probably decide the question, as it must now come to a solution, one way or the other.

"Let the Ottoman Empire be divided," writes our sanguine partitionist, "and the equilibrium of Europe will be no more disturbed than

it was by the unfurling of the tricolor on the plains of Algeria, or the planting of the union-jack on the citadel of Lahore. We have just taken to ourselves, without a word of argument, half the dominions of the King of Burmah; why, then, make a fuss about *a slice of Turkey?*" Premising, then, that Russia in the Mediterranean could never affect a transit commerce, the author takes knife in hand to cut up the said Turkey, and that after the following fashion. Let those who take a pride in their carving, read attentively:

First of all, having handed over to the Emperor Nicholas the whole of Moldavia, for the further increase of his share we draw a line from the south-western extremity of that province, through Bucharest, Kopotzani, and Rustchuk, to Ianboli on the river Moritza; from which point we take the course of this river as our boundary, till it falls into the Gulf of Enos. Hence, to the south and east, we naturally allow the sea-coast to mark the limit of the Czar's additional authority, till we reach the southernmost mouth of the Danube, and join the new link to his present chain. Here he will, as we firmly believe, have fully gained his point, and will be able to throw his sheltering ægis over millions of Christians now ground down beneath an Infidel sway.

In the second place, we would assign to Austria the provinces of Bosnia, Servia, Croatia, Herzagovina, and Montenegro, as also those parts of Wallachia and Bulgaria which lie west of the line we have already drawn.

In order to give Greece its proper influence, we would throw into its scale Albania, Macedonia, and Thessaly, together with the portion of Rumilia that we have left untouched by Russia.

We have now done with Turkey in Europe, and turn our eye eastward across the Hellespont. And here we would suggest the desideratum, over the non-existence of which our politicians have been so long lamenting. As a real barrier between ourselves and Russia we place a province of an independent kingdom, by putting France in possession of Asia Minor. The large number of Roman Catholics in Anatolia would find a congenial form of government beneath the eagles of the Gallic Empire; and the exertions of our enterprising neighbours would have full scope for display in the cultivation and improvement of this fertile country. Here, at Scutari in Asia, on the Dardanelles, France would look Russia calmly in the face, and with her immense army ever at her beck, tell the Czar—were there any necessity—"You shall come no further!" Should she, moreover, be at all disposed to grumble over her allotted share—which, by the way, would be no mean acquisition, being as vast as France, and much more fertile—let the Governor of Algeria set the matter at rest by extending his conquests, right and left, over Morocco, Tunis, Tripoli, and Barca. In such deeds of war he would surely satisfy the desire of his restless fellow-countrymen after martial glory, and enlarge the dominions of his imperial master to a gigantic size.

We have, last of all, to survey the portion that remains for England; and contend, that she will here find what will more than counterbalance the amount of territory that we have supposed to be assigned to her associates in occupation. Syria, Egypt, and Mesopotamia, are lands of promise, stretching before us in the distance, and worthy of cultivation at the hands of the Anglo-Saxon race. Under our mild rule, Palestine might once more "flow with milk and honey;" its resources would be developed; its ancient owners, the Jews, might be encouraged to return to the home of their forefathers, and mingle the wealth gathered in those pecuniary transactions for which they are so celebrated with the agricultural labours of the native landholder and British emigrant: while, further, with regard to a point that has lately been a vexation with certain diplomatists, "the holy places" would be in safe and quiet keeping in our Protestant hands. Of the advantages to be gained from the

possession of Egypt we feel no description need be added. To say nothing of the immense fertility of the regions of the Nile, we should have our way definitely cleared to our Indian territories, unconnected with flimsy engagements, the whims of a despotic governor, and the peace or commotion of a badly-governed state. Should we again be practically inclined to change our route, we should have, in Syria and Mesopotamia, the very localities for the already proposed railway to the valley of the Euphrates. In neither of these provinces should we find a hostile spirit on the part of the inhabitants with which to contend,—a fact, this, which is amply demonstrated in Mr. Layard's works. In the former of the two, indeed, we should meet with a people in no small degree disposed to accept the Protestant creed; while in the latter, we should have but little difficulty in subduing and gaining the confidence of the Arab tribes. Let us only assist them in procuring grass and water for their flocks and horses, and place them under a strong and conciliatory government, and such a change in their condition will in itself serve to win them over to our side.

In further proof of what is stated by this partitionist advocate, of the predisposition of the natives of Syria and Mesopotamia to English rule, it may be mentioned that at the time of the expedition for the survey of the rivers Euphrates and Tigris, some of the more peaceful and industrious Arab tribes, wearied by the extortions of the Turks, who levy taxes yet give no security to property, expressed their most earnest wishes that the commander of the expedition would take possession of their territory and give them a real protection.

The Rev. S. Lyde, in his recent work on the Ansyreeh and Ismaeleeh, bears his testimony to the same feeling existing among the mountaineers of North Syria :

The two European powers of which they know most are the English and the Russians. Of the power of the latter they have a high opinion, but it is to the English that they look with respect and hope. They imagine that the English are a part of themselves, or of the same race; and they ask continually about the Beni Asfar and the Melek-il-Mudaffer, whom they suppose to be of the inhabitants of England. They declare that their books prophesy of the coming of the English very shortly. They are acquainted with the power of the English from the fact that in a very short time they expelled Ibrahim Pasha from the country; and in Syria every commodity which lays claim to be of a superior quality is called English.

. The Turks they detest and curse for their pride and oppression; from the Franks, especially the English, they look for justice and protection, and therefore, as they told me over and over again, they wish to become English.

Colonel Churchill gives still stronger evidence in his work on the Lebanon of the existence of the same anxious desire being entertained by the most warlike and independent populations that now remain in the country. All travellers from the interior, not those of European ports and the corrupted outskirts of the regions of Muhammadanism, concur in the same, giving similar opinions—to which at the same time it is almost needless to remark that success in arms, on the part of the Turks, and that unaided by any European power, will tend very much to revive the fanaticism of religion and the old Mussulman spirit. Already has a Vienna correspondent sounded the tocsin of alarm as to the real position in which Turkey and its allies are likely to be placed by any unaided successes obtained by the Mussulmans. "Should any permanent suc-

cesses," says the writer in question, "be obtained by Turkey unaided, a change of policy with regard to Christians generally may be anticipated, since this question with Russia has much exasperated the Mussulmans, and thoroughly aroused their olden fanaticism. The fact is, that such successes will be fatal to the few advantages gained by long exertions of European diplomacy to the poor Christian rayah in Turkey; nor will it advance the influence of Great Britain or France, or strengthen the imaginary cordiality that is supposed to exist between the acknowledged head of the Muhammadan faith and the two Christian powers.

Among other works to which the crisis of the moment imparts a peculiar interest, Mr. Oliphant's "*Russian Shores of the Black Sea*"* deserves particular mention. The author travelled by rail from St. Petersburg for Nijni Novgorod—only one train starting daily, and that only after interminable delays and formalities, every one in military garb having preference of seats, and no extra carriages if there are too many. There he attended the great fair, of which he favours us with a pretty pen-and-pencil sketch. He next descended the Volga in the *Samson* steamer, with a Dutch, not a Russian, captain, four drunken pilots, and a shrivelled old woman for cook, stewardess, and waitress. This descent of the Volga by steam is a new and interesting feature in travel; the steamer was continually sticking on banks called *pericarfes*, which the first steamer that navigated the Euphrates did not do half a dozen times in an untried navigation of 1700 miles. The Euphrates is therefore superior to the Volga in point of navigability. What with grounding, wooding, tugging, and other delays, there was no end almost to the journey from Nijni to Astrakan, so our traveller, attacked with ague, gave it up at Dubovka.

Mr. Oliphant, however, sums up concerning this great river:

Few towns in Russia are better worth a visit than Kazan, while the Jigoulee offers the finest scenery I had as yet seen in the country. Saratov vies with Nijni in beauty—the latter owing, perhaps, all to its lofty position; the former to its gay and handsome churches and buildings; but the cities on its banks, or those banks themselves, rocky or wooded, fail to inspire feelings equal to those suggested by this monarch of European rivers itself.

A sense of grandeur and magnificence seemed to grow upon one daily; and now, though our experience had extended over more than a thousand miles of its winding course, I gazed with unabated wonder and admiration on its broad, rapid current, which swept away from us the *Samson* and its barges, and a feeling of desolation was induced, which reminded us that our recent home having departed from us, it was time to seek another.

After all the *désagréments du voyage*, Mr. Oliphant regretted his "affable captain" and "the good-natured old woman" of the *Samson*, when on board the *Boreas* on the Danube. Matters seem to have altered much for the worse on the Danube steamers; the Austrian officers were haughty to the English wayfarer, the waiters contemptuous, the boats crowded, sleeping places a matter of nightly struggle, provisions wretched, gendarmes on board, espionage rife, and the whole terminating in an arrest at Orsova. How sadly despotism interferes with the progress of

* The Russian Shores of the Black Sea, in the Autumn of 1852, with a Voyage down the Volga, and a Tour through the Country of the Don Cossacks. By Lawrence Oliphant. William Blackwood and Sons.

civilisation! At the onset the steamers were as well appointed as any in the world, the table well served, the wines excellent, the waiters *expressés*, the captains jovial, and the whole voyage a merry panorama.

The Volga, not the Danube, was exchanged for the Steppe; and with the latter came Calmuck Tartars, Nogays, and Don Cossacks, execrable roads, bone-dislocating carriages, drunken, obstinate drivers, sullen postmasters, and post-houses without any resources, and full of filthy abominations. Such are the well-known penalties every traveller has to pay for the pleasure of a peep at the Tsar's dominions.

The Moravian settlement at Sarepta, and the Armenian colony at Nakhitchivan, are little oases in this desert of prairie, bright spots in a wilderness of despotism; but the Crimea presents a relief to all. Here we have Oriental and Western life commingled, Tartars and Muscovs, camels and horses, inns and caravanserais, sepulchral caves by the side of yawning embrasures for cannon, and silent cities of the dead and the departed, by the side of the bustle of life and a new race of people. Mr. Oliphant's descriptions of Baghti Sarai, Inkurman, Kertch, and the other curiosities of the Crimea, are not so detailed as those of Dr. Clarke, Lyall, Pallas, or Homaire de Hell, but they have the advantage of being sketchy, pleasant to read, and are nicely illustrated.

Of the renowned Sebastopol Mr. Oliphant says:

Nothing can be more formidable than the appearance of Sevastopol from the seaward. Upon a future occasion we visited it in a steamer, and found that at one point we were commanded by twelve hundred pieces of artillery: fortunately for a hostile fleet, we afterwards heard that these could not be discharged without bringing down the rotten batteries upon which they are placed, and which are so badly constructed that they look as if they had been done by contract. Four of the forts consist of three tiers of batteries. We were, of course, unable to do more than take a very general survey of these celebrated fortifications, and therefore cannot vouch for the truth of the assertion, that the rooms in which the guns are worked are so narrow and ill ventilated, that the artillerymen would be inevitably stifled in the attempt to discharge their guns and their duty; but of one fact there was no doubt, that however well fortified may be the approaches to Sevastopol by sea, there is nothing whatever to prevent any number of troops landing a few miles to the south of the town, in one of the six convenient bays with which the coast, as far as Cape Kherson, is indented, and marching down the main street (provided they were strong enough to defeat any military force that might be opposed to them in the field), sack the town, and burn the fleet.

So also of the ships and the men that man them. Most of the former are rotten, eaten up by the worm of Inkurman, or the more formidable worm of official corruption; and the officers and crews are described as being only fit to figure in the naval returns so ostentatiously paraded. This, however, it will be observed, is, as with the state of the batteries—all hear-say, but very likely to be true.

Mr. Oliphant also not only agrees with all who have gone before him as to the extent and depth of the universal demoralisation of official Russia, but he even exceeds them in his pictures of the extent of this all-pervading corruption. "From the prince on the steps of the throne to the post-boy, almost every man will," he says, "lie, and take bribes."

Nothing (he tells us) bears looking into in Russia, from a metropolis to a

police-office : in either case, a slight acquaintanceship is sufficient ; and first impressions should never be dispelled by a too minute inspection. No statement should be questioned, however preposterous, where the credit of the country is involved ; and no assertion relied upon, even though it be a gratuitous piece of information—such as, that there is a diligence to the next town, or an inn in the next street.

The picture painted by Mr. Oliphant of the universal demoralisation of Russia—of the sickness and inefficiency of its army—of the decline of commerce—the inutility under such a system even of railroads, except to transport troops—the incapability of the navy ; in fact, of a nation rather resolving itself into military barbarism than emerging from it, is not supported by the same writer's political *resumé* at the conclusion, in which he points to Russian troops in Italy, in Germany—nay, even in France—if her onward progress is not resisted. The impression of her faults, her deficiencies, her corruptions, and her short-comings, seem to have been one—his impression of her power and resources, another.

One thing is certain from these pictures—which is, that a power which so disregards the gifts of nature and perverts the conquests of art, as Russia does—her people, her soil, her rivers, her railways, her steam-navigation, her very position in the world, and the advantages and responsibilities which such entail to commerce, to civilisation, and to the well-being of the human race—is not the power with which to entrust the welfare of the Christians of the East, nor of the finest countries in the world.

M. Francisque Bouvet's "Turkey, Past and Present,"* contains precisely that kind of information which every political *dilettante* should make himself thoroughly acquainted with before he ventures to discuss the *veraxa questio* of the East. It is one continuous picture of Russian aggression, assuming every variety of forms and phases, ever since the treaty of Carlowitz. The record is at once brief and clear, and written in the statesmanlike language of extreme moderation. The ex-representative justly depicts Navarino as a most untoward incident, in which France and England were made the tools of Russia ; and he merely expresses a just regret that England did not consult the then friendly cabinet of the Tuileries, before entering into a treaty of alliance with Russia to expel the Egyptians from Syria—an alliance which very nearly brought about an European war. The fact is, that England was just as much made a cat's-paw of by Russia in her operations against Muhammad Ali as she was at Navarino, and, in 1807, when she insisted on Moldavia and Wallachia being ceded to the universal autocracy. Will experience of the past in any way influence her now ? Alluding to the conquest of Constantinople by the Turks, M. Bouvet says : " A Christian general was known to have wept in engaging in battle, while Mussulman soldiers were seen to shed tears of rage on learning that their general had concluded a truce. It may, then, be easily imagined what would happen between two rival nations of such contrary dispositions and sentiments." This observation is not without its application to our own times.

* Turkey, Past and Present. Authorised Translation from the French of Francisque Bouvet, late Representative. By James Hutton, Esq. Clarke, Beeton, and Co.

M. Leouzou le Duc's "Russian Question"* is by no means so interesting or so instructive a pamphlet. The sketch of Prince Menschikoff, by whose name it is now fashionable to swear in Paris, is good; but of the sketch of the Russo-Greek Church it is sufficient to say that the writer calls it, after Father Lacordaire, "the Catholic Church reduced to a state of petrification," to testify to its absurd bias; the chapter on "The Position of Russia" is mainly borrowed from a German pamphlet on the "Eastern Question;" and in it, taking a German point of view of the subject, all reciprocal arrangements with Russia, as to the partition of the East, are scouted, and war to the knife of all Europe against the autocrat is advocated.

"Sketches of the Hungarian Emigration into Turkey"† are not quite relevant to the subject; and yet, considering (notwithstanding the denials of the Philo-Turkish press) the number of Hungarian refugees who are engaged in the present struggle, the narrative is not without its political bearing as well as its general interest. And a clever, heart-riveting narrative of suffering and endurance it is. We wish the spirit which dictated the following passage were more general:

The feeling of discouragement was propagated likewise by drawing-room officers, who had entered the army for the pleasure of wearing a sword and a fine uniform, and who were disgusted with the real perils and privations of war. I cannot express the emotion I felt on hearing one of those popinjays speak thus in German to a common soldier: "Is it not horrible to be kept marching night and day, and to be starved when we reach our bivouac?" My blood boiled, and my temper got the upper hand. I drew him aside, and said to him: "Sir, I ask you, as a soldier and as a brother-officer—for by right I might pass my sword through your body—under what delusion was it that you entered the military service?" The answer I received was as follows: "Sir, I have neither the honour to know you as belonging to our brigade, nor even as an officer, nor am I bound to give you any explanation." The tone in which this speech was uttered introduced some sad presentiments into my mind: I felt that he had not spoken his individual opinion alone. The character of the man was known to me. I replied, "You are happy, sir, that we are unhappy; under other circumstances I would have killed you on the spot, that the Hungarian army might have one bad officer the less, and that you might not wear laurels which you do not deserve. You are fortunate, too, in not belonging to my brigade; otherwise, not even our misfortunes should have saved you."

Here is a method of getting rid of vermin:

The obvious manœuvre, namely of condemning your wardrobe to the fire, and shaving as clean as a razor-strop, is rather too expensive, especially if you happen to have only one suit of clothes. It is better, therefore, to adopt the following plan:—In the first place undress, then bury your garments in the earth, leaving one corner of your shirt projecting, or rather a piece of rag, as a conductor; then light a fire above; the heat draws out the pestiferous beasts, and they stupidly crawl forth to be consumed. The fox gets rid of fleas somewhat in the same manner; but as he cannot undress, he goes into the water tail foremost, holding a piece of wool between his teeth; by degrees the colonists of his fur ascend, fall into the trap, and go floating down the stream.

This little record will one day be a page in the history of the past.

* The Russian Question; or, the Crisis in the East. Authorised translation from the French of Leouzou le Duc, late Chargé de Mission to the Courts of Russia and Finland. By J. H. Urquhart. Clarke, Beeton, and Co.

† Sketches of the Hungarian Emigration into Turkey. By a Honved. Chapman and Hall.

To pass from descriptive and argumentary matter to matters of fact. The Turkish army in the Danubian Provinces might be taken, previous to the invasion of the Principalities, in round numbers, and with no allowance for sick and laggards, as amounting to 100,000. It consisted of 45,000 Nishan or regulars, including artillerymen and the Egyptian contingent at Varna; 8000 cavalry, Bashi Buzuks (no heads or chiefs), included; and 57,000 Radiff or militia, and Albanians. The Egyptian contingent was under Sulaiman Pasha (Colonel Selves), an old soldier of Napoleon's, to whose military skill Muhammad Ali was more indebted than to Ibrahim Pasha's personal prowess for the victory of Nizib, and was stationed at Varna. The head-quarters of the Turkish army was at Schumla, but brigades, of greater or less strength, occupied various stations along the Danube. Among these were Tultsha, Isaktchi, Matschin, Hirsowa, Rasuva, at the extremity of Trajan's entrenchment, Silistria (a remarkably strongly fortified place), Rutschuk, Sistov or Sistowa, Nicopolis, Rahuva, Widdin, and the Iron Gates. The veteran Pasha, Izzet, was sent to secure the fortresses of Belgrade and Semendria, in Servia, from any *coup de main* from unanticipated quarters. The Hungarian General Klapka is supposed to have commanded the brigade at Rutschuk, which was said to be 15,000 strong.

The Russian army consisted of the following troops, which have crossed the Pruth this summer:

1. The 4th army-corps, under General of Infantry Danenberg, consisting of—A. The 10th, 11th, and 12th Infantry Divisions, under Lieutenant-General Simonoff, Major-General Perloff, and Lieutenant-General Liprandi. B. A division of light horse, under Lieutenant-General Count Nirod. C. An artillery division, under Major-General Sixtel.

2. A brigade of the 5th army-corps (Lüders'), belonging to the 14th Infantry Division, under Lieutenant-General Moller, commanded by General Engelhardt.

3. The 5th division of light horse, belonging to the 5th army-corps, under Lieutenant-General Fischback.

An infantry division has two brigades; a brigade, two regiments; a regiment, 4000 men; a cavalry regiment, 1000.

Number of troops which entered:

3 infantry divisions, each 16,000 men	48,000
1 cavalry division, 4th corps	4,000
1 infantry brigade	8,000
1 cavalry division, 5th corps	4,000
1 battalion Chasseurs	4,000
10 regiments of Cossacks, each 600 men...	6,000
	<hr/>
	74,000

and the artillerymen. Each regiment has a battery of 12 guns, so that the artillery which accompanied the above-mentioned troops must have been 264 guns.

Of Lüders' army-corps, two divisions and a half, or 40,000 men, remained at Ismail, Odessa, and Sebastopol, but it is presumed that the greater part of these troops have been sent to Asia. It is also probable that some 7000 or 8000 men passed the Pruth in August.

If we supposed that, previous to the war, the regiments were as common.—VOL. XCIX. NO. CCCXVI.

plete as they are on paper, the Russian army was little less than 80,000 strong; but deducting the losses by cholera and other illnesses, desertions, and defalcations of various kinds, it was not probably more than 60,000 strong at the time of the onslaught of the Turks.

The Russian troops at that epoch, with their head-quarters at Bucharest, occupied Ismail, Galatz, and Brailow, especially Galatz, in great strength. A second detachment occupied Giurgevo, opposite Klapka's brigade at Rutschuk, and entrenched themselves there. The extreme right wing, under General Danenberg, occupied Slatina and Krajova in Little Wallachia, and contented itself with throwing out advanced posts of Cossacks to Kalafat and Tchernetz, to watch the movements of the Turks.

Agreeably to a wish expressed by Colonel Magnan, an officer of the French staff sent to assist Omar Pasha with his counsel, that general sent Shalkh Bey to examine whether an island on the Danube, opposite Widdin, and somewhat less than a quarter of an English mile in length, might be made use of, as a fortified *point d'appui*, from whence to effect a passage of the river. The detachment met with a squad of Cossacks, and both parties being mutually in terror of one another, retired with equal precipitancy. The Turks soon returned, and landing a body of 4000 men, at once proceeded to fortify the island.

Colonel Magnan was of opinion that the Russian troops were not completely concentrated, and strongly recommended the immediate commencement of operations; but Omar Pasha, depending no doubt on superior orders, contented himself with sending over a summons to Prince Gortschakoff to evacuate the Principalities, duly forwarded by the Porte, to which the prince made, considering that he was in military occupation of the Sultan's territories, the following remarkable answer:

"My master is not at war with Turkey, but I have orders not to leave the Principalities until the Porte shall have given to the Emperor the moral satisfaction he demands. When this point has been obtained, I will evacuate the Principalities immediately, whatever the time or the season. If I am attacked by the Turkish army, I will confine myself to the defensive."

How much these peaceful pretensions and assumption of forbearance accord with the issue of the imperial manifesto, announcing that nothing was left but recourse to arms, published on the 1st of November, and before the passage of the Danube by the Turks could be known at St. Petersburg, we need scarcely remark. It is in accordance only with the usual diplomatic proceedings of Russia.

In the mean time hostilities were precipitated by an attempt made on the part of the Russians to force a small flotilla of two steamers, with eight gun-boats, past the Turkish fort of Isaktchi, on the 23rd of October. Although the Turks fired without intermission for an hour and a half from twenty-seven guns, the flotilla succeeded in reaching its destination, not, however, without loss; while, on the other hand, the town of Isaktchi was set on fire by the shells thrown into it. Russian vessels of war had by treaty no right to go higher up the river than Reni, at the junction of the Pruth.

The Turks had previously to this occupied an island on the Danube

opposite to Matschin (the papers said Brailow, which is on the Wallachian side, and was held by a Russian detachment under General Engelhardt), which placed them within 600 yards of the opposite bank, and they could have easily stopped the progress there of any small flotilla attempting to ascend the Danube beyond Galatz.

The first point at which the Danube was crossed by the Turks was at Widdin, on the 27th of October. The operation was rendered more easy by the occupation of the small island previously described, but still it took some days to accomplish. The Russians appear to have offered little or no opposition, and Omar Pasha was thus enabled to entrench Kalafat, so as to establish a kind of *tête de pont*, in case of retreat. Orders, it is to be observed, had at this crisis been despatched from Constantinople to Omar Pasha to delay the commencement of hostilities till the 31st. The vanguard under Ifaz Pasha and Sami Pasha secured, in the mean time, a free passage for the reinforcements daily advancing along the Servian frontier from Sophia.

The passage of the Danube at Turtukai (Turtukan of Boué's map) was begun on the night of the 1st of November. The outposts nearest the river were Poles and Wallachians, who not only permitted the Turks to cross without giving notice of their approach, but assisted them in their operations. The Turks are said not to have numbered more than 9000, and their movements to have been directed by General Prim. They were attacked by General Perloff, or Pauloff, and a most obstinate combat, partly at the point of the bayonet, is said to have ensued. The Turks were covered by the artillery of the fortress of Turtukai, which is said to have done much execution among the Russians. The contest lasted till the 3rd, when the Russians withdrew, with a loss which we have seen estimated at from 500 to 3000, the first being the most probable, and among them were several field-officers, said to have been shot by the Turkish chasseurs, who are armed with Vincennes rifles. The Turks were then enabled to entrench themselves near Oltenitza, which consists only of a few houses and a ruined fort. It was, however, an important station to hold, as it formed the base of the Russian operations in Wallachia. The Russians felt this, and a second engagement took place at the same place, General Danenberg having come up with reinforcements on the 4th, and expelled the Turks from their entrenched positions; but the latter having also received reinforcements, returned to the charge under cover of the batteries of Turtukai, and, after a sanguinary fight, regained possession of their entrenchments. On the 11th of the month General Danenberg came to the attack once more with a body of 24,000 troops, determined to avenge past disasters, but it does not appear that the Turks withstood the onslaught of such a superior force, but that they wisely took themselves off on its approach to the right bank of the river.

The Turks crossed the river, at or about the same time, from Silistria to Kalaratsh, in a division 4000 strong, and from Rutschuk to Giurgevo, these being the two points from which Bucharest is directly threatened. Previous to the attack on Giurgevo, which we have seen above was strongly garrisoned, some 800 Turks crossed the Danube between Sissowa and Simnitz, and advanced straight along the road leading to

Giurgevo. Others, it would appear, crossed over to the town, which is on an island, and connected with the fortress on the left bank by means of a dam, and from thence they bombarded the latter, although, according to the Russian bulletins, an attacking party attempting to approach the fortress by the dam was driven back with considerable loss. Reinforcements are also said to have reached the same place, and skirmishes took place almost daily, till at last the island was finally evacuated, and the Turks withdrew to the right bank of the Danube, under circumstances of which we have as yet had no satisfactory account.

On the 17th of November news came to this country from Vienna that the Turks had defeated the main body of the Russian army in the Principalities, that Bucharest was in flames, and the Muscovites in full retreat beyond the Carpathians to Kronstadt, in Transylvania. This supposed that they had been cut off from a retreat through Moldavia, and therefore also presupposed that the Turks had crossed the Danube at Brailow or Galatz. Needless almost to say that this "startling despatch" turned out to be a mere fabrication—a "canard" of the Danube, where they appear to assume extraordinary dimensions.

More correct intelligence, which came upon slower but surer wings than telegraphic wires, brought definite word that the Turks had been forced to abandon their entrenchments on the left bank of the Danube near Oltenitza; and that, after blowing up their works there, they had withdrawn to the other side of the river in Bulgaria. According to a letter of Prince Gortschakoff's, dated Bucharest the 13th inst., this wise measure was adopted at the moment that steps were about being taken to expel them from their position. It was also stated that they had retired from the positions held by them on the island opposite Giurgevo, and at Kalaratsh; so that there now only remains on the left bank of the Danube the troops which crossed at Kalafat, and which, being thus left without support, will have to retrace their steps to Widdin, unless they would run the chance of a disastrous engagement, with the river in their rear.

Success has at the onset attended upon the arms of the Mussulmans in the Caucasus, as it did in the Danubian Principalities. The least disciplined are there, but they are of the most warlike races in the Sultan's dominions—men stout of heart and limb, and expert in the use of arms, although untrained to military evolutions. There is a regular army under Abdi Pasha, as Mushir, and Selim and Hassan Pashas, as Feriks, or lieutenant-generals; there are contingents from the pashaliks of Baghdad and Mosul, of Damascus and Aleppo, of Marash, Siwas, and Dyarbakir; then there are the redoubtable Kurds, the ever rebellious men of Buhtan, under princes directly descended from the Abbasside Khalifs; the Hakkiyari, slaughterers of the poor persecuted Chaldeans; the robber tribes of Bahdinan and Rawanduz; Kurds and Turkmans from Betlis, Gharzan, Mush, Wan, Bayazid, and Kars—the lofty, cold uplands of Armenia; mountaineers from Lazistan, the Juruk, and Trebizond, whose almost only profession from childhood is to rob, hunt, or make war. These motley troops are well officered by such men as General Guyon, now Khurshid Pasha; Stein, now Purshat Pasha (little Pasha); Colman, now Fuhti Bay; Zashitzky, now Osman Bay, and

others. There cannot be less than 80,000 of them altogether, regular and irregular, and reinforcements are constantly on the move, and will increase in numbers with an early success.

Opposed to them is a strong Russian army, consisting of three divisions of infantry, with the reserve brigade of Caucasian grenadiers, a complement of engineer and rifle battalions, and a division of artillery, besides colonised Cossacks, militia, &c. ; making a total of 55 battalions, 10 squadrons, and 180 pieces of artillery, or 60,000 troops of the line, and 10,000 irregulars. To this has since been added another division, the 13th, shipped from the Crimea to Redut Kalah, the usual steam-packet port on the coast, amounting to some 20,000 men, and who were to be replaced by Muller's infantry division from Odessa.

These troops are, by the necessities of the case, divided into three brigades ; one engaged in keeping open the coast line from Anavka to Redut Kalah ; another is with Prince Woronzow at Tiflis, opposed to the main body of the Circassians under Schamyl, and who, with the native Mingrelians, Imeritians, Georgians, and others, are all in favour of the Mussulman cause ; and the last is on the Juruk Su, opposed to the Turkish army.

The river Juruk (called Churuk and Ciorock in the papers) is one of the larger rivers of Armenia, uniting the waters of the Kulah or Agerah, and the Marsat Darah, or "valley," near the town of Baibut, renowned in the last Turko-Russian war. Near its mouth, and on the eastern side of the delta of the river, is Batum, with a well-sheltered bay, where we had a vice-consul till lately, who, with most of the inhabitants, was obliged to quit this otherwise promising port, from July to October, on account of the prevalence of fever.

Fifteen miles beyond this, on the same coast, is another and smaller Juruk river, distinguished by the Turks from the larger, as Juruk Darah, or "valley" (Ciorock dere of the papers) ; and in this is a market-town, larger than Batum, called Juruk Su Bazar, or the market on the river Juruk. This bazar is built on a steep bank of shingle ; and the house of the Bay is on the shore close by the bazar, and was intended to have been enclosed in a fort, which was begun after the conclusion of the last Russian war, but was never proceeded with beyond the foundations.

Six miles beyond Juruk Darah is the river called Shafkatil Su, which is the frontier of the Russian dependencies ; on the south side is the Turkish village or town of Shafkatil, on the north the Russian fort of St. Nikolai, or Nicholas, with a quarantine station.

It will now be understood where it was that Mastar Bay fell in with the Russians on the 20th of October last. It was not, as is supposed by the papers, on the great Juruk, but the little Juruk ; but still the Russians were some six or seven miles beyond their frontier. Mastar Bay is said to have defended himself gallantly, and to have held his position, and sent to acquaint Selim Pasha with the circumstance of the Russian troops having crossed the frontier.

The latter then advanced with all the troops at his disposal, and the Russians having been reinforced by a body of troops from Redut Kalah, estimated at 15,000, an engagement of some importance took place, in

which the Turks are said to have been successful, so much so that Selim Pasha was enabled to take up his position at Shafkatil (the Chevkedil or Seerkedil of the papers, there being no such places, or anything like them, in the province of Gurial) and storm the fort of St. Nikolai, where he is said to have captured 100 prisoners, four guns, and 2000 muskets—very likely a gross exaggeration, as the fort was a mere block-house, held by a handful of military colonists, possibly upon this occasion slightly reinforced. The son of Prince George Gurial is among these prisoners.

The Circassians had, with their usual active and energetic habits, been busy before this. Early in October they advanced direct upon Prince Woronzow's head-quarters at Tiflis, which they are said to have approached to within forty-five English miles. The prince had not above 15,000 men to oppose to these gallant mountaineers. Fortunately for him, Generals Nestarow and Bajatinaky came up with a reinforcement of 15,000 men; the battle was renewed, and Schamyl was obliged to retire into his mountains. The Circassians are also known to have attacked bodies of troops on their way to the Turkish provinces with considerable loss to the Russians. In the defiles of Zakartala the Russians are said to have been completely routed.

The operations of the Circassians were followed by like success on the borders of the Black Sea, where they are said to have taken no less than five fortified places, among which, Toprak Kalah, a place of some importance.

The fort of Khartum is said at the same time to have been captured by the Kurds, that of Fuhla by the troops from Damascus, and those of Surminah Istrat and Kuchat by the Bashi Buzuks. The fortress of Dariel, on the right bank of the Terek, between Mesdok and Tiflis, was besieged by the Circassians and Ossetes ('Usitis). Each of these motley corps d'armées appears then to be acting on its own account, no doubt with the sole view to plunder; a mode of proceeding which argues as badly for the result of the campaign in the Caucasus, as has already attended upon the somewhat more orthodox proceedings on the Danube.

The reports of the march of the Russian army upon Urgunji, or Oorgunge, the commercial capital of Khiva, and of an alliance between Dost Muhammad of Kabul and Russia, have occasioned great excitement in India. Dost Muhammad having invaded and annexed, about two years ago, the portion of independent Tartary which lies north of the Hindhu Kush, around Balkh, it is supposed to be his interest to assist Russia in its views on Khiva and Bokhara, while his apprehensions from the Anglo-Indian army at Peshawur lead him to seek an alliance with a rival power. It is most probable that this is all surmise. That Russia is marching on Khiva, and intriguing with Dost Muhammad, is possibly perfectly correct, with the view of effecting a diversion, if not of bringing about the old mistake of a premature advance into Afghanistan on our part; but Russia cannot even threaten India till Khiva, Bokhara, Persia, and Afghanistan are subdued, or in alliance, and it is against all probability that a stanch old Mussulman like Dost Muhammad will enter into any sincere alliance with the Russians; on the contrary, the news from

the Persian side is, that he has been instigating the Shah to take the part of the Turks, and regain his own long-lost provinces. Under any circumstances, there is at present no danger whatsoever to our Indian possessions to be entertained from that quarter.

Thus, then, ends the first act in this politico-theological drama of such complicated and sanguinary aspect, and in which war and disease have already begun to play parts of sad significance. Whether the Russians will be able to take measures of reprisal at this advanced period of the year, and attempt an invasion of Bulgaria, must be a matter of great doubt. The pontoons are said to be on their way, and the long-expected corps of Osten Sacken is slowly advancing. Circumstances, however, far more favourable to Russian progress than such as have hitherto occurred—such as reinforcements, a better commissariat, improved sanitary condition of the army, and continuous mild weather—must be propitious, before it can be attempted, at this season of the year, to advance towards the central uplands of Turkey in Europe, which attain an elevation at Sophia of 2000 feet, and at Philippopolis of 1100 feet, with the Balkhan to cross, and the climate of which (laying aside the tremendous difficulties presented by easily-defended passes, and strong strategical positions in the hands of the Turks) is in winter peculiarly severe; while the resources of the country are, thanks to Osmanli misrule, exceedingly trifling; so much so, that if his Majesty the Sultan, his court, and personal guard, attended by the diplomatic corps, remove to Adrianople, they may fairly be expected to exhaust the miserable resources of the country before the Russians could have reduced Schumla and Varna. It is perfectly useless, however, to speculate upon the future, where there are so many personal feelings engaged, so many interests concerned, and so many nations ready to strike. One thing alone is certain, that nothing could have been more fatal to the interests of peace than the victorious progress of the Turks. It would have aroused the ire of the Tsar to a point that would have been unappeased save by a war of extermination. As it is, the Turks and Russians have both had a short but sharp lesson; the former will probably become more open to amicable negotiations, and the latter more accessible to conviction. There are still hopes under existing circumstances; there would have been none under those so devoutly wished for by some short-sighted politicians. As to the cause of Christianity in the East, it would have been, had the Turks met with unaided success, to use an expression borrowed from another race-course than the political, nowhere.

PALACE TALES.

INTRODUCTION.

DURING a lengthened residence in Germany, I insensibly fell into the habits of the country—one of them being that of visiting an inn every night, where I drank my choppin and smoked my pipe. Among the usual guests were several who especially attracted my attention, for they had been formerly court servants, and I thought it very possible that they might possess some curious anecdotes about those sinks of iniquity, the smaller German courts of fifty years ago. Nor were my expectations deceived, for I heard the two following stories from them, which made so deep an impression on me, that I carefully noted them down at the time. I have let the old gentlemen speak in the first person, in order that there might be no alteration on my part, which was to be deprecated, as the stories are *facts*, and the events really occurred at the Court of H—, not very many years ago.

I.

THE WHITE LADY.

YOU all know, as well as I, that our late most gracious master was at length left with only one daughter, as his sons died one after the other at an early age. Through this the throne devolved on a collateral branch, who, thirty years ago, would not have even thought of ever being able to pay their debts; but man proposes, and God disposes.

At the time, however, of which I am now speaking, the princes were still living, and the royal family flourishing. But, although every one of us knew that one of the princes would eventually mount the throne, the whole court paid much less attention to them, than it did to the Princess Marie.

I was at that time only a footman, and had to follow behind, whenever the young lady went out walking with her governess. I was always well pleased at it, though I felt very nervous at times, for the child gave way to the most extraordinary fancies, and was, at the same time, on such friendly terms with everybody, that a number of children, and even grown up persons, would follow us.

Our troubles, however, were incessant. At one moment she would give away everything she had upon her person; then she saw a stream, and wished to bathe, or a grass-covered terrace, and wanted to roll down it. Mademoiselle de Noël might well say that this was all very improper; and I occasionally was forced to interfere, and remind her of her gracious father. The child would entreat so prettily, and dance round us, and flatter, and play all sorts of mad tricks, so that at last we were compelled to yield one thing, to keep her from doing all the rest. When we reached home again, I used to receive plenty of abuse; but the next time Marie would do just as she pleased, for even the duke himself could refuse her nothing, when she looked at him with her gentle brown eyes, or threw her arms round his neck and kissed him.

All this may be very charming in a child, but when the princess grew

up and became daily more beautiful, it caused her much sorrow, that she was forced to put those restraints upon herself, which she would never learn. She wore one dress to-day and another to-morrow, and fancied herself most charming in each; in the same way she imagined that she could change her lovers as she pleased, as if she did not know that the poorest girl and a princess are equal in two things: in their last journey, and in their first love. The difference of rank, of course, has a great deal to do in the matter; all of you, I dare say, when you were young, thought that you could make love to any pretty girl; but not one of you would have dared to talk about such things to a princess, even if you were convinced that she was dying of love for you.

At court, though, there are always people enough who will run any risk, and try to seize the whole hand, when a princess wishes to have a whim and only offers a single finger.

Thus it came then, that the Princess Marie, before she was seventeen years of age, had had all sorts of intrigues, and acquired through them a considerable amount of chagrin.

I do not know the details intimately, for I was no longer near her person, having been appointed porter at the old palace in the residence; the duke and the prince, however, resided in the new palace. Still things of this nature are talked about among servants, if only in whispers, for no one dared or would speak openly about it, for we all loved the princess too much; she was always a kind mistress to us, and troubled herself about us, if matters did not go as well with us as they should.

I could see it all; for if she had any sorrow on her heart she would sit at the window and look out into the garden like a caged bird, the tears would then course down her burning cheeks, and her heart would try to burst from her bosom. Poor thing! when I saw her in this state, I could not have betrayed her to the duke, even if she had done much worse, or he had questioned me, himself.

We all entertained the same sentiments, and, strange to say, the ladies of the court as well. These women are assuredly to be pitied, for envy gnaws incessantly at their heart; and yet they screened the princess, through her kindness and condescension to them.

In the town itself, not a word was said about it; the citizens would have esteemed it simple calumny; and although they often grumbled about the duke, especially about his love for sporting, yet I would not have advised anybody to say a word against the princess, for he would certainly have repented it.

What the duke thought about it all I never clearly discovered; he probably entertained his own views on the subject. Still he must have been acquainted with it; for when a too scandalous affair occurred, and, at the same time, it was stated that the princess would be shortly affianced to a crowned head, he certainly said nothing further, but he placed her again under strict surveillance, and she was forced to live in the old palace with the first lady of the bedchamber.

Nothing more was heard for months, and her life was made bitter enough to her; for at that day there was a deep moat round the old palace, and the only road led over a bridge past me, and I knew every one who came in and out, and indeed had to write their names in a book.

At the same time, too, the court was very quiet. The crown prince

had died very suddenly, and although the other two young gentlemen were still happy and cheerful, a fear and a weight lay upon everybody, and doubtlessly on the princess, as if they had a foreboding that the old family was hastening towards its end.

It was no joke to have anything to do with our illustrious duke then; for misfortune did not suit him at all, but caused a great alteration in him.

Christmas had passed silently and mournfully, and a terrible winter had commenced. I sat sorrowfully, too, at my window in the gateway, for I dare not go away, and yet had nothing to do. I assure you I could have counted the footsteps in the snow, so few people had gone in and out during the whole day.

It was growing dark, and they were beginning to light the lamps in the corridors, when the Chamberlain Vogel went past and stepped into my room for a moment.

"Of course you have heard it," he said, as he took a seat.

"What?" I asked him; "I know nothing new."

"Well, that the White Lady began showing herself in the palace again yesterday."

This startled me. I sprang up, and exclaimed, "That was all we wanted to settle it. Now the little life at court will entirely cease, and each of the royal personages fancy that the appearance of the White Lady forebodes his speedy death. I am only sorry for the poor princess; they have already deprived her of her liberty, and now she will lose both light and air."

"Yes, and the worst is," the chamberlain said, "that the White Lady disappears in the apartments of the first lady of the bedchamber. She comes from the top of the corridor, near the plate-room and the court marshal's office, then descends the narrow, steep staircase into the corridor which leads on the left to the rooms which his highness formerly inhabited, and on the right to the Princess Marie's present abode. There she sinks into the ground."

I trembled all over as I asked him, "Does his highness know it yet?"

"I fancy not," the chamberlain replied, as he stood at the window, and played the tattoo on the panes; "but there I see a person coming over the bridge, who will be able to tell us, if he will. You know him better than I do—call him in."

It was Baron Bilgram, who was at that time page to his highness, and whom I had often enough let in and out by night without writing his name in the book.

He came in quickly when I called him, and we hurriedly told him the whole story. I thought to myself that he would laugh at it, for he was still young and careless. At the same time, he had been at a bad school for the last half year, and had attached himself to Count Revel, who, though many years older than him, was only three or four-and-thirty, and reckoned the handsomest gentleman at court. The count was a very haughty man, and wore an expression as if he found no pleasure in anything. He was, however, very clever, and a great favourite of his highness, to whom he was first adjutant, so that nobody liked to say against him.

As the page laughed too loudly at our superstition, as he called it,

I at length became vexed, and gave vent to my anger, which is not often the case with me : for I said : " If the gracious gentleman uttered his own sentiments, I should have nothing to say against it, for the affair will prove itself. But what he now says, is only what he has heard from Count Revel, who always boasts of his free thinking, that he may not be compelled to call his faults by their right name. I am only one of the lowest at court, but the gracious gentleman would do better, if he would listen more to the advice of a humble man, than to the finesses of the count. Without God there is no real honour, and when I see how pale the gracious gentleman now looks, and remember how healthy he appeared half a year ago, it seems to me as if the count did not make the best instructor for youth."

The chamberlain was terribly alarmed at my remarks, and secretly nudged me : but I knew the baron better, for if he was not precisely handsome, he had the most honest countenance in the world, and was a true, worthy German. Nor was he at all angry ; he only laughed still more, and said, " Donnerwetter, Mathies, are you a preacher's son ?"

" The gracious gentleman tries to make the affair ridiculous," I replied, without suffering myself to be frightened ; " but still I am in the right ; we should not laugh at such a thing, for no one knows what lives between heaven and earth. And besides, it is our duty to trouble ourselves about such things, and see whether it is a ghost, or flesh and blood ; and doubly so for the gracious gentleman. For what would the princess say, if I were to tell her that Baron Bilgram laughed heartily, because the White Lady had disappeared in her apartments, and must have terrified her to death ?"

I knew very well that the page was devoted to the princess, and purposely spoke thus ; for he was almost of the same age as herself, and had been her favourite playfellow when a child. She was very fond of him too, and was always the same with him ; I really believe more so than with other men, for he was not handsome, and never flattered, but was just what he was.

Still I could not account for the terror which my last words caused him. He sprang up from his chair, his eyes sparkled, and his voice almost failed him, as he said, " That is the case, then ! I will find it out, even if a legion of devils rose to prevent me ! Trust to me, Mathies, I will not be so careless any longer."

The good boy ! I did not know that he at that time loved the princess more than his life, that he had grown so pale and thin, because he was too honourable to have love-passages with his sovereign's daughter, and could not endure the idea that his wishes could never be fulfilled. Years after, however, he told me so, when he came back wounded from Russia, and I nursed him ; this and a great deal more of my story, which I will repeat to you in his words, when I do not know it from my own experience.

Thus matters stood.

Days and nights passed in this way. At one time the White Lady showed herself, at another she remained away ; still the story was becoming known in the town with all sorts of additions, and the sentinels crossed and blessed themselves when the apparition entered the corridor ; and pressed themselves close to the wall to make room for it to pass.

Nothing had been yet said to the duke; but when, on the eighth or ninth morning, the sentry who stood in the narrow corridor near the plate-room, was found dead and dashed to pieces, sixty feet below in the palace moat; when all cried unanimously, although not a soul had witnessed it, that the White Lady had hurled him down; when the oldest and best grenadiers refused to face the ghost; they were at length compelled to tell his highness all the circumstances.

After a long consultation at the court marshal's, it was at length decided that Count von Revel, who remained perfectly cool in the whole affair, and was only vexed at the disgrace of the military, should inform the duke of the occurrence.

The audience lasted a considerable time; the count, however, came back fully satisfied, for the announcement had been received with perfect calmness. The gossip in the town appeared disagreeable to the duke, whence the conversation had principally turned on the method to be employed, by which best to prevent it. Even when the duke heard of the panic among his soldiers, he was at first silent, though he turned as red as fire, and then dismissed the adjutant with strict orders to recal all the sentries from the corridors and front passages, and leave them quite unguarded for the present. He then seated himself at his writing-table, and employed himself with other work.

I have often reflected why princes grow so clever and learn to see through people so well, although at first starting they are not a bit cleverer than other men's children. They certainly possess every advantage. They have all they want at their command, and may follow the first impulse; besides, everybody only brings his best and cleverest ideas before them. But it cannot result from this alone, for at the same time men guard themselves before them more than they do before their equals. The main thing in the matter is, that the prince regards everything, even other beings, as his own property; mine and thine, however, makes their eyes clear, just as with a jeweller who distinguishes true from false at a distance, and will not suffer himself to be deceived, if there is the slightest flaw in the brilliancy of a jewel.

In this our master was an excellent judge. He had seen at a glance that the count must have something in the background which he would not express. What it was, he of course could not so easily discover; but there were all sorts of intrigues at court, which crossed one another in such a way, that it was impossible to be cautious enough.

Such noble gentlemen do not like free-spoken persons about them at all hours of the day, and they cannot do so, or else it would be terribly difficult to govern. In a serious case, however, like this, those people rise in value into whose very heart they can see.

The duke was disquieted, as little as he allowed it to be perceived. He walked for a long while up and down his room, as gloomily and irregularly as if something were driving him to do it involuntarily. At last he rang for the page.

The baron entered, and remained standing on the threshold, not to disturb his master in his thoughts; he, however, looked him firmly and boldly in the face when he advanced towards him.—“Are you afraid of spirits?” the duke asked, and looked at him, half jestingly, half seriously.

The page's mouth revealed a slight smile, but he replied, after a little reflection, "I do not know, your highness; I never saw one yet; but I believe that if a shadowless being were to cross my path, I should avoid it, could I do so with honour."

"But if the spectre were to meet you when on duty?" the duke inquired further.

The page blushed, and was silent.

"I would not insult you, young man. A thing which is surprising can move the heart of the bravest, and you yourself confess that you do not yet know the invisible net in which mortals are entangled," the duke said, very seriously.

"I dare not say anything to the contrary, for only a trial would prove the truth of my words," the page replied. "In the end, a man can only die once, and I do not think that my heart would quake more at invisible hands, than at the bullet whose path I cannot see either."

The duke regarded him kindly. "You are in the right. Good nerves and a good conscience render a man coldblooded. I believe what you say of yourself. We will, however, render it certain: for you will be posted to-night in the corridor—you already know the reason. You will not be annoyed by company: I have withdrawn all the sentinels from this part of the palace. No one, however, must know what you have to do."

Joy beamed in the young man's eyes; a weight was taken off his overburdened heart, for he had, during the last eight days, been yearning to meet the ghost, which disappeared in the princess's apartments. But he had nearly always been on duty, and on those nights when he was disengaged, and had been on the watch, the spectre had accidentally not made its appearance.

He uttered his thanks to the prince for the confidence he placed in him, but remained in the room, although the duke had appeared to dismiss him with the words:

"At eleven o'clock, then, to your post, baron. From now till then you have leave to prepare yourself. The countersign in the old palace is 'Calmness,' and to-morrow morning at six report yourself to me. But stay," he added, as the page remained standing before him; "you have perfect *carte blanche*—if it is an impostor—dead or alive. If it is a shadow, you must ban it, for it must not come again. Well?"

"I have two requests yet to make, if your highness will grant them," the page at length said. "I have already carefully examined the path the apparition follows several times: on the upper corridor there is not space enough to stand man to man; I would prefer taking my post on the broad passage on the first floor, where the apparition must come down the narrow staircase. And in the next place, I should wish your highness to allow me to wear a common grenadier's uniform; it will be safer, for the ghost will not be able to recognise me at a distance."

"Consented," the duke said, after reflecting a little; "a good idea!" He even offered him his hand, and called to him as he quitted the room: "Bilgram, do not forget; you will do me a great service, and can employ any method—any—but no disturbance."

Soon after, I saw the young man come towards the old palace and enter

my room. He seemed quite delighted, had regained his ruddy cheeks, and he saluted me in his old hearty way.

"Can any one hear us?" he inquired.

"How could they through these walls?" I said.

"Well, then, Mathies, the duke has sent me. You must bring me a grenadier's uniform, with the accoutrements and musket, into the little anteroom before the apartments his highness formerly resided in, by half-past ten. A light is not required; I shall see as much as I want by the lamps in the broad passage. It will cost us our heads, though, if any one but yourself learns anything about it."

"At your service," I said.

A minister might have come to me, and I would not have done it without the duke's written order. But the young man's word was worth more to me than a hundred pieces of paper. Consequently I did what he requested, and no one knew anything about it, so cleverly had I contrived to procure the uniform; and I carried it in broad daylight, when no one would be surprised at seeing me enter the palace with a bundle, to the duke's former apartments.

Afterwards, on my return, I stopped to speak to the page. He pretended, however, not to be at home, and only opened the door when I mentioned my name; he then double locked it behind us.

He had a damascened dagger and his pistol-case before him, and was cleaning the arms most carefully. We examined every screw-bolt, and employed at least a quarter of an hour in selecting the best flints. At last we had finished our task.

"So," he said, "now I will sleep for a few hours, and then eat and drink, that I may have all my strength, for I have a troublesome task to-night."

"I can think it," I interrupted him.

"But you must not think," he said, "and then none of your thoughts will rise to your lips; but you can listen. Something may happen to me—is not that the expression when running a mortal risk?—well, then, I have no fortune, so I need not make a will; but you shall have my pistols, and you can tell the duke that I leave my debts to him; my mother thinks of me at all times, but to the princess you can—" He paused for a time: "Well, then, you can tell her frankly that her name will be the last word on my lips. And now make haste and be off," he added, merrily, and pushed me out of the door as if I had been a child—so powerful was the young baron.

Precisely at eleven the page went from the ducal apartments, dressed as a grenadier, into the broad passage, which was only dimly lighted, for the lamps were at some distance apart.

In the first place, he again examined the ground, and tried, for at least the tenth time, whether the stairs down which the apparition must descend were not wider than to allow him to touch both walls with his outstretched arms, if he placed himself on the lowest stair.

Then, however, his only care was to keep himself warm and awake, for it had become bitterly cold. He placed his musket in the corner, as it would be of no service to him, and walked up and down. At times he stopped before the flight of stairs which led from the upper floor, and looked up; then he walked twenty or thirty steps further than there was

any occasion to do down the broad passage towards the apartments in which the princess resided, and thought all sorts of possibilities and impossibilities, just as such a young man is wont to do.

The princess, however, was not in the palace, but at a party at the French ambassador's, who, at that time, and there were good grounds for it, was the most important of all the foreign envoys.

Shortly before twelve her carriage drove up. When I had torn the gates open, he heard the sound of the horses' hoofs re-echo from the gateway below, and he smiled at his own folly as he quickly seized his musket, for he had wished the doors of empty apartments to open before him.

As he feared that the princess, who was now coming up the passage with her ladies, might recognise him, he pulled the collar of his cloak higher up, and pressed his bearskin schako more firmly over his eyes. He grounded his musket, and drew up close to the wall, in the manner prescribed when the royal family passed a sentry in the passages, for presenting arms would have been awkward.

He had no necessity to conceal himself, for the princess hurried past, without even looking at the sentry, or hearing his heart beat. She seemed to be vexed, and in a great hurry, for dark rings shaded her eyes, and her mouth was contracted, as if she were more ready to weep than laugh.

The page heard several doors open and shut, and when he looked out into the court-yard, saw the last lights extinguished in the garret-rooms. All was quiet: he could only hear the clang of his own footsteps.

In this way midnight was long passed. The page thought at one moment on the princess, at another on his annoyance if the apparition did not present itself, and the long looked-for opportunity be deferred.

Fortunately the cold always aroused him from his reveries, and compelled him to think, before all, how he should keep his hands and feet warm.

Still he did not take his eye off the stairs, and that which he expected really took place, when he had nearly resigned all hope.

And yet a cold shudder seized upon him when, without the slightest previous sound, a white figure appeared at the stair-head, and began descending, without the least noise.

The page quickly roused himself, loosed the dagger in the sheath, threw his cloak behind him, walked to the stairs, and stood with outstretched arms in such a position that the apparition must necessarily walk into his arms, unless it turned back.

It came down slowly, step by step, without a moment's hesitation, though it must have seen the grenadier at the foot of the stairs long before. The page repeatedly told me that all the blood in his body seemed to have rushed to his head, and a shower of sparks dazzled his eyes. He did not, however, quit his position.

When the figure was six steps above him, he cried, "Halt! in the duke's name!"

The figure stopped, and motioned to him with its hand. He did not trouble himself about this, for he had regained his self-possession and his coolness. "You will not pass me," he exclaimed, "until I know who or what you are!"

The page must have been well prepared, for he had scarce uttered the

words before the figure leaped upon him like a tiger on its prey, and tried to hurl him to the ground.

It did not succeed, however. The page seized the man in his arms, almost without yielding a step, and a silent struggle commenced, about which he never liked to speak afterwards, for he felt from the commencement that his assailant was the stronger, and determined on having his enemy's life for his own; he did not hope to gain the victory, and he was too proud to call for assistance.

His only good fortune was, that his assailant must have walked some distance in the cold, so that his fingers were benumbed, and he was not able to draw his dagger, which the baron plainly felt beneath his dress, when he pressed him closely to him in the death-struggle.

Thus they at length fell to the ground, one above the other alternately, so that the page felt the warm breath, which streamed out from behind his enemy's silken mask. At length, however, the page managed to draw his dagger, and, in his unbounded fury, was about to strike, when his opponent suddenly quitted his hold, and whispered, as if ashamed to beg his life—"Bilgram, I am Revel; I give myself up on my word, but listen to me!"

The page hesitated a moment before withdrawing the dagger from his breast; but a sudden attack of trembling assailed him; he loosed his hold and rose to his feet. Quite exhausted, he leaned against the wall, the strangest thoughts flitted across his mind, like swallows round a church tower, where one is no sooner gone than another arrives; until, at length, the duke's words occurred to him, "He must not come again."

His opponent had, in the mean while, also risen, and they stood opposite one another for a while, gasping for breath.

At length the page said, "I must know what you do here, if I am to help myself and you."

"A short question—a short reply," the count rejoined; "I love the Princess Marie, and she loves me in return. They have shut her up, so that I can only reach her by employing this superstitious tale. She and I are both lost if you speak."

"She loves him, and she is lost." A sharp pain pierced the page's heart; but after long reflection, he said, "You have broken your oath to your master, Revel—I despise you for it—and yet I will risk my word and trust to yours. Promise me, on your honour, that you will never attempt this again, and never tell the princess who or what is the cause of it, then I will save you for her sake."

The count promised. The baron led him hurriedly into the anteroom, where he changed his own dress, and silently intimated to the count, that he should put on the grenadier's cloak and follow him. Then he accompanied him to the gate, and said to me, when I had let the count out, and was again fastening the bolt—"The Count von Revel's name must not be entered in the book; everything else is in order, Mathies. I will go and have a sound sleep: mind that I am called precisely at five o'clock, for I must take in my report at six."

He must have been tired to death, he looked so sad, and his eyes were quite dim. In consequence, I did not ask him any further questions, but wished him "Good night."

The next morning the duke admitted him directly, though his highness had hardly left his bed, and received him with a meaning inquiry, "And now, my dear baron!"

"It will not return, your highness," the page replied, and was then silent.

"But what was it?" the duke asked, with evident pleasure.

"It will not return, your highness," the page repeated. "I pledge you my word. That I may be allowed to pass over the details is a favour which my prince, as first gentleman of the land, will not refuse me, for my honour closes my lips."

The duke was astonished; still thoughts may have occurred to him, to which he did not like to give way, and which it were better to veil in mystery. He walked hurriedly to the page, and said: "Your word is enough—have you any favour to ask? If so, it is granted you beforehand."

"Your highness's kindness has prevented a request which I hardly dared ask. I hear that the 2nd Regiment of Hussars has received orders to march, and I should desire to be appointed to it."

The prince looked at him, and nodded; he, however, made no other reply to this request, although he dismissed the page very kindly.

In the anteroom, Count von Revel was waiting as usual. He and the page saluted one another, because the other adjutants were standing around; but from that time they never spoke again, nor, I believe, did they ever meet.

Now they are all gone, and their restlessness has become peace.

The best of them all death carried off first. The page entered on the campaign as captain, and returned a colonel and a cripple. There was no hope that the invalid would recover, although the duke did everything in his power to save him. The colonel stopped one summer with us in Monplaisir, and the duke entrusted him to my care. I do not think, though, that he would have lasted so long had not Queen Marie been paying a visit to her father at the time. He only lived by the sunshine of the heavens and the light of her eyes, and when the brown leaves fell, they fell upon a grave.

The queen was never happy; the Count von Revel alone enjoyed himself all his life, for he understood, better than any one else, how to be cautious and careless at the same time, and that is always the safest on slippery ground. At last they say he became a Catholic, and according to the old proverb this would be very possible. Well! God be merciful to his soul! I never could bear him.

II.

THE STORY OF PALE SOPHIE.

I POSSESS an old telescope, through which I must look a long time before seeing anything except all the colours of the rainbow; but all at once I get the right focus, and the furthest tree stands so near and distinctly before me, that I might fancy I could catch hold of it.

It seems to me always as if I were looking through this telescope when I think of my childhood's years; all rises before my mind in a thousand various hues, till a few things, important and unimportant,

stand out as distinctly, as if I had seen and experienced them but yesterday.

My clearest recollection is of a tall, veiled woman, who lived for a time near us in a bark hut in the beech wood behind the forest, which the father of our deceased duke had built, but which was afterwards pulled down, although it formed a capital shooting pavilion, as the family did not like to be reminded by it of what had occurred there.

Round this hut was a plantation of beech-trees encircling a flower-garden, which the forester at the pheasantry had to keep in order.

On this account we children were strictly forbidden to pass through the gate; but much more so when the stranger resided there. As, however, she hardly ever quitted the garden, and when she did so was closely veiled, we were almost afraid of her, and did not know what answer to give, when she accidentally met us and spoke to us in the forest.

One afternoon, however, I was standing, without thinking of the lady, in the middle of the road between the forestry and the pavilion, so busily engaged in plaiting a new lash to my whip, that I did not see her approaching, until she roughly seized me by the arm and thrust me on one side, saying, "Away, away! when you are grown up, you will also be my enemy!"

I stood as if struck by lightning; I did not shout for assistance, nor cry, nor run away; I could only look at her—but what I saw, I shall never forget were I to live a hundred years longer.

Thus must a Bad Angel look when driven from Heaven. Her broad forehead, her fiery black eyes, are still vividly before me; her face was as pale as marble, and the colour had deserted her pouting lips!

She had been long gone, and still I saw her constantly before me; it was all so extraordinary to me, that when I reached home I could not even tell what had happened to me, but hid my tearful face in my mother's lap, as she sat in the front of the house, with a party of friends.

I did not learn the explanation of it until I was grown up, and made assistant to my father, with a prospect of succeeding him at the pheasantry.

My old gentleman, when he told a story, liked to draw a moral from it, and thus, one day as we were passing the hedge behind which the pavilion formerly stood, and where a plantation is now formed, he said, "Whenever I pass here, I must always laugh at our clergyman, who continually preaches that misfortune brings a blessing. It is, however, only healthy for those who know the advantages of being patient. But when misfortune presses too heavily on a man, and more especially on a young one, so that he at length gives way to despair, we may consider it a blessing if he bears up manfully against it, and an evil spirit does not gain possession of him and convert a good heart into a bad one. Had the clergyman only seen what I experienced within this hedge, he would be glad to give up his cavilling."

"How so?" I asked.

You must be well aware (he rejoined), that Duke Maximilian, the father of our present sovereign, was well in years before he married, and in consequence, at his death, Prince Leopold was appointed regent, as the crown prince was still a minor.

Originally it had been Duke Maximilian's intention never to marry,

for he was a very easy gentleman, and did not possess the slightest ambition. His brother Leopold, who was at least twenty years younger, and in the prime of life, he determined should be his successor, for he was married, and afforded every prospect of having a large family, although his wife had, till now, only made him the happy father of two daughters.

But these plans were all converted into water when it was proved, by the story I am going to tell you, how unhappily Prince Leopold lived with his wife, because he was faithless and she jealous. In their immediate neighbourhood this dissension was, naturally, well known; but no open breach took place as long as the prince lived at his chateau of Scharffeneck, for he was very fond of sporting, and probably did not care to reside under the immediate surveillance of his brother and lord in the residence.

At that time I was attached to the forestry of Scharffeneck. We foresters, however, did not live in the chateau, but about two miles off, at Wurzach, where you only stayed till your fifth year, because at that time we were removed to the pheasantry.

When there was nothing doing in planting or shooting, this Wurzach was the most tedious place in the world to live in. Besides ourselves, there was only one educated man, the clergyman Geier, and he was not accessible, for he played the pietist, and considered our profession sufficiently damnable; besides, his large family claimed the greater part of his time, although at present all cares for them were removed. He had only a boy and a girl left at home, his other daughters were all well married, and one supported the other so powerfully that they were all highly esteemed, and I did not dare say openly how much their eternal humility and their eternal tenderness disgusted me.

This clerical haughtiness pleased me the less the more I saw of it, so that at last the parson and myself only met when business brought us together; and once each year at the Feast of the Fountain, when we, according to old custom, were bound to be merry together.

This festival took place every year on the third holiday after Whitsuntide, on which all, young and old, great and small, came together, from a circle of ten miles, in Wurzach, so that frequently 2000 people congregated in this narrow mountain gorge.

In the first place, the trough was cleansed at an early hour, which begins at the end of the village, and was purchased from the peasants a hundred years or more back by the seigneurie, to feed the fountains at the chateau of Scharffeneck. Then the lads, who kept the source clean, fetched their present from the chateau, and spent it again directly. It was the custom that these fellows should have fools' holiday on this day, to do what they pleased, and say what they liked, without any one finding the least cause of offence in it. In remembrance of the first workmen who had formed the watercourse, and had stood for days in wet and dirt, it was the fashion that the lads should wear their oldest clothes, put on masks, take branches of May in their hands, and march with a band of music through the village and over the spring meadow. This caused much laughter, for here and there there would be one among them whose tongue was not properly hung, and who could not make use of

his mother wit; but all of them had sense enough to lay hold of the young girls they met, and to steal a kiss from them.

The parson preached most zealously every year on the preceding day against this immoral custom, and yet always appeared most punctually at the feast, which the bailiff gave at the Lion; he also came regularly with his youngest children on his arm down upon the meadow, in order to meet his relations, or because he prided himself that his presence kept the lads within proper bounds. No doubt he also remembered that he had found his daughters husbands at this festival, although they had no fortune except a pretty face, and the linen they had spun for themselves.

He always had a new reason for his appearance. On this occasion he had no necessity to search far. He knew, when he met me at table, that I had already had my appointment to the pheasantry in my pocket, and only intended to let the holidays pass before leaving my present abode. I was very well aware that he was delighted to get rid of me, and I consequently almost laughed in his face when he assured me that he had only come down to be merry with me for the last time. The hypocrite!

But wine makes up many differences: we drank together, and after dinner I even went with him down to the meadow, when the pranks and dances of the disguised lads were already in full swing.

When we had been standing there a little while, the parson's youngest daughter came towards us and took him by the arm.

I hardly knew her again. The last time I had seen her she was a half-grown thing, who would probably grow into a tall and pretty girl, to judge by the graceful feet and hands which peeped out from her faded and outgrown calico frock. Formerly Sophie had been as shy and timid as a roe: now she had come back, after stopping for three-quarters of a year with her sister, the wife of the farmer on the Scharffeneck estate, and saluted me as boldly as if she had been a countess. To tell the truth, though, she had grown into a very beautiful girl.

From our first acquaintance I had liked to tease the girl, for she was the only one of the family who had any sense about her—loved pleasure merely because it was pleasure, and had not always the Scripture in her mouth. Consequently I did not suffer myself to be daunted by her ceremonious manner, but said, laughingly, "You have learned good manners in the poultry-yard, Sophiechen: that is all very good and proper; but you must remember that even princesses do not behave haughtily to their old acquaintances."

The rogue peeped out from every dimple in her face, and she was just going to open her ruddy lips to answer me, when one of the masked lads came out of the throng, embraced her, and kissed her delicious lips. He disappeared again like the wind, for the whole band seemed joined in the plot, and laughed loudly, while the pastor, pale with anger, threatened the wicked fellow with the wrath of God.

Their laughter, however, soon came to a speedy end: for one of the twelve maskers (for this was the number from the village) suddenly perceived that they were all together, and yet they had seen the culprit just before run down the meadow and disappear in the bushes. He must, consequently, be a supernumerary. This altered the whole affair: for

such a liberty could not be allowed a stranger. The most violent among them ran with sticks towards the spot, where he had been last seen.

Although they traversed half the hill of the chateau like bloodhounds, their expedition was fruitless. When they at length returned, they had met nobody, except some girls, who were going to gather wood, and Prince Leopold, who was taking his customary walk with his two wolf dogs along the brow of the hill to the Swiss chalet.

Anger, which has no object, does not endure long : in half an hour afterwards there was no one on the whole meadow who thought seriously of the matter, except myself, for the clergyman's rage had rendered him blind. I took care not to breathe a syllable, although I had clearly seen that the masquer whispered a word to the girl and placed a hand round her waist, which was very white and thin. Besides, she had kissed him heartily in return, which she would not have done to a perfect stranger.

It seemed to me that there was some love affair in progress, and as I liked the girl, I wished to know whether there were anything reasonable in it.

The pastor was thundering away, for he considered it a mere excuse on the part of the lads, that they tried to throw the blame on a stranger. He had at last found the bailiff in the crowd, and while telling his wrongs, sawed his hands about, so that he was forced to let go of the girl.

I therefore walked up to her and looked sharply at her. She did not, however, let her eyes fall, but only smiled, and carelessly plucked a wreath of flowers, which the peasant girls had hung over her arm.

"Take care of your wreath, Sophie, lest it fade," I said, half seriously, half laughingly.

"Flowers are made to fade," she replied.

"Yes, yes ; but at the right season and in the right place," I said.

"I saw it all, and do not think much good will come of it."

She turned pale and red, looked timidly round to her father, and made me a sign with her hand, as if she begged me in Heaven's name to be silent.

If she had had a sensible father, I should not have been silent. But there is no talking to a fool, who, through his vanity, will not listen to the truth ; consequently I let matters rest, and only whispered in her ear :

"Take good advice from an old friend, and let it drop."

These were the last words I spoke with her alone. It is true she helped my wife in packing ; but then there were always others about, and I am not one of those who like to say too much in such love affairs. For through such behaviour, a poor creature, when her heart is once gone, only becomes more confused, and throws herself head foremost into the danger, be it only to know at least what it is, for which she is so constantly chided and upbraided.

The following summer and winter I sat in clover at the pheasantry, for my income was greatly improved, and I had very little to do. The reigning prince was too lazy to shoot much, and Prince Leopold, who usually kept all the foresters on the trot, had been away since the previous October with the army, and afterwards, when the troops were recalled,

had visited several courts in a diplomatic capacity. The real reason for his absence, however, was that he did not care to be with his evil genius, our gracious princess, as long as he had a valid excuse. Yes, it was even said that he did not intend to return at all, and desired a separation; but those at all versed in court matters did not believe it, more especially as the princess was again in the expectation of becoming a mother.

The winter had therefore seemed very long to me, the more so, as we did not have any real winter weather. Warm and cold, rain and snow, varied every hour, and at last, in March, an after winter fell upon us, which caused great injury to the woods and the crops.

Thus it came that I sat a good deal at home, and made up my books, or studied the paper, which several of us took in together. I was pleased with myself, for by degrees I became a decent politician, and could form my own ideas, and even explain how affairs would end.

Saturday was always the principal day in the week, for, in the evening, the woman brought the papers, and my wife would then come into the room with the packet and the light at the same time.

The last day of March, 1793, was also a Saturday. I had got my pipe all in readiness, the light was placed in the room, but no messenger arrived. In truth there was such a storm without, that I would not have driven a dog out into it; and though I longed for the newspaper, I was reasonable enough to content myself with spelling over the old ones.

My wife was in the back buildings, attending to a sick child of the keeper, and I had already sleep in my eyes, when the dogs began barking, and the newspaper woman, as I thought, knocked at the door. I sprang up, seized the light, and hurried down stairs to draw back the bolt.

"Make haste and come in out of the witches' weather," I cried to the woman, as she seemed to hesitate; "the dogs are chained up, and will not hurt you when I am by, stupid thing!" I stretched my hand out into the darkness, and drew her in by the arm, while closing the door with my foot.

An angler, however, would not be more terrified if he were to pull out a snake when fishing for a carp than I was when, instead of the messenger, I saw Sophie before me, though hardly to be recognised, for her hair and clothes were dripping wet, and she trembled from cold and terror.

"Oh, Herr Dietrich, do not spurn me. I will tell you all. I am not wicked!" she exclaimed, and tried to throw herself at my feet.

I raised her, however, and soon perceived what was the matter. The affair did not appear to me quite right; for I do not like to enter a stream without first knowing how deep it is; and though I had served great gentlemen faithfully all my life, yet I never had voluntarily plucked cherries with them, or known any of their secrets.

Yet what could I do, when the unhappy creature was already standing on my threshold? I said, therefore, as I raised her on her feet again, "You must first get calm and dry, Sophie, and do not play any stage tricks; they will be of no use here."

I took her by the arm, led her into the room, and after drawing my arm-chair to the stove, placed her in it. Her eyes were almost closed,

although she did her utmost to look me in the face, and read my thoughts.

She looked so unhappy that the tears even filled my eyes; I felt so sorry for the bundle of misery before me. I therefore consoled her a little, and looked her kindly in the face. "Only keep your head above water. Many a thing seems worse than it really is, and you know that I am your friend, and one of those who say the best of past matters, as that is the only way of deriving any benefit from them. Only calm yourself first."

She tried to smile, but, instead of it, broke out again into a torrent of tears. I am no great hand at such things, so I said, "Yes, have your cry out first; in the mean while I will fetch my wife, that she may get you a basin of soup and a bed ready."

With these words I quitted the room, and did not let myself be seen again all that night. For in such a case two women will sooner come to an understanding when the husband is away; and I was well aware what a kind, compassionate heart your mother possessed.

We gave the poor girl the upper room, and let her rest for a couple of days; for when a horse is determined to bolt, whistling and flogging are of no avail; afterwards they are of service.

In this we were both agreed; but I should not like to have to pass such a time again, for your mother's eyes were red with crying the whole day, and she complained bitterly of the misfortune that Sophie should be so handsome.

At length, however, a bright spring day arrived: there was plenty of snow still lying, it is true, in the drains and among the rocks; but the sun shone, and the birds were tuning their throats on the bare branches, all along the sandy road which passes by the pheasantry.

I called the girl and requested her to take a walk with me: she was soon ready, although at first frightened, for she knew the time was come for her to confess.

I did not beat about the bush long: but when we had walked some distance up the *allée*, I said:

"We should not fancy, on looking at the leafless trees all round, that within a few weeks they will be green once more! In the same way, you now imagine that you are the most unhappy being in the world; yet, within a year and a day you will laugh and be merry again. Be only sincere, that I may know how to help you, and tell me, before all, who your lover is."

She seized me impetuously by the hand, then stopped, and said:

"My misfortune is that I cannot forget, either in evil or good estate. Yes, if you had been still living in Wurzach, I should perhaps have been able to speak, and things might have been different; but now it is all over. I know that I cannot die immediately; but my heart does not beat for any one, save him; and the light of my life is extinguished."

"You must not evade my question, Sophie, but tell me who your lover is, for that is the main thing," I said.

"You must not be angry, Herr Dietrich, because this name cannot pass my lips. If I had wished to betray him three months back, they had not dared to trample on me. But my secret has now been dearly bought with suffering. I dare only reveal it to you, if you will give me

a sacred promise not to speak with any one about it, not even with my dear husband. He has enough to endure already; and my sufferings would not be alleviated were I to throw half the burden upon him."

The girl's determination for silence was, however, more powerful than her good-will to speak candidly with me. She ceased, and then said, "I cannot!"

"Well, then, I will help you," I replied, "for the ice must be broken sooner or later. Your lover is the illustrious prince. And now tell me how he formed your acquaintance."

She looked at me again and again with astonishment. Then she began, hurriedly and monotonously, like a child repeating its hymn when the teacher has helped it to remember the first word:

"When I was at my sister's, at the Sharffeneck farm. Our kitchen-garden joined the park, and when I walked up and down there last year, in the first spring sunshine, with my knitting in my hands, I saw him wandering about mournfully in the park. My brother-in-law had told me how unhappy their life was in the chateau, and I could not understand it. He could not have had a single friend, except his great dogs, which gambolled about him with such glee, that, at times, he raised his weary eyes and looked at them.

"I was so sorry for him, that tears filled my eyes the first time he spoke to me over the wall, about indifferent matters. He asked me why I was crying, and I told him, 'for his sake.' And when he came again and again, and at last confessed to me that I could render him happy, I believed him. Then I heard all his sufferings, and I saw nothing wrong in my conduct, for I am free and he is free, while such a wife has no claim upon him in the sight of God."

"H'm, h'm!" I said, but she would not be disturbed.

"It was he, too, who kissed me at the festival, and he met me each evening in the wood till he was obliged to go to the wars.

"Then I was all alone, and I became frightened. I told my mother my fears just before Christmas, but did not say a word about my dear husband, and my mother told father, and father my brothers-in-law, and they held a council.

"The next evening, when it had grown dark, my father took me by the hand and led me into his study. He wished to know for the last time who my lover was, but I was silent. Then he gave me my bundle, and two crowns wrapped up in paper, opened the house door, and thrust me out, saying, 'I have no daughter, remember that, and if you are not quite lost to shame, you will change your name and bury your disgrace in obscurity.'"

"The barbarian!" I exclaimed.

"Oh! I did not cry," she continued, "and went down the village into the fields. When I came to the trough my brother suddenly stood before me, and fell upon my neck.

"'I will remain by you,' he consoled me, 'if the others are unmerciful, and will take care that you do not starve.'"

"What?" I cried, in amazement. "Stupid Fritz—if I had known that he had such a heart in his body I would not have refused to take him as apprentice when your father asked me—now I am really sorry for it."

"I had the same opinion as yourself of the boy, for he was reckoned the fool of the family, because nothing could be made of him, for he can do nothing but write well and play the piano, and no two ideas fitted together in his head, although they were all excellent separately. But on this night I believed all he said, and found it perfectly correct.

"He must have been thinking about it a long while, for he brought me father's fur gloves, a lantern, and a shawl from my mother, and said, when I began weeping bitterly and wished to send him back: 'You need only be calm; if we go along the footpath, over the Landenberg, we shall cross the frontier in three hours. There is a post-house close by, where we will pass the night, and to-morrow we will go to Hohenburg. That is a large town, where no one will notice us; and besides, our organist, who taught me the piano, is much respected there, and first teacher at the girls' school. He will procure me pupils and papers to copy, for he is the only person who loves me. You can sew and knit, and so we shall manage. I am tired of our family, and will not be looked upon always as a useless bread-eater. When a fellow is seventeen years old, like me, he is no longer a child.'

"I derived hope when I heard him speak thus; and all turned out as he anticipated. After the first few weeks we had no occasion to starve in Hohenburg; day after day passed away; the prince would soon return to help us.

"My father, however, must have been making inquiries about us. Two days before I came to you the police entered our room and dragged my brother off, to send him home as a runaway apprentice; but they told me that I must leave the town within twelve hours, or I should be sent to the house of correction."

"Cross and lightning!" I exclaimed, "could your father be such a — man? But so it is, the pietists behave the worst, for they are barbarous for the sake of Heaven!"

"Then I did not know," Sophie said, as she began to weep, "what I should do, except come to you, Herr Dietrich, for you told me formerly that you were my sincere friend."

"Yes! and your family shall not torment you any more," I answered, and passed my hand over her black, glossy locks. "I have, God be thanked, food enough in the house, and courage enough beneath my coat. I only beg you, when the prince returns, to leave me altogether out of the affair. It cannot be long first, for I read in the paper that he would reach the Residence by the 1st of May. You must mind and not go too far away from the house; and it will be better for you to live in the pavilion. Besides, when I go to town to-day to deliver the game, I will buy you a thick veil, so that no one can recognise you, if they meet you by accident."

Her face grew quite bright when she heard of the prince's speedy arrival, and from that time she employed herself all through April diligently in sewing and reading, did not weep so much, and her cheeks again became smooth and blooming. The only thing I had to complain about was, that busy with her thoughts, she would wander further into the wood than I liked, for the devil might play some trick. There was something on her mind which drove her out, although she wished to obey me; and at last I said no more about it, for in other respects she was

most quiet and retired, and did everything, even before my wife or myself could ask her.

The news that the prince would return on the 1st of May, and bring illustrious guests with him, was correct enough; the head forester told me so himself, when I took my books up to Monplaisir on the 30th of April.

In consequence, when I returned home, I proposed to my wife that she should invite all our friends in the neighbourhood to come to us on the 1st of May, as we had not seen them for some time. On this day we were certain, in consequence of Prince Leopold's return to the Residence, that none of the royal family would come up, and when the duke had once removed to Monplaisir, we should not have an hour at liberty. She was willing. As, however, we did not wish any chattering, or inquiries, I ordered Sophie to remain the whole day in the pavilion, and locked the door myself upon her, in order to be quite certain, after I had taken her some food.

In those days we used to be merrier than we are now, as we did not spend so much in dress and that sort of nonsense. As the 1st of May was a glorious day, my wife had put the dinner-table under the chestnut trees before the house, and we were all in charming humour.

We had finished dinner: the men were sitting over their coffee, while the women and girls were running about and having their gossip out. I had not spared the wine, and we were already beginning not to care for anything that took place within fifty yards of us. Certain things, though, never escape a sportsman's ear, even if he is half deaf. The peasant waggons rolled past the house, without a soul turning to look at them; but suddenly your godfather, the forester Von Ellingen, said: "By Jupiter! I hear the sound of horses' hoofs behind us, which must belong to some royal equipage."

He was quite right; almost before we could wipe our beards and rise from our seats an open carriage drove up with two ladies, without any further escort than a livery servant behind.

We drew up in rank and file; but I thought I should have a stroke, and my face must have looked strange enough, when the Princess Leopold got down, walked straight to me, and said:

"You need not disturb yourself, Monsieur Dietrich; I had a fancy to spend the pleasantest day of the year under the forest-trees. You can remain with your guests; only give me the keys of the pavilion, that we may rest there a little while. Your wife will perhaps be kind enough to bring us a glass of milk and some black bread, with some of her excellent butter; we mean to live like country folk to-day."

The princess was really a pretty woman, and could be very affable when she pleased; but the thought that she was a king's daughter left her no peace, and jealousy had made her cold as ice. No one ever knew exactly how to take her, least of all on this day.

Still I did not like the idea of being taken by storm, and told her that I was proud of the honour done to my house; but that, with all possible devotion, I would advise her not to go to the pavilion, as the garden was not dry yet, and the walls and atmosphere might be damp.

She had got the idea in her head once for all, and insisted upon it.

"Then, at least, I will go first, and open the shutters, so that the warm

air may blow through it for half an hour," I said, and was going to hurry away.

She held me firmly by the arm, however : " I am sure it is not necessary, dear forester. I will go with you at once ; I will only speak a couple of words to your wife."

She was remarkably gracious with my Catharine, who had now hurried up, and had not half finished her curtseys. Then, however, the princess motioned me to precede her, and followed close at my heels.

I did not know whether I should walk fast or slow, for I clearly perceived that she must have gained some scent of Sophie's affair, for, at other times, she was so anxious about her beauty and health ; and her present situation rendered such precautions doubly necessary.

I felt about as cheerful as a sinner on his road to the gallows, when he at length knows that there is no escape for him. And still less was I frightened about the disgrace which must fall upon me, than about the noise which two women would make who meet on this battle-field ; for, when the question is about such a mine and thine, all respect and rank are forgotten.

Still, for all that, I did not lose my head, but hurried on like lightning ; when we reached the garden-gate, quickly unlocked the pavilion door, but pretended to be greatly surprised, as if I had found it open, and begged the princess, who hastily followed me, to pardon it, that a young woman, a relation of ours, was in the pavilion before we came, who had retired here without saying a word to any one, because we had been too noisy for her.

The princess nodded graciously, as if to intimate that it was of no consequence ; but I saw that she assumed her royal countenance.

I, like a fool, had forgotten that she must necessarily know the girl, for Sophie had been ten months at the Scharffeneck farm, every window of which can be seen from the chateau.

" Ah, indeed ! the clergyman's pretty daughter from Wurzach !" the princess said, as she walked into the middle of the room. " I did not know that she was married. Who is the fortunate being ?"

What would I not have given to prompt Sophie with some falsehood ! I made signs to her secretly that she should answer in this way ; the affair could have been hushed up, for the moment at least.

But the girl either did not, or would not understand me. She remained for a while fixed like a statue, but at length said in a low voice, without raising her eyes, " I am not married."

The princess attacked me.

" How can he dare to bring me near such a creature ! It is most disgraceful, and more especially so in this case. What will become of our subjects if the daughters of the clergy thus openly ridicule morality and propriety ?"

I have had one firm principle ever since I was a lad. If I am in the wood, and a shower commences, I run as hard as I can to get under shelter. When the storm, however, has got me firmly, I walk slowly, and let it pour over me ; for I must become wet, and what is the use of troubling myself in the bargain ?

I thought the same on this occasion : " Keep quiet and let it pour !" In consequence, I made no reply, but made a motion towards the girl to lead her away.

But Sophie walked up close to the princess, and looked so boldly in her face with her black eyes that I was quite pleased at it, since matters had gone so far, for the princess could not support her glance, however much she forced herself to do so.

Sophie was pale as marble, and remained so during her whole life from that hour; her lips quivered and trembled as she said:

"Too much is too much! How dare the princess upbraid me, when she herself——"

"Impudent creature!" the princess exclaimed in her anger, "you would insult my husband!"

"Your husband who hates you—your husband who loves me," Sophie said, almost in a whisper; but contempt spoke in her every feature. "Trample on me, torture him, and then I swear to you your husband will become mine!"

The girl rushed out, and the princess sank without a word into the chair upon which her rival had so lately been sitting.

When we at length brought the princess to her senses, and the convulsions ceased, we carried her in a half dying state to her carriage. I blessed God that she was, at least, gone, apologised to my guests, who stood stupidly around, and could not understand it at all, and after saddling my best horse, galloped at full speed to Prince Leopold in the Residence.

I found him still dressed in travelling costume, and perfectly furious that his wife had gone out secretly this morning, not to be found to greet him on his return. Still he listened to me calmly, when I told him all, how it happened from the commencement, first with Sophie and then with the princess.

He then gave me directions to bring the girl that same evening, as soon as I reached home, with great secrecy to the house of his physician in ordinary at the Residence, where he would have everything prepared in the mean while. He then dismissed me very kindly:

"Adieu, Dietrich; you are an honest fellow, and no one shall do you any harm. But I fear, greatly, that Sophie is in the right; she will become my wife. I will not be condemned to unhappiness all my life merely because I am a prince. Remember me to my angel, and console her till I can do so myself."

I was happy as a prince when I had delivered the girl that same evening to Dr. Klein, for she was entirely altered since the terrible scene. If ever I believed in an evil spirit, it was during this night's drive, for Sophie said nothing but, "She or I—she or I! If I knew a spell by which to kill her, I would utter it with joy!"

From this point I do not know the rest of the story so exactly, for I even avoided inquiring about it.

The separation, however, could not be effected so easily. The reigning duke, who alone could grant permission, was very angry about the scandal, and because he was disturbed in his own comfort and forced to marry, that he might have an heir to the throne.

We cannot, either, blame the princess, because she did not make room for the parson's daughter, or let herself be condemned in her youthful days to perpetual widowhood, for a princess is to be pitied in such a case; in the first place she is often married against her will, and even if she

separates from her husband afterwards, that does not give her her liberty again as it does other women.

An accident is the best thing to solve such a difficulty. Thus, very fortunately, the princess expired within a year, and, soon afterwards, the prince was united to Sophie with the left hand, by permission of Duke Maximilian, who had, in the mean while, been blessed with a son.

The married couple lived quietly and happily, as everybody said, but nearly always in foreign parts, until Duke Maximilian himself died, and Prince Leopold was compelled to undertake the regency.

Though at court and in town, the imperial Countess von Geierstein, as Sophie was now called, was not beloved, however much good she did, and however little she interfered in matters which did not concern a woman. The common people never saw her smile, and at court all was as quiet as in a monastery, or in a house where some one had lately died. The blame was also attached to her, that the prince regent took away so much money from the country, to spend it in his eternal travels through Europe.

From these reasons folks were also disposed to say evil of Sophie, and the story was long current, that she had never been cheerful since the cook to the former princess confessed on his dying bed, "that he had given the princess something to render the countess well disposed towards him."

Even at the present day I can form no clear idea on the subject, and it is a difficult task to do so. For whenever any one who is in the way dies suddenly at court, people cry "Poison!" directly, though it may have been the most ordinary disease.

However, a true blessing and real joy never rested, most certainly, on this branch of the family.

A VOICE TO THE SAD.

BY G. W. THORNBURY.

THERE'S always sunshine somewhere in the world,
For when 'tis night with us 'tis well nigh day
Where Tamerlane his flame-dyed flag unfurled,
Casting a shade o'er Indus ages past,
Leaving the deserts thrilling with his blast.
The cloud that's dark to us hath silver lining
That tips with azure frost our neighbour's roof;
'Tis often but a thousand dyes combining
That woven from the tempest's dusky woof.
And when we fear it's heaven-molten fire
Will fuse our city to one common pyre,
It bursteth like the seed-pod of a flower,
And 'stead of death comes down the balmy shower—
Our long-expected wish, and our desire.

FURTHER EXTRACTS FROM THE COMMONPLACE-BOOK OF A LATELY DECEASED AUTHOR.

SHADOWS ON CHURCH WALLS.

THE Rev. Robert Conglomery snatches up the last trumpet with irreverent hand, and plays upon it the most fashionable hymn-tunes, with the richest roulades and the newest variations, and all to tickle the ears of his hearers and to fill his pews. Then there's the Rev. Curius W——, that ecclesiastical son of Anak, whose sermons are almost as long as himself, and embrace as many subjects as yesterday's *Times*. He speaks as if each word was accompanied by a blow; his wh's whistle like a sword cutting the air, his sentences conclude with an emphatic compression, like the last twist of a thumb-screw, and he mounts the pulpit-stairs as if he was mounting a Papist scaffold. Add to these the Rev. C—— of Cheltenham, the apostle of Pump-rooms, to whom the ladies erected a pyramid of worked slippers in the city of waters, where they discuss the Pope between the tea and the muffins; and last comes Dr. C——, who one month writes a book to expound the Apocalypse, and next month writes another to refute his own arguments.

THE PERFECT MEN.

In the middle ages, great men united a dozen different sciences, and excelled in all. Now we're puny, and talent is subdivided. Michael Angelo was sculptor, architect, painter, and poet. Now, we have the education of parts: the harper's finger, the jockey's knee, the engraver's eye, the dancer's foot. We prune a tree back to one branch to get any fruit at all, and when it comes 'tis stunted.

SOBRIQUETS.

The English poor, in spite of their dulness, are often happy in their nicknames. I remember an old commodore at Dover who was called by the sailors "Admiral Wholebones," because he always escaped danger by never running into it; and during a very severe engagement with two French frigates, off Cherbourg, unfortunately could not find his slippers till just as the enemy sheered off. A usurer's house in Gloucestershire was known as "Pinchpoor Castle;" and I have heard of a doctor famous for decimating the infant population, who got the name of "Herod" from his constant "massacre of the Innocents."

WATERING-PLACES.

A facetious friend of mine, while spending a season at Ems, proposed, and actually carried into operation, a plan of classifying the company at the daily *table d'hôte* according to the rank of their disease. Thus: A severe liver complaint sat at the head of the table and carved, while his *vis-à-vis* was a disordered spleen; St. Vitus's Dance opened the ball, and a very respectable palsy presided at the tea-table. When I last heard from him he was trying to obtain a patent for a new sort of waistcoat for aldermen, with an india-rubber back, adapted for civic dinners, warranted to expand to any size, but to burst at a safe distance from

apoplexy, as a safety signal to the wearer. My friend is a man who rides several hobbies at once, like your clown at the circus—he is mathematical, hydrostatical, everything but practical—his house is lumbered up with disordered air-pumps and broken Leyden phials. The other day he invented a fire-engine on an entirely new principle. You were to pull a wire, which released a spring, which set a wheel going, which turned a tap, which let out gas, which put out the fire. The old engine was sold as antiquated, and the new favourite solemnly installed in its place. Two days after a dreadful fire broke out in the old family house. The wonder of science was hauled forth. Nothing could work better than spring, wheel, wire, and tap; but, unfortunately, by the time the whole machinery was fairly set a-going, the house was entirely burnt to the ground.

SEA-SICKNESS.

There is an amusing old legend I have read in some mouldy chronicle, of an island that long remained unconquered, from a rumour that gained ground amongst the people of the mainland that it was surrounded by an enchanted sea; for whenever their canoes put forth to reach its coast, the crews were instantly seized with uncontrollable vomiting, yea, almost unto death, loathing their food, and calling on those round them to slay them with knives or spears; and believing this the effect of some sea god's vengeance, they always put back, and so, for two centuries, the island remained free. To me it seems clear that this is sea-sickness.

THE PRODIGAL HEIR.

There's young Post-obit—I won't mention names—whose ears are filled, day and night, with no sounds but three, and those musical, but bad—the gurgling of wine, the rattling of dice, and the *susurrus* of an opera-dancer's whisper. Isn't his coffin already growing in the family elms? Isn't there a niche for him in the family vault—an empty place for his leaden coffin on the shelf under his great grandfather, who was run through the body in Will's Coffee-house, in Dryden's time, by a *Tityre Tu*, and over his grandfather, who died of dropsy? Isn't there a vacancy for him in the family portrait-gallery, where his hollow eyes and sensual lip will soon figure among the ruffs, and falling bands, and cuirasses, with Sir Marmaduke —, who fell at Naseby, and old Admiral —, who boarded Van Tromp's ship; and, above all, isn't there, sirrah, three inches of marble slab left for his degenerate name on the old flat alabaster monument, where a lady prays eternally in stone opposite to the cross-legged knight who died at Joppa? Were bodies transparent, he might see that it is a skeleton who draws his Champagne cork, who whirls the roulette, who bets him two to one on the favourite, who lips him, and asks for a set of diamonds; who befools him; who drags him swift down, down, down to hell.

MODERN POETRY.

It's all landscape painting; all the seventh heaven; like Shelley, with no sympathy for earth; or all versified newspaper, like Tupper's rhymed didactics, with our five senses forgotten. Poetry is written now for the images, not images for the poetry. They are separate thoughts welded together and showing the join.

THE TRUTHS OF OLD MYTHOLOGY.

I once began a work with this title, intending to review all creeds, past and present, and to show the universal existence of primitive post-diluvian tradition; the Hindoo, the Grecian, and the Scandinavian Trinities; the Deluge, remembered in Mexico and Hindostan; even to the dove and the number saved. I should have reviewed the degraded worship of the race of Ham; cannibalism, as a religious rite; devil homage, and serpent adoration, which still exists in India and Africa, and was visible in Greece, in the emblems of deities, as Mercury and Æsculapius. But I felt my health going; and one day in autumn—it was about six o'clock, and sunset beginning—I bound up my MSS., and threw them into an old chest I have in my study, closing it again as one would a coffin-lid on a beloved face, leaving the shaped stones to be formed (perhaps) into a palace by other hands. I couldn't go on writing when I saw Death's bony finger following my pen, and obliterating as I wrote.

COMPENSATION.

It does not relieve me to know it was a golden knife that amputated my arm; if you must have a wooden leg, it's all one whether it be of deal or mahogany.

ANCESTRY.

Our fathers' diseases are hereditary; their virtues die with them.

THE SEXES.

"I've a sort of feeling," says the woman. "I begin to think," says the man. Female vanity finds a mirror even in the clasps of her prayer-book.

EVERYTHING HAS A BEGINNING.

Newton was once a child, and often got whipped; Alexander ran in leading-strings; and Cæsar was thrashed for stealing a top.

HAYDON.

Haydon was one of those men who always talked as if there was a fiery chariot waiting to take him up at the next cab-stand.

THE JEWS.

It is a singular thing that for forty years in the wilderness their clothing waxed not old, nor knew they such a thing as cast-off raiment; and now for hundreds of years they have lived by trading on the sloughs of civilised Europe.

CASUISTRY.

It is rather a Jesuit's question, whether flinging a crown at a bald beggar, and cutting his head open with it, is charity.

A BULLY.

Bullies go through society with the impunity that a sweep or a brimming dung-cart passes along the streets.

AMERICAN AUTHORSHIP.

BY SIR NATHANIEL.

No. IX. — N. P. WILLIS.

THAT eminent N. P. Willis! Eminently the poet of good society, says Griswold, who loves (*ornare*) to adorn him. Eminently amusing, whatever he may write about, says Thackeray, who loves (*subridere*) to genteelly flout him. Eminent in pencillings and poetisings, as *feuilletoniste* and as *attaché*, in romantic inklings of adventure and in the conventionalisms of *salon* life. Eminently the Representative Man of American cockneyism; for, in the lines of his compatriot, Mr. Lowell,

He's so innate a cockney, that had he been born
Where plain bare-skin's the only full dress that is worn,
He'd have given his own such an air that you'd say
'T had been made by a tailor to lounge in Broadway.

This jaunty, pert, quasi-*distingué* air appertains, more or less, to all the eminent man's writings. Not that it is substituted for good sense, or sagacious reflection at times, or dashing cleverness of description. No; Mr. Willis is a clever writer, and can produce really smart sayings, and even tasteful fancies, almost *à discretion*. But in reading him you never lose sight, for a couple of pages together, of the writer's intense self-consciousness—of his precautions against being merged in his subject—of his resolve to haunt you with the scent of his perfumed kerchiefs, and the glitter of his jewelled attire, and the creak of his japanned boots: never do you escape, as it were, the jingle of rings on his fingers and rings on his toes, wherewith he makes music wherever he goes—be it to Banbury Cross or the Boulevards, Niagara or Chamouny, Auld Reekie or the literal Modern Athens.

While yet *in statu pupillari* at Yale College, Mr. Willis appeared in print as a "religious" poet, and made something of a sensation it is said. Thus encouraged, volume followed volume—a good sprinkling of "religious" verses in each. There are some excellent things, too, among these miscellanies; nor let it be supposed for a moment that we speak scoffingly of poetry often distinguished by touching beauty and simple purity of tone. Most readers of verse are familiar with that fine scriptural study, the "Healing of the Daughter of Jairus,"—though even *that* somehow reminds one, with a saving difference, of the scriptural studies of certain Parisian *conteurs*. "Melanie" is a melodiously accented and feelingly rendered tale of brotherly devotion—for an acquaintance with which many English lovers of poetry felt grateful to its English editor, Barry Cornwall—though Bon Gaultier and other critics express their gratitude somewhat ironically, and, while accusing the poet of perpetually quoting and harping on his poem, love to cap his die-away verses,

The moon shone cold on the castle court,
Oh, Melanie! oh, Melanie!

with some such uncomplimentary complement as this,

And the baron he called for something short,
Oh, villany! oh, villany!

"The Dying Alchymist" is another of his most successful pieces—a very effectively told story of an aged suicide—one who, sent blindfold on a path of light, had turned aside to perish—"a sun-bent eagle stricken from his high soaring down—an instrument broken with its own compass." The dramatic poem entitled "Lord Ivon" has also won large approval—containing as it does passages of more sustained vigour and less finical pretence than is the author's wont. Some of his shorter fragments, devoted to household ties and the domestic affections, are however his likeliest claims to anything beyond ephemeral repute—marked as these are, sometimes in a memorable degree, by a tenderness and sincerity of emotion that at once conciliate censorship, and that have probably made more than one hostile critic shed "some natural tears," however scrupulous his highness may have been to wipe them soon.

Nevertheless, Mr. Willis can hardly be ranked very high among poets, and those American poets. His strains are too glib and fluent, too dainty-sweet and prettily-equipped, too evidently the recreation of an easy-minded essayist, instead of being fraught with sighs from the depths of a soul travelling in the greatness of its strength. He sings, and we listen as to one who has a pleasant voice, and can play well upon an instrument; and having heard him, we pass on, and forget the melody, though we do not forget what manner of man he was. Speaking of a lyrical minstrel—some say, the eminent N. P. Willis himself—Emerson describes his head as a music-box of delicate tunes and rhythms, and his skill and command of language as never to be sufficiently praised. To whomsoever this may refer, what follows will apply to his Eminence: "But when the question arose, whether he were not only a lyrist, but a poet, we were obliged to confess that he is plainly a contemporary, not an eternal man." Yes; that is unmistakably true of N. P. Willis. Plainly a contemporary—a nineteenth-century being—coeval with Gore House—synchronous with the fashion of "Hurrygraphs." Not at all an eternal man—although the *North American Review*, in its pride and pleasure, *did* dub him the American Euripides, and thereby gave the cue to a thousand wittols to exclaim, A very American one indeed! Emerson goes on to say of his lyrist, that he does not stand out of our low limitations, like a Chimborazo under the line, running up from the torrid base through all the climates of the globe, with belts of the herbage of every latitude on its high and mottled sides; but is rather the landscape garden of a modern house, adorned with fountains and statues, with well-bred men and women standing and sitting in the walks and terraces. "We hear, through all the varied music, the ground-tone of conventional life. Our poets are men of talents who sing, and not the children of music. The argument is secondary, the finish of the verses is primary"—in disregard of the truth that it is not metres, but a metre-making argument, that makes a poem—that in the order of genesis the thought is prior to the form—"a thought so passionate and alive, that, like the spirit of a plant or an animal, it has an architecture of its own, and adorns nature with a new thing." How plainly Mr. Willis is thought a contemporary, not an eternal man,* by the scribe of the *Biglow Papers*, Miss Bremer's Apollo's Head, let these lines testify:

* In appraising himself, by-the-by, Mr. Willis has characteristically said, "I

There is Willis, so natty and jaunty and gay,
 Who says his best things in so foppish a way,
 With conceits and pet phrases so thickly o'erlaying 'em,
 That one hardly knows whether to thank him for saying 'em ;
 Over-ornament ruins both poem and prose,
 Just conceive of a muse with a ring in her nose !

Conception is a blessing, is Hamlet's general proposition. But here the poet will think its quality strained, *not* blessing him that gives and him that takes. Rather he will quote Hamlet's subsequent words, Slanders, sir ; for the satirical rogue says things——

All which, interpose we old folks, we most powerfully and potently believe. Under protest, however, from a few missy admirers of the Penciller's flourishes—to whom his patron Muse would be in shabby *déshabille* without the nasal circlet *ut supra*.

But it is to his prose that N. P. Willis owes, after all, the epigraph of Eminent. Who has not whiled away an hour in pleasant light reading of his purveying ? Who has not heard of the amusement and eke the bad blood excited by his "Pencilings by the Way ?" That "famous and clever N. P. Willis," as Mr. Titmarsh calls him, "whose reminiscences have delighted so many of us, and in whose company one is always sure to find amusement of some sort or the other. Sometimes it is amusement at the writer's wit and smartness, his brilliant descriptions, and wondrous flow and rattle of spirits ; sometimes it is wicked amusement, and, it must be confessed, at Willis's own expense—amusement at the immensity of N. P.'s blunders—amusement at the prodigiousness of his self-esteem." "There would be no keeping our wives and daughters in their senses," adds Mr. Titmarsh (in the sixth number of *The Proser*), "were such fascinator to make frequent apparitions amongst us ; but it is comfortable that there should have been a Willis ; and (since the appearance of the Proser) a literary man myself, and anxious for the honour of the profession, I am proud to think that a man of our calling should have come, should have seen, should have conquered, as Willis has done." The illustrious stranger's *resumés* of the table-talk and drawing-room doings of his illustrious hosts and hostesses, were amazingly relished, notwithstanding the outcry elicited. Indeed it is curious to observe, to this day, how reviewers and critics, big, little, and middle-sized, after indignantly crying shame on those imitators of Mr. Willis, who jot down in their journals and books of travel personal anecdotes and descriptions touching the notables they may have dined withal,—proceed forthwith to select, for quotation, the raciest bits of domestic gossip, the very essential oil of the personality just denounced. This should never have been seen in print, they swear, in their first column. In their second, they give it, whole and entire, the benefit of their own extended circulation.

Not that we are pleading for Mr. Willis's achievements as Gossipry's "Own Correspondent" and envoy to the privacies of literary and fashionable life. On the contrary, in reading his reports of what he heard and

would willingly take a chance for immortality *sandwiched* between Cooper and Campbell." This was said *apropos* of his going to reside between Cooper's abode and poetic Wyoming.

saw said and done there, we find it indispensable to have in remembrance the caution of that high literator,* whom, of all others, Mr. Willis seemingly hates with most perfect hatred,—viz., that to report conversations fairly, it is a necessary prerequisite that we should be completely familiar with all the interlocutors, and understand thoroughly all their minutest relations, and points of common knowledge and common feeling, with each other; and that he who is not thus qualified, must be in perpetual danger of misinterpreting sportive allusion into serious statement; and may transmute what was some jocular phrase or half-phrase, intelligible only to an old companion, into a solidified opinion which the talker had never framed, or if he had, would never have given words to in any mixed assemblage—"not even among what the world calls *friends* at his own board." But again, we fancy that a vast deal of the abuse showered down on the American *attaché's* head, was sham sentiment, and that he was made something like the scapegoat in this matter. Somebody, however, behoved to be the scapegoat; and while the hapless individual suffered, the general public benefited by the protest thus uttered, whether on the whole sincerely or not, against what was tending to become an intolerable nuisance. Accordingly, when it was last announced that N. P. Willis had again arrived in England, that vigilant wag *Punch* thought it a duty to say as much:—"We mention this fact for the benefit of those would-be literary gentlemen who are anxious to appear in print, as an invitation to Mr. Willis for dinner will be certain to secure them the advantages of publication without any risk or expense. Literary gentlemen are cautioned, however, against speaking too freely in their conversation after dinner, as mistakes have been known to occur in the best-regulated memories—even in Mr. N. P. Willis's. For testimonials, apply to the editor of the *Quarterly*, or any one mentioned in Mr. Willis's American works, when he was last in England." Happily, Mr. Willis is a lively rattle, not easily abashed, or liable to be put out of spirits by the dull jokes of British malcontents. They will not put him out of countenance by allusions to brass, or his nose out of joint by piercing a ring through it. A liberal public has been found to patronise his lucubrations; and so he has gone on writing, and re-writing, and patching together odds and ends, and dressing up faded beauties with new cuffs and collars, and cramming *crambe repetita* into new *spicilegia*, and entertaining easy souls with a rapid succession of "People I have Met," "Hurrygraphs," "Summer Excursions in the Mediterranean," "Life Here and There," "A Health Trip to the Tropics," and many another *excursus*, related with what Theseus calls

The rattling tongue
Of saucy and audacious eloquence.

Seneca is a great deal too heavy for Mr. Willis, but Plautus not a whit too light. He is effervescent with animal spirits, and dashes you off a gay, buoyant aphorism with the *bonhomme* of Harold Skimpole himself. Trifles light as air float beamingly through his volumes—the flimsy texture whereof almost justifies at times the satire of Tom Moore, on book-making tactics:

* "This reptile of criticism," Mr. Willis calls him: adding, "He has turned and stung me. Thank God! I have escaped the slime of his approbation." That *Deo gratias* is a masterstroke in its way.

No matter with what their remembrance is stock'd,
 So they'll only remember the *quantum* desir'd ;—
 Enough to fill handsomely Two Volumes, oct.,
 Price twenty-four shillings, is all that's requir'd.

They may treat us, like Kelly, with old *jeu-d'esprits*,
 Like Dibdin may tell of each farcical frolic ;
 Or kindly inform us, like Madame Genlis,
 That gingerbread-cakes always give them the colic.

But then our Penciller is not prosy, and has the art ever to keep the attention simmering. Never hum-drumming himself, he never lets you snore. Only let him suspect you of a preliminary yawn, or an incipient drowsiness, and he'll soon mend *that* by a playful poke in the costal regions, or some such coup-de-main of infallible virtue. The style he can command when at his best—which, probably, is when he is least ambitious of effect*—is a capital vehicle for the chatty coxcombries it hurries along.

His prose had a natural grace of its own,
 And enough of it, too, if he'd let it alone ;
 But he twitches and jerks so, one fairly gets tired,
 And is forced to forgive where he might have admired ;
 Yet whenever it slips away free and unlaced,
 It runs like a stream, with a musical waste,
 And gurgles along with the liquidest sweep :—
 'Tis not deep as a river, but who'd have it deep ?
 In a country where scarcely a village is found
 That has not its author sublime and profound,
 For some one to be slightly shoal is a duty,
 And Willis's shallowness makes half his beauty.

It is in fact just the style for his public—the public of magazine-readers, railway students, first-of-the-month folks—who gallop through an article of smooth trim surface as swiftly as Camilla scours the plain, but who are not equal to your cross-country work, and are, after all, most at home when ambling along macadamised road and wooden pavement.

* After declaring that Willis's nature is

“A glass of champagne with the foam on't,
 As tender as Fletcher, as witty as Beaumont,”

Mr. Lowell adds, what would read as well without the questionable comparison with our dramatic Dioscuri,

“So his best things are done in the flush of the moment ;
 If he wait, all is spoilt ; he may stir it and shake it,
 But, the fixed air once gone, he can never re-make it.”

THE LADY'S WELL.

BY THE AUTHOR OF "THE UNHOLY WISH."

I.

IN a very retired part of Wales, one little frequented and little known, are to be seen the remains of an ancient well, or fountain. Shrubs, withered and stunted now, and dark with age, but once green and beautiful, cluster round the brink, and though it is, and has been for ages, dry, it still bears the name of "The Lady's Well." A stately castle once rose near the spot; all remains of it have long passed away, but that it must have been of some repute and beauty in its time, an ancient guide-book of the locality will bear witness to. A copy of this guide-book is rare now. One fell into the hands of the author, and from that book we will quote, with the reader's permission, part of its description of this same Castle of Chillingwater. It must be premised, however, that this account is but the copy of another copy, for the ancient book states that all traces of the Castle of Chilling having long passed away, the compiler had been indebted for his information to some manuscripts of vellum, yellow with age, found in the archives of a neighbouring monastery when it was destroyed in the time of Henry VIII. And so antiquated was the language of this parchment, that much difficulty occurred in translating it into more modern English.

"From the pile of ruins alone visible to us now," quotes the guide-book, "none can form an adequate idea of the strength and might of the Castle of Chillingwater, when it was in the height of its glory. Its many turrets and proud battlements; its lofty terraces and well-apportioned halls; its marble-pillared reception rooms and magnificent chambers; its spacious courts and ramparts of defence. Its domains stood unrivalled in the land. Think, children (so runneth the record on the vellum), of the sunny land of the East, whose beauties seem to us but as some gorgeous painting. Picture to yourselves the delicious Cashmere, the described wonders of which lovely valley sound to us but as a fable: where the sweet air is one ineffable essence of perfume, the flowers spread the earth as of an embroidery of many colours, and the nightingales with their sweet voices never tire; where the grateful clime, more generous than Italia's balmy one, is of no capricious brightness, and the ever-blue sky sheds joy around. Not inferior to these foreign fables was the valley of Chilling. It will be well if our poor description can give to posterity an adequate notion of its loveliness; of its orangeries, which had no end; of its conservatories, so extensive that they seemed to have no beginning; its grottoes of curious devices; its intricate mazes, or labyrinths; its splendid aviaries; its groves of pines and acacias; its clusters of Eastern shrubs and flowers, where the brilliantly-plumaged birds, imported from other climes, thinking themselves in their own sunny country, flew not away; and its far-famed Holy Well, the which was said to possess healing properties to those who would drink of its waters. And who shall tell of the splendours of the surrounding landscape, daily rejoicing the eye of the gladdened spectator? The mountains, with the varied hues of their luxuriant herbage, on which the flocks grazed; the dark woods

and the bright-green plains; the cascades and waterfalls that pleased the eye and soothed the ear; and the picturesque cottages of the serfs and vassals! Who shall describe all this for a later age? who shall enlarge upon the glories of the once-famed stronghold of Chilling? Surely the pen of a solitary and humble monk is inadequate to it."

Now this holy monk, however inadequate his pen was to his task, must have been a man of vivid imagination, and must have drawn largely upon it, when enumerating the praises of this long-passed-away Welsh domain. When the reader shall have perused the legend, to which we now pass on, a question may arise in his mind whether the recording monk may not have been Geoffrey, the Baron of Chillingwater: whiling away the hours of his old age in his long-endured solitude, and garrulous over the glories that once were his.

It was as far back as the twelfth century, at the close of the reign of that Plantagenet whose history is connected, in schoolboys' minds, with Fair Rosamond, a bowl of poison, Queen Eleanor, and the rebellious princes, that a lovely child, scarcely yet twelve years old, reclined on one of the terraces of the Castle of Chillingwater. It was the Lady Ellana de Chilling, the only daughter of that ancient house. She was being reared at home, contrary to the very common custom at that time, of bringing young ladies up in nunneries. Pacing the same terrace, at a distance, were her father and mother, the old baron grey with years, and his still young and handsome wife. Their only son, several years older than the Lady Ellana, was away from home, engaged in some one of the many petty wars that disturbed this period. The baron had opposed his departure, representing that he was yet full young to engage in these fiery conquests, and hinting that some of the nobility had been thus cut off in the flower of their youth. But the lad refused to listen, and had rushed off, boy-like—*boy-like!*—full of excitement and ardour, his head and his tongue running wild with visions of glory and renown.

"I shall come home with my sword all reeking with the blood of our enemies, Ella," he had boasted to his sister, when on the eve of departure; "and it shall be hung up in our hall of trophies. I will show them what a De Chilling is made of. Wilt thou not wish me good luck, Ellana?"

"I will wish thee God speed, brother dear," she answered, in a saddened tone. "But who will be my companions when thou art gone?"

"Tush! tush!" returned the hot young warrior; "I am too old to waste my time in companionship with a girl; even with thee, Ella. I am above it now. A youth who goes forth to fight for his king and country, would blush to think of it. Our cousins must be thy companions now."

"But Edgar is always away with his hawks and his falcons," sighed the Lady Ellana.

"Geoffrey is not," retorted the lad.

"Geoffrey never stirs from that book-reading of his," resumed the maiden, with a curl of her lip. "It would give me the headache only to look at his parchments, Reginald."

The cousins spoken of by the heir of Chillingwater were the orphan sons of the baron's only brother. They were being educated in the

castle, and had no inheritance, save their father's honoured name and his good sword. The younger, Edgar, would, to all appearance, wield it bravely; but the elder, Geoffry, promised to be that most despised character in the barbarous ages, a bookworm. Even the old baron, his uncle, who was by no means of a fierce nature, as natures went then, used to rate him angrily, fling his written-book out of his hand, and tell him he would be fit for nothing but a puny monk. Geoffry, after these scenes, would arouse himself, and for a whole week, perhaps, accompany his brother to his fierce out-door sports: hunting boars, tracking game, or join in his martial exercises; returning then to his clerkly-studies with more zest than ever. You cannot change a boy's nature. Education and circumstances may do much, but they will never wholly change it: and, as it is in these days, so it was in those.

The young baron in prospective departed from his father's house, at the head of his squires and his pages, and his retinue of retainers, as it was the custom for young barons in prospective to do. And the Lady Ellana, sitting on the terrace, as we have seen her, was wondering when they should hear news of him. He had been gone two months, and rumours had reached them of a petty engagement having been fought, in which it was probable he had been engaged. The young girl was picturing to herself happy dreams—of her brother Reginald coming back victorious, thundering across the drawbridge, and waving his sword over his head in token of laurels and victory: dreaming that he flew to her with embraces, whispering that he had had enough of glory for the present, and would stay at home and be her companion as before. Unconsciously she drew to the edge of the terrace, and looked down, perhaps with the hope of seeing him. The strong bridge was drawn securely up, and there were no signs in all the landscape of Reginald and his followers. But in a shady nook of the luxuriant gardens was stretched her cousin Geoffry de Chilling, poring over a roll of his learned parchment; and the good monk, his tutor, looked on by his side. There was a wide difference in the personal appearance of the two brothers. Geoffry was slight and fair, with a mild, thoughtful countenance, and a look of delicate health; whilst Edgar was a tall, active boy, possessing noble features glowing with youth, and eyes dark and brilliant.

The Lady Ellana saw her cousin sitting there, idly studying away his hours: further away, she could catch the form of his brother Edgar, and her eyes and thoughts rested on the latter. He was never still: boys of fourteen being much the same then, that they are now. Now, coaxing his dogs; now, teasing them, till nothing but barks and howls were heard; now, vaulting, leaping, and flinging stones at every object within reach; and now, darting into the stables. With his disappearance, the little girl returned to her thoughts about her brother, and as her eyes once more ranged over the domain, she caught sight of some horsemen advancing at a quick pace. So engaged had she been, watching Edgar, that they had advanced passably near, unperceived. She bent her head down and strained her eyes, for, in the form of the first, she thought she recognised her brother's squire. In another moment, she had darted up to her parents, and taking a hand of each, was dragging them forward that they might see the horsemen.

"They bring news of Reginald! I know they bring news of Re-

ginald!" she exclaimed. "Note you not, sir, the device in the squire's helmet? But he rides with his visor down."

The old baron trembled as the horsemen drew near enough for recognition. They were in complete armour, but he saw their badges as retainers of his house. And they still kept their helmets closed! This, in those olden times, was, in some cases, looked upon as a token that the messengers had bad news to tell. Had those gentlemen brought good tidings to the baron, who, they knew, was hoping for them, they would have thrown back their closed helmets, and joyfully waved their swords as they drew near to him.

Poor Reginald de Chilling! he who had gone forth in all the enthusiasm of his youth, had met with death on his first battle-field. The old baron seated himself in his hall of audience, his nephews standing by his side, and his gentlemen-attendants gathered behind him. The baroness had retired with her daughter: she was not less anxious to hear the tidings than her husband, but much needless form and ceremony was observed in the days of the Plantagenets.

The chief of the messengers came in, the instant he left his horse, his armour clanking as he walked, and his visor still down. He raised it as he approached the baron, displaying a face working with emotion. He was a white-haired man of nearly fifty years of age, and had been page to the baron in his early life. He knew not how to break the news to his revered master.

"My son?" gasped the old noble to him, holding out his hand, "what tidings of my son?"

The squire spoke slowly, but he accomplished his sentences at last, and the baron knew the worst. His boy was left dead on the battle-field. With a low moan of pain, he rose from his seat, and laying his hand upon the shoulder of his elder nephew, to support himself, passed from the room, in search of his lady-wife. Edgar followed.

"What of my son?" uttered the baroness, starting forward, and trembling, as she saw the pained countenance of her husband.

"Madam," was his answer, pushing Geoffrey slightly forwards, "we have no heir now but this. Our glorious boy has died his death on the engagement-field."

The little girl, Ellana, heard the words, and, giving a sudden cry, burst into a passionate fit of weeping. The baron was occupied in soothing his shocked and startled wife; the new heir of Chillingwater, bewildered with grief and amazement, wept silently, and chafed the lady's hands; but Edgar de Chilling folded the sobbing girl to his breast, and whispered that he would be her brother now, in the lost one's stead, her loving brother for ever and for ever.

The old baron passed away to his forefathers, dying more of grief than of age, and the castle, with all its honours, became the property of Geoffrey, now the Baron of Chillingwater. A very small portion indeed of its revenues demised to the baroness and her daughter, for incomes in that early period could not be bequeathed as they can now. The lady retained her place in the castle as its mistress, constituting herself guardian of the young baron and his brother. As the heir advanced towards manhood, his character and inclination for martial or boisterous pursuits did not seem to strengthen. His mood was invariably so kind and gentle,

his heart so pliant, and his health so fragile, that they would have best become a woman. He would recline for hours together by the side of his cousin, in listless idleness, telling her charming stories, twisting wreaths for her, listening to her girlish songs. But she—oh perverse woman's heart! perverse in those days as in these!—would better value five minutes spent with her by the daring and handsome Edgar, than all the hours wasted with her by his inert brother. The lady-mother had a project in her head—and the reader has no difficulty in divining it. She would have despatched, with all speed, the younger brother from the castle, for she dreaded his influence over the heart of the Lady Ellana, and, when the fitting time came, she would marry her daughter to the baron. But to drive Edgar out of the castle in his boyhood, was more than the Baroness of Chillingwater, with all her influence, could accomplish, for the brothers were deeply attached to each other, and the young baron would as soon have thought of turning out her ladyship as of turning out Edgar.

II.

THE years passed on. Richard Cœur de Lion sat on the throne of his father, and England was alive with the excitement of the Crusade war. The king was on his way to join it, and the young and the chivalrous amongst the Anglo-Saxon and Norman nobility were flocking after his steps.

The Baron of Chillingwater had now attained his majority, and the Lady Ellana was growing towards womanhood. The light of a summer's evening shone down upon her parted hair, and its waving curls were reflected in the waters of the Holy Well, on the brink of which she stood, thoughtfully leaning against a tree. What were her thoughts gathering on? On the clerk-like baron, who was now in his room in the western turret, deep in his studies? We cannot say; but as a quick and light, though manly step, was heard approaching, a colour, as of the richest damask-rose, flew to her cheek. He was a handsome knight, Edgar de Chilling, and as he stood there by her side and rattled on, talking of any subject that took his fancy, it may be fair to infer that Ellana thought him one.

Suddenly, the bell rang out for the evening meal. He gallantly offered her his arm, and they slowly walked together to the castle. The baroness saw them, and her face became black as night.

"What meaneth this inertness?" suddenly broke forth the lady-mother, as the spice-cup went round after supper; "know you not, young sirs, that I shall have to blush for my kinsmen?"

The baron looked dreamily up, but young Edgar, hot and passionate, asked what he had done that she should blush for him.

"It is what you have *not* done that I blush for," returned the lady, with a cheek as fiery and a tongue as hasty as his own. "The baron's pursuits lie in a different way, and his place is here, but that a younger scion of the house of Chilling should hold back, when it is the pleasure of the king, and the glory of England, that her youth should engage in the holy wars—that you, Edgar de Chilling, should remain here, perhaps in cowardice——"

"Hold, madam!" exclaimed Edgar, starting up, and laying his hand upon his sword, in anger.

"The lady-mother means not that," interposed the baron, with his quiet, persuasive voice. "Something has angered you, madam, and your words must have sounded harshly in my brother's ear, but I know you meant them not. Be calm, be seated, Edgar."

"I mean what I say," repeated the baroness, her temper rising with her words. "The good name of Chilling is becoming a reproach in the land. Where is there a noble house who has not a son, if old enough, engaged in the holy war? But Edgar de Chilling keeps aloof. My brave son was away from home in his early youth."

"And lost his life!" interposed the Lady Ellana, who, hitherto pale with surprise and terror, now burst into a flood of tears.

"You are right, madam," called out Edgar to the baroness. "I see now that I am one too many here: but I have truly been unpardonably supine, and I take shame to myself that you should have had to point out to me my duty to my king and to my religion. With to-morrow's sun, I shall be on my way to the Holy Land."

"Not so," interrupted the baron, eagerly clasping the young knight's hand—"not until you can go as befitteth Edgar de Chilling and my brother. If you indeed wish to join these holy wars whither so many of our nobles are flocking, I will not say you nay; but you shall not leave until your equipage and retinue are complete."

"I will go with my own good sword, nothing more," returned Edgar. "Nothing else belongs to me, by gain or by inheritance, and nothing else will I take. If I win myself a name and station, I will wear them. To-morrow, at break of day, I bid adieu to Chillingwater."

They were standing within the porch of the little chapel, near to the eastern gate, Edgar de Chilling and the Lady Ellana. She had wandered thither, after that turbulent supper-scene, and he had followed her. The lady-mother, elate at having accomplished her purpose, and knowing that the baron's dreaded rival, dreaded by her, would now be removed, sent her vigilance to sleep, and sat discussing matters with the baron and her confessor.

As they stood there in the dusk of the evening twilight, Ellana thought her heart was breaking. Dreams of Edgar de Chilling had interwoven themselves with every later year of her existence, and now he was going away, perhaps for ever, like her dead brother. Impassioned vows were uttered between them. Never before had Edgar spoken to her of his love; but enough was spoken then.

"You will be my brother's wife, Ellana," was his passionate exclamation. "Ere I can return, you will be my brother's wife."

She turned from him in her hasty anger.

"Yes," he repeated. "Not perhaps of your own free consent; but look at the lady-mother's imperious control: what she will, she accomplishes. For what else, think you, I am sent away? She dreads my presence here: she knows I love you. No, no, Ellana! we may say adieu this night for ever, for I repeat that you will be cajoled into becoming the baron's wife; and when once that has taken place, I shall never return."

"I never will!" she cried, clinging to him in her tempest of anger

and despair. "Edgar! I will be your wife if you will—your wife this night. Who shall part us then?"

Great blame attached to them both: to one as much as to the other. The Lady Ellana, whose will and temper were as ungovernable as her mother's, made the suggestion in a moment of excitement, and Edgar de Chilling seized upon it, and, on the instant, sought means to carry it out. Fate seemed to favour their plan.

A monk, Father Thomas, half childish with age, who had the *entrée* to the castle at all hours, like many of his brethren, passed, as they were speaking, the little chapel, on his way to the adjoining monastery. He had known and loved them both from their early years. It did not take much persuasion to induce him to unite them. The moonlight fell in upon them from the Gothic openings, called windows, as they stood before the altar of the chapel—that child-bride of seventeen summers, and her cousin, who had barely numbered two years more. In spite of her excitement and her resolution, the Lady Ellana was agitated and trembling. She scarcely knew that she spoke the required vows; her fears of an interruption were overwhelming, and her head was perpetually turning to see that the chapel entrance was not darkened by any unwelcome form. Marriages concluded in haste such as this, cannot be stopped for ceremony: the Lady Ellana happened to have on her hand a ring set with a single garnet stone, and this was made to serve for the nuptial one. But it was too large for the third finger, and as she turned from the altar after receiving the aged priest's benediction, it dropped from her hand upon the chapel floor. She stooped to feel for it; it was too dark to see; Edgar stooped; the priest stooped. But they could not find it, and after waiting as long as they dared, were leaving the chapel, when the Lady Ellana set her foot upon it. She picked it up, and they took it outside, and examined it, in the moonlight. The garnet stone was gone, and although the Lady Ellana looked for it times upon times afterwards, it was never found again. Edgar de Chilling took her hand, and replaced the ring on it, but she burst into tears, and hid her face on his shoulder. "It is a bad omen," she whispered.

He kept his word to the lady-mother, and departed, on the following day, for the wars.

III.

Who so gay as the Lady Ellana de Chilling? who so lauded in ballad, praised in song? who so beautiful, who so courted? She had seemed strangely sad and abstracted after the departure of her cousin Edgar; a smile was scarcely to be seen on her face for months, no, not for months upon months. The baroness, her mother, became irritated, if not alarmed, at her continued gloom, and began to fear that her love for Edgar de Chilling was deeper than she had suspected. So she took her to court, where the graceless Lackland reigned for his brother, and she took her out to visit amongst the nobles of the land, and she filled the castle of Chillingwater with courtly guests: and the Lady Ellana, at twenty years of age, looked back, repentingly, upon the one rash act of her life, and said to her own heart that she had done a foolish thing.

She had loved and mourned her husband for a long while after his departure, but as the months and years succeeded each other, and she heard no news from him, her affection began to die away. She was fond of

show and expense, she delighted in display, she was vain of her beauty, and now that, through her more intimate knowledge of the outer world, she had been shown how necessary to her happiness it was, that she should enjoy all the pomps and vanities of life, she trembled lest Edgar de Chilling should return, and proclaim that she was but the wife of a poor soldier.

The lady-mother looked on with a vigilant eye; but, with all her clear-sightedness, she never suspected the truth. She did believe that vows, the vows of lovers, constant fidelity and all that, had been exchanged between her daughter and Edgar de Chilling; and she suspected that the Lady Ellana now repented of those vows, but that, for her word's sake, she scrupled to release herself from them. And she laid her plans accordingly.

The Castle of Chillingwater was alive with gaiety, crowded with visitors. The baron was the great focus of attraction. Some admired his learning; many, his suavity of temper; all, his magnificent pomp and state. Splendid entertainments, sumptuous feasts, brilliant pageantry; for all these was the Castle of Chillingwater celebrated. Now there would be a grand hunting party, now a tournament: and his guests were not slow to ask themselves for whom these pleasures were kept up. Surely not for himself, with his simple tastes and book-lore? No, no: the baron's heart and the baron's hopes, his lavish expenditure and far-renowned pageantry, were cast at the feet of the gaiety-loving Lady Ellana.

It was when one of these festive meetings was at its height, that a servitor whispered the lady-mother of a newly-arrived minstrel, who desired speech of the baron. The same imperious command which distinguished the baroness when, in her lord's lifetime, she was indeed mistress of the castle, was displayed still: *she* controlled the household; the supine baron had but secondary authority. Hence, probably, arose her ardent desire of seeing her daughter wedded to him, for she was aware that should he bring home any other wife, her reign there would be at an end.

"Do you dare to disturb me now, with your idle tales?" she exclaimed to the servitor. "A minstrel, forsooth! are not visits from such, common enough? Send him about his business."

"Lady," answered the man, "he is fresh from Palestine. His anxiety to see the baron is great, and I misdoubt me that he brings news of my lord's brother."

The lady's tone was changed now. "Conduct him to my private audience-chamber," she whispered. "And, hark ye, sirrah! *speed and silence.*"

"What want ye with me?" inquired the lady-mother, as she reached her audience-chamber, and the minstrel bent low before her.

"Lady, I would crave speech of the renowned Baron of Chillingwater."

"The baron grants not audiences. I am as himself—as his mother. Speak out, an ye are from Palestine. What tidings bring you of Edgar de Chilling?"

"Glad tidings, good my lady," answered the harper, with a lowly reverence. "Foremost in the field, bravest in the fight, wisest in the counsel, is Sir Edgar de Chilling. Conspicuous is he amongst knights for all princely qualities; his name is renowned through all the land of

Palestine, the handsome, the gay, the fearless. And he charged me to see his brother, the learned Baron of Chillingwater, should my life be spared to penetrate so far as this, and to tell him that when Sir Edgar came home, it should be with the honours befitting a knight of the ancient house of Chilling."

The lady-mother leaned her head upon her hand. Her perplexity and abstraction were great.

"The brave Sir Edgar also charged me with a word to the fair daughter of the house, the Lady Ellana, I bethink me he called her."

"Peace, man!" interrupted the baroness fiercely; and the harper bowed his head to the ground, and was silent.

"Are you very poor?" she asked, at length; "are you in distress?"

"Scarcely in distress, good my lady, but few can be poorer. Save my harp, I have nothing. Not a coin in the whole world, not a change of raiment do I possess. And thankful to our blessed Lady am I, when my minstrelsy obtains for me a sustaining meal: at the stately castle, or the humble hut, I am alike grateful for it."

"This must be a precarious mode of existence," rejoined the baroness. "If you consent to do me a trifling service, I will bestow upon you what will ensure you full meals for twelve months to come."

"I would do anything for that," uttered the minstrel, eagerly raising his half-famished looks.

And that night it was told, all over the castle, that Sir Edgar de Chilling had lost his life in the Holy Land.

"And so," cried the Baroness of Chillingwater to her daughter, as they sat alone some time during the period of the mourning for Sir Edgar, "our kinsman seeks a bride in the Norman house of Fitzosborne. It is as I prophesied."

"Madam, what mean you?" inquired the Lady Ellana, hastily.

"Are my words incomprehensible, daughter? The Baron of Chillingwater, your cousin and my nephew, brings home the Lady Millicent Fitzosborne. A lovely Norman, but portionless. But the head of the De Chillings requires not a dowry with his wife. Thou hast been a very fool, Ellana."

Perhaps the Lady Ellana thought so, for she bent her head over the tapestry she was working, and answered not.

"Think of the home you enjoy here; look from the turret windows, and scan the rich domain; remember the life of gaiety that you have passed; and then picture the existence we must drag on in some obscure retreat, in a convent, mayhap, when by the baron's marriage we are turned from here. Thou hast been a bitter fool, Ellana."

And ere many days had elapsed, it was known, in the household, that, not Millicent Fitzosborne was to be the bride of the young baron, but the Lady Ellana de Chilling.

IV.

THE Lady Ellana stood before her mirror on her bridal morning, brightly blushing at the lovely form, enshrined in all its veils and laces, that was reflected there.

Her favourite attendant handed her her gloves; but, before she put them on, she drew from one of the fingers of her left hand a stoneless ring.

Her mother had once marvelled at her wearing an old broken jewel, but the young lady replied that she chose to wear it, for it was a charm. A blush, far deeper than any her vain feelings had conjured up, rose to her cheeks now, as she dropped the stoneless ring into her jewel-bag. It was the first time it had left her finger.

"This is a joyous morning, my lady," whispered the attendant, speaking with the privilege of a faithful and valued servant. "I did once fear that you were waiting for Sir Edgar, who, noble though in qualities he was, was not in a position to win the Lady Ellana de Chilling."

"He was my dear cousin," exclaimed the lady. "And you, Bertha, need not have brought up his name to excite sad thoughts to-day. We shall never see him more."

"Do not make sure of that, lady," exclaimed the woman, significantly.

"What do you mean?" cried the startled girl.

"I have said more than I ought," murmured the woman. "I think my tongue has run mad this morning."

But it was not a vain excuse that could satisfy the Lady Ellana. Now, she used passionate entreaty; now, imperious command; and the serving-woman at length disclosed all she knew. The minstrel, it appeared, had partaken too freely of the baron's good ale ere leaving the castle; and had disclosed to Mistress Bertha, who had closeted herself with him to learn full particulars about her favourite Sir Edgar, that the knight was no more dead than she was.

"Did you tell my mother of this?" gasped the Lady Ellana.

Bertha's private opinion was, that the lady-mother knew it all without her telling, and so she hinted to her young mistress. She had attempted to tell her, she observed, but had been stopped by a torrent of passion on the part of the baroness, who forbade her ever to allude to the subject again.

"Do you think Sir Edgar is dead or alive?" asked the Lady Ellana, every nerve in her body shaking.

"I truly believe that Sir Edgar is alive," answered the tire-woman.

The Lady Ellana swept, in her flowing bridal attire, and with her face white as ashes, into an inner room, where she was alone. What was to be her course? Should she fling off these rich clothes, these sparkling jewels, and go and proclaim to the baron, and his lofty guests, that she was already a wife? "He *may* be dead," she argued to herself, in agony—"this dreadful fear may be but a drunken dream of that gabbling minstrel's. Or, if not dead—he is in the thick of the battle-field, and may never return hither."

Manners and morals, in those early times, were infinitely less exalted than they are now; nevertheless, the Lady Ellana sinned deeply, so they said afterwards, when she went down, that day, as the young, unwedded maiden Ellana de Chilling, and knelt at the altar, and vowed to be unto the baron a true and faithful wife.

V.

LONG were the wedding festivities kept up—for weeks. The baron held open house: noble guests crowded in the spacious chambers, inferior visitors revelled in the servants' hall. But one evening a guest, different

from any the castle had yet received, rattled over the lowered drawbridge, followed by his squire and other retainers. His horse was caparisoned sumptuously, and his armour was that, only worn by knights of noble degree. It was the brave Sir Edgar de Chilling.

"Our Lady be good to us!" screamed one of the ancient servitors, trembling violently as he recognised the badge of the young knight. "Is it the apparition of your noble self, Sir Edgar, or did you not fall, as we heard, in the wars?"

"Fall in the wars!" echoed Sir Edgar, with his own cheery laugh. "If I fell in them, my good Stephen, I rose again. How is the baron, my noble brother? and—and the Lady Ellana? You seem to be in the height of revelry here."

"All are well, good Sir Edgar. And for the sound of revelry that you hear, the festivities held in honour of our lord's marriage are not yet over."

"Ah, ah!" laughed the knight; "so my good brother has mated, has he! And pray with whom?"

"With none other than the fairest flower in the land, the Lady Ellana," returned the servitor.

"Pooh, pooh, old man, you are growing deaf and childish," interrupted Sir Edgar, with his old impetuosity. "I asked," he continued, raising his voice, "with whom it is that my brother has wedded."

"Gramercy, good Sir Knight, I heard your question," replied the servitor, deprecatingly. "My lord has wedded his cousin, the Lady Ellana de Chilling."

Sir Edgar stood speechless for an instant, and then strode on. The youthful Baroness of Chillingwater, lovely in her costly white robes and her flowing ringlets, was the centre of a knot of guests, when he entered. He threw back his helmet and advanced to her, his handsome features white with agitation. She gave a shrill scream, and made as if she would have rushed away, but he held her with an iron grasp.

"My brave brother! my lost brother!" uttered the baron, advancing to embrace him. "Our Lady be praised for this! We mourned you dead."

"Edgar de Chilling alive!" stammered the lady-mother. "Sir Edgar de Chilling! Sir Edgar de Chilling!" reiterated the guests; and nothing but rejoicing and confusion reigned around.

Sir Edgar raised his arm to command silence, and there was that in his rigid face which hushed the clamour instantaneously. "I have come home, as you see," he spoke, "alive and well. Of my deserts and my honours I can leave others to speak—they are widely known. And I have come home to claim my wife."

"If you mean the late Lady Ellana de Chilling," uttered the baroness-mother, beside herself with passion, "you are too late, and your bold speech, Sir Edgar, becomes you not. My daughter is the Baroness of Chillingwater."

"Your daughter, madam," he answered, calm with concentrated indignation, "is the Lady Ellana de Chilling, and my wife."

"Peace, peace, boy!" uttered the lady-mother, contemptuously; "your brain is hot with folly. Ere you went to the wars, you may have induced my child to exchange love-vows with you—inexperienced as she

was! But how dare you presume to insult the Baroness of Chillingwater by calling her *wife*?"

"And how dare you presume to deny my right?" retorted Sir Edgar, his fiery indignation mastering him. "You are the first that ever doubted the word of a De Chilling. Your daughter, madam, became my wife in the sight of God, kneeling in His presence, at His holy altar; and my wife she is, so long as we both shall live. Stand forth, wretched woman," he continued, throwing the young baroness into the circle—"stand forth, guilty bride of two husbands, and own, before high Heaven, whose wife you really are!"

With a half scream, half moan of pain, the Lady Ellana, the instant she was released, darted from the hall. She might have been seen speeding along the terraces outside, like one possessed, her dark hair flowing behind her. Her face, in its shame, was never raised from its cowering position, and the dreadful words, that had made public her crime, rang in her ears, "guilty wife of two husbands!" *And they brothers!* She could never more hold up that once proud face, never more hold it up again, on earth.

The commotion that ensued in-doors was terrific. A fierce quarrel took place between the baron and his brother; the lady-mother playing her part in it, and loading Sir Edgar with sundry opprobrious epithets. The guests espoused the cause, some on one side, some on the other, as it was common for guests in those fierce periods to do; and, altogether, it was a considerable time before the Lady Ellana was sought for. They searched in her own apartments, as Baroness of Chillingwater; they searched in those formerly occupied by her; finally, they searched the castle from turret to basement; and they could not find her. But when they came to visit the grounds, and some looked in the Holy Well, there lay the ill-fated Lady Ellana, her drowned body contrasting horribly with her rich white garments and sparkling jewels, and her unhappy soul winging its shadowy flight to purgatory—so, at least, her confessor asserted.

And never, from that hour, was the spot again called the Holy Well—how can that be holy whose waters have been polluted? But, in time, it acquired the name of the "*Lady's Well*," and, as such, is it known unto the present day.

Wretchedness and ruin fell upon the Castle of Chillingwater. A reconciliation was effected between the brothers, but the baron retired at once into the neighbouring monastery, devoting his young years to the ascetic duties of a monk; and Sir Edgar de Chilling returned to the holy wars, and lost his life in Palestine. The lady-mother, whose haughty pride nothing could subdue, remained in the castle, imperiously swaying there until her death. It was then left uninhabited, to go to rack and ruin, and during the civil war, in the time of the first Edward, it was razed to the ground.

GOSSIP FROM FLORENCE.

A LETTER ADDRESSED TO THE EDITOR OF THE
"NEW MONTHLY MAGAZINE."

WHILE you, good Mr. Editor, together with every native of "La perfide Albion," are warming yourselves over huge fires of smutty coal, or shivering in the cold, moist, foggy streets of London, where Phœbus rarely indulges you by even a glimpse of his cheerful countenance, and your vision is constantly circumscribed by the lamp-post on the opposite side of the way, little do you dream how we are enjoying ourselves in the lovely "City of Flowers"—where perennial summer reigns—sweet, poetic, middle-age Florence!

I must insist on telling you all we are about, in the amiable intention of making you utterly miserable and discontented in your boasted city of the modern Babylon, and by the time I have done giving you the last gossip from the Tuscan capital, if you have not a fit of envious spleen, it will not be my fault. London indeed! I wouldn't be there if you gave me a palace in Belgrave-square, unlimited credit at Howell and James's, and an opera-box to boot—not I. So here goes for the sunny south—"List, O list!"

This same 2nd of November is a glorious day; the sun streams out in all the power of July, and as one traverses the Lung 'Arno, beats down in such thumping rays, one trembles, and contemplates a *coup de soleil*. All around is bathed in the glorious, radiant light; the blue sky above, azure as a canopy of turquoise, unbroken by a single cloud. The antique, richly-tinted houses, bordering the river, stand out in the clear light with a distinctness, professionally speaking, only to be compared to stereotype: the tile roofs, of that deep colour peculiar to southern climes, project over the white walls, and the bright green jalousies making the only perceptible shade on the huge façade of those huge palazzos—once glorious feudal fortresses—each furnished with its lofty tower, but now, alas! mostly in this quarter converted into hotels or lodgings, with glaring boards stretching across, announcing them as being of "Les Isles Britanniques," or "Del Nuovo York."

How I love this beautiful Lung 'Arno, quaint and confined as it seems, and yet so grand when viewed from a distance. The yellow-muddy Arno (which, after once seeing, one can never rave or be enthusiastical about again, spite of the shades of Dante, Cellini, and Milton, who all loved its banks) is now, nevertheless, a noble stream, as, swollen by the late rains, it rushes in huge waves through the bridges, threatening destruction to the graceful arches of the classical Ponte della Trinità. The Lung 'Arno would, if perfect, be the most beautiful promenade in the world; but, spite of all its suggestive charms, how can one like to gaze on *the backs* of the opposite houses, with all the hideous excrescences, mis-shapen windows, and deformed projections, thereto belonging? If each side corresponded, and the opposite bank were adorned with the same magnificent mansions, and furnished with a street and *pavé* similar to the one on which I am now standing, it would, I repeat,

be perfect. But it is far otherwise ; and the finest part of Florence is consequently a failure, and only redeemed by the rich colouring and grotesque deformity of those very houses from being hideous. It is not one part alone, but everything is strangely unfinished in this city : the sturdy citizens were too occupied in domestic broils to carry out any of the majestic plans formed for its embellishment. The Duomo, that stupendous piece of mosaic, inlaid like a monstrous cabinet, has no façade ; whitewash and mortar alone indicate the principal entrance, and meet the eye as it surveys the beautiful baptistery close by. Santa Croce—that venerable church where repose the ashes of Michael Angelo, Galileo, and Alfieri, and the noblest monument of modern times is reared to the memory of Dante—Santa Croce wants an entrance. San Lorenzo and the Medicean Chapel, with its marbles and rich stones, and great dome vying with the cathedral, is in no part completed. The works of Michael Angelo that adorn its walls are in the same condition ; mere sketches of what they were to be—all unfinished.

But we won't talk of the churches now, but turn towards that delicious old mediæval Ponte Vecchio, covered, like old London-bridge, with small shops, and surmounted by a long passage, tiled at the top, and pierced by windows, leading from the Uffigi, with its Medicean Venus and all its other fabled treasures, to the Pitti palace, the residence of the grand duke, boasting a rival collection almost as rich and rare—those Raphaels, those Murillos, those Titians !

Everybody who ever passed a day in Florence knows the Ponte Vecchio and its tempting jewellers' shops ranged on either side of the street—such places of sweet temptation ! Bracelets fit for a princess—brooches worthy to clasp the girdle of a sultana—studs that might confine the transparent muslin on a Guiccioli's bosom ! What a display there always is on that dear old Ponte Vecchio. They never seem to sell anything, or their stores are legion, for the treasures are like the widow's cruise—ever undiminished.

Crowds are leaning over the parapets, gazing at the swollen river, and speculating on all the mischief it will do, as it rolls by in turbid, angry waves, darkened by lines of tremendous currents at either side. Above, to the left, is the beautifully-situated church of San Miniato, crowning its graceful hill, enveloped like a flower amid large leaves by a grove of dark cypress-trees, whose tall stems rise towards the deep blue sky. A perfect emerald setting to the venerable old church of black and white marble is that cypress-grove and long avenue shooting up the hill-side to the great portico. Beyond are the blue hills, dotted with villas and casinos, a shade fainter in colour than their neighbour the sky, with which they blend in one sweet harmonious whole under the mellowing influence of the bright sunshine.

On the other side, at a little distance, the elegant bridge of the Trinità spans the river, which widens considerably below it, and stretching along in a graceful bend displays the deep woody shades of the Cascine, now just tinted with the ruddy hues of autumn, deepening the tints of the branches that overhang and dip into the yellow Arno.

Those Cascine so redolent of gossip, where every leaf might, if audible, tell some separate tale, and every branch of those old elms relate a per-

fect compendium of scandal—where so many characters are lost and so few won—where beauty and not virtue—Venus rather than Diana—has long reigned,—how beautiful they look as I lean over the bridge, gazing at their lengthening lines of forest scenery, with the light graceful suspension-bridge marking the entrance to this mysterious and fatal wood—as dangerous as the gardens of Armida, and scarcely less beautiful. Bordered by the river, edged with deep shady avenues, impenetrable thickets, broad grassy spaces, and pretty central square, where the gay heart of Florence palpitates in audible pulsations—of faultless drags, unexceptionable dog-carts, gay equipages, dashing chasseurs, brilliant britschkas, gay cavaliers, elegant Amazons, forming an *ensemble* infinitely more sprightly, picturesque, and enchanting than our old jog-trot Hyde Park, where people drive round and round with all the solemnity and melancholy of criminals undergoing punishment on a treadmill.

Nothing interrupts the gay throng at the Cascine unless the grand duke and duchess make their appearance in an open carriage, which they do nearly every day when at the Pitti Palace. Then there is a pause and a hush, and people take off their hats and look askance at the sovereign, who is quite hated by his subjects since he has imported 1500 Austrian troops to keep himself firmly seated on the throne, and given up to them as a barrack the superb palace of Poggio Reale. Gavazzi's trial has done him no good in every one's opinion, for imprisoning the poor man until he was half dead, and then letting him go by way of an act of mercy when he had never done any harm at all. Poor Gavazzi ! no one could ever forget his face of suffering as he appeared at the trial and pleaded his own cause with such consummate eloquence and tact. The late affair of Miss Cunningham, who was arrested at the Baths of Lucca, has been thoroughly unpopular. She was denounced at the English church there, being pointed out by the *contadina* to whom she gave some Italian tracts while attending divine service. The very priests at the Baths cried shame; but she was taken off, ill and alone, to the prisons at Lucca, and confined in Rosa Madiati's cell ! Spite of the illustrious Leopold, she is now free; and he may bite his nails in impotent rage at his failure in oppressing British subjects ! To be sure, he is the most hideous man one ever beheld : his face, the index of his mind, is overgrown with grey hair, something after the fashion of a white polar bear.

The Grand Duchess Antonina of Naples is a handsome, buxom, smiling dame, who looks as if she fed on the fat of the land, and enjoyed it ; a striking contrast to her consort, the lugubrious Leopold, well benamed the Tuscan Morpheus. Their carriage is generally followed by one or two others filled with fat, chubby princes and princesses, and still fatter ladies in waiting. Indeed, the whole court, with the exception of the grand duke, are as jolly and convivial-looking a circle as can well be conceived.

As to remaining long on the Ponte Vecchio—"in meditating musing rapt"—the thing is impossible ; such a crowd perpetually pushes and elbows one, to say nothing of being momentarily run over by the baroccios and their peasant drivers, who dash along regardless even of the Austrian officers who are lounging about the shops—which is being very bold indeed. Then there are the *voitures de place*, swarming with

strangers, all bound to the gallery of the Pitti, on the opposite side of the river, the English all distinguished by their red-bound Murray's "Guide," become quite a national badge, yecept "the Englishman's Bible." There, too, are the ambulating vendors of cakes and roasted chestnuts, all screaming, shouting, cursing, and gesticulating in an animated chorus perfectly meridional in passion and vehemence.

Just as I turn from contemplating the enchanting distance, I am stopped. "Signora, comanda, un mayetto," says in a melodious voice a Fiorinaja, or flower-girl, her handsome face and bright eyes turned towards me with a beseeching look, an immense flapping Leghorn hat placed on the back of her head, her hair beautifully braided, with long gold earrings dangling from her ears, and a large cross suspended round her neck—"comanda, signora," she repeats, "vedi che son belli, ne vuole?" as she uncovers her basket and displays the treasures it contains. What lovely flowers! Huge bouquets of carnations, gaudy in varied tints, mixed with heliotrope and geranium leaves in the most artistic fashion; sprigs of orange-flowers and myrtle leaves; piles of magnificent tuberose, scenting the air with overpowering perfume; hanzias lying beside them, contrasting their waxy blossoms with the marble whiteness of the graceful lily-form of the tuberose. Then the roses, the lovely roses of every colour, every shade from white to red, from red to yellow and buff. I declare I must buy them all. To think we are in the month of November makes them all the sweeter, and that the poor girl will gladly make over to me her whole morning's stock in trade, enough to perfume an entire garden, for about two shillings! O Italy, thou art a glorious land! Well might old Sam Rogers, in his ecstasy at finding himself on the classical side of the Alps, exclaim, "How beautiful thou art!" for every creature who ever followed in his footsteps has echoed the same sentiment from their very souls!

But I must not forget the fruit in my rhapsodies about the flowers; and to fill up the sum of your discontent, good Mr. Editor, which I see increasing with every line I write, "that you, too, are not in Arcadia," I must give you a word on that subject. On the bridges in the Loggie, or arched-covered spaces in the various markets, at the corner of every street, behold choice altars raised to the fair Pomona, loaded with exquisite grapes, as luscious as ever grew on the Thessalian plains, figs, peaches, fine pears, apples, medlars, and numbers of other kind of fruit quite strange to me. "And all," as Hamlet says, "for nothing,"—yes, absolutely nothing.

When in the morning I wend my way to the Piazza Gran Duca, which I never enter without a feeling of awe as I glance at the mighty monuments around—Michael Angelo's David, so imposing in its grand simplicity, unlike the usual anatomical "poses" the great artist usually preferred. Beside it the exquisite bronze statue of Perseus holding Medusa's head, just severed from the body aloft, blood streaming from the neck, which statue proves what a rival to Michael Angelo would Cellini have been had he followed the natural bent of his genius, instead of carving cups and goblets for the imperious Grand Duchess Eleanor, of whom in his memoirs he so bitterly complains; this, his solitary statue, being an earnest of the finished execution and original design of which he was capable. Then there is his great rival Bandinelli's Hercules, keeping

guard with the David over the entrance to the huge frowning palazo itself, covered with escutcheons, at once the fortress and the residence of the mighty Medicean line, with its great halls, and cortiles, and frescos, such a charming old mediæval specimen, each room suggesting some historical reminiscence. In a corner of the piazza, hard by the palace, is the great fountain, Dei Giganti, about which Cellini nearly broke his heart, when the imperious Eleanor and her husband Cosimo, the first grand duke, gave the commission to Ammanati, and rejected his own design. In this piazza was Savonarola burnt; and here, on the 1st of May, some who still believe the doctrines he preached, spread violets on the pavement in memory of his death; but that must be done very early in the morning indeed, for fear of the Austrian soldiers.

But how I am running. I began about the fruit, and somehow or other have wandered to Savonarola. When, as I was saying—when in the morning I cross this fabled region, the Gran Piazza, in my way to the Distribuzione delle Corrispondenze (the pompous name given to the post-office in the high-sounding Italian), occupying one entire side of the square, with its sloping roof and shady curtains, under which “the foresters,” bent on the same errand as myself, daily congregate, and the Saxon tongue is heard in every dialect—I always return laden, if not with letters, at least with fruit, for which indiscretion I am diurnally reprimanded by papa, who sternly inquires “why I load myself like a facchino.”

Now, Mr. Editor, methinks at this distance I hear you grumbling—although to be sure the Apennines, and the Alps, and the Mediterranean, all France, and the *horrid* Channel, “that dreary sea that flows between”—divides us. Still editors’ voices are loud and awful, like the muffled roar of Etna in its present active state—and they reach a prodigious way, too—so I really quite fancy I hear you saying, “What is the use of all this trash to me? What do I care for all this jargon about glorious sunshine, jewellers’ shops, flowers, roses, lovely Italy, and the fruit? Confound the fruit! I don’t eat fruit. I am afraid of it in these cholera times. What does the girl mean by all this rambling? She promises me news from Florence, and then gives me this rhodomontade instead. I want to hear about the opera society, the winter visitors—that is what I bargained for.”

Softly, now—softly, Mr. Editor; don’t be angry; you shall have it all, only be patient. I have given you the outward and visible of our lovely city at the beginning of winter, and having done so, proceed to what is going on among those modern Sybarites—its inhabitants. First, let me mention, it is not likely to be a brilliant season, as people are all afraid of war, and Florence, with that stupid old grand duke, with his popish prejudices and his Austrians, would not be, under those circumstances, quite agreeable. Rome is the place for safety—Rome, garrisoned by our dear brothers the French. They must take care of the poor Pope, and so the English will come in for their chivalrous protection. Two operas are, however, open, and various minor theatres. “Rigoletto” has had a prodigious run, and is even now drawing immense houses at a small theatre. It is the sweetest, most *entrainante* music ever written, and full of the finest dramatic situations; with the exception of “Macbeth,” decidedly Verdi’s latest *chef-d’œuvre*. Whenever that song, “La donna è mobile”

is sung, a perfect *furor* is invariably created. If the English have any musical souls left, their insane prejudice against modern Italian music will yield to the sparkling charm of this fascinating opera.

All the world lately has been ballet mad, for and because of a certain young American *danseuse*, a Miss Maywood by name, who has literally taken the city of the Medici by storm—a feat many a great commander has failed in effecting. She certainly has the merit of great originality, being unlike Ferraris, Carlotta Grisi, or Cerito, and yet combining many perfections peculiar to them. Her style is bold, daring, and impassioned, appealing more to the senses than aspiring to the poetry of motion, which I presume is the reason the Florentines are so wild about her. In face she is far from pretty; her pantomime is marvellously graphic and expressive, and would be remarkable even for a Neapolitan; how American limbs and features can ever have acquired such speaking eloquence is quite an enigma. The roaring and shouting when she appears attitudinising at the back of the stage, seen between parting clouds of misty obscurity, are really deafening, and the recals, and the bouquets, and the garlands at the conclusion, positively wearisome. The ballet, well put on the stage, at the Pergola, is the story of Faust, with alterations—told as the dream of an old man, who, in a series of effective tableaux, has his renowned life represented to him by the wand of Mephistophiles, to whom he afterwards sells himself, in order to obtain the invigorating elixir vitæ, and realise the agreeable dream. This same wicked Mephistophiles (who in his red cloak, outstretched arms, and wonderful contortions of countenance, reminds one of Formès, as Bertrand, in “Robert le Diable”) induces Margaret, by mistake, to poison her mother, by which means he acquires infernal rights over her soul.

The acting of the Maywood, in the scene where she discovers what she has done, is really something not to be forgotten—a union of dancing and pantomime, horrific in its vivid and picturesque passion, altogether displaying powers unrivalled by any other living dancer. In the last scene she and the respectable *Dr. Faustus* are united in the lower regions, after the audience have witnessed her decapitation on *terra firma* for the murder of her mother. An infernal dance takes place, which is very effective, and forms a spirited *finale*; but is not to be compared in suggestive expression and grace to a “*pas de fascination*” in the earlier part of the ballet, when she solicits and obtains the love of the venerable doctor, not yet vivified into the gay young cavalier, by a series of attitudes and *tours de force*, trenching on the extremest confines of the allowable, executed with a passionate voluptuousness all her own.

I fancy if she comes to London the Lord Chamberlain will oblige the young lady to reform altogether, or certainly modify her style, as also to wear more ample clothing, before she displays her charms to the sternly moral subjects of Queen Victoria. These little omissions and commissions may pass current in the modern Pompeii, but will hardly do at home, Mr. Editor, where, at least, “people assume a virtue if they have it not.” So much for Miss Maywood, who is certainly a *great fact* in her department. It is an odd jumble that Donizetti’s version of the sufferings of the early Christians, in the opera of “*Poluito*,” should preface Miss Maywood’s attitudinising; but so it is, and the same evening beholds

that personage destroying the altars of the false gods, and being burnt alive in consequence, while ovations are afterwards offered by an unreflecting public to the Pathian Venus, in the person of her worthy delegate the young American. The music is solemn, and somewhat lugubrious—the story dull—there is no love, and little hate. *Poluito*, in the grand scena, knocks down a pasteboard tripod, and puts out six tin censers filled with lighted tow, placed in the centre of a very seedy-looking temple; after performing which feat, he sings a solo to the priest of Jupiter, who is present, and listens to his *roulades* with an attention perfectly polite and gentlemanly. A Roman governor flourishes about in gold boots and a red toga, and *Paulina*, the heroine, is finally led off to execution in company with the obstreperous Christian, a very Roman Chartist, in a very unbecoming kind of brown bombazine bathing dress. The said lady rejoices in the name of Bendazzi in her normal state, and is nothing extraordinary; but as Italians always *act* well, one never has the infliction of seeing the sticks that disgrace the English stage. Why don't they have good modern Italian operas in London, instead of that everlasting "Lucia," and sickly "Somnambula," which year after year are repeated, and give one the notion there is no new music existing? Whereas, in Italy, there is a never-ending change and novelty.

Beaucarde has been singing quite lately at the Pergola, too, in the "Favorita." His voice is charming—a real *tenore robusto*, and yet sweet and malleable as a flute; very superior in my mind to Mario, who now generally sings but one song well in a whole opera. *Appropos* of Mario, he has been in Florence, looking as much like a fine Titian as ever; his indeed being one of those classically beautiful countenances, partaking largely of that antique type perpetuated by the great masters. In Italy, Mario ceases to be a *stage actor*, and is restored to his proper sphere, being in rank a duke, son of a former governor of Nice, and, as such, is treated with the highest distinction. Florence has been rejoicing over him as the man she "delighteth to honour," particularly as he has flattered the vanity of the city by purchasing a splendid villa, formerly occupied by Mr. Vansittart, just out of the Porta San Gallo, under the shadow of the beautiful orange-terraced hill of Fiesole, crowned as with a mural diadem by the ancient Etruscan capitol.

Although Mario's visits are generally brief, some splendid *fêtes* were given in his honour. I was present at one given at our great English banker's, Baron F——, so well known and esteemed as the Torlonia of Florence. The whole of the superb apartments of the Palazzo Covoni were thrown open to the *beau monde*, who came in shoals, all hoping and expecting to hear Mario sing, which, strange to say, he never has yet done in Italy. The great *tenore* was too much fatigued by a rapid journey to gratify the company; and, although he looked blooming with health and in the highest spirits, and kept provokingly hovering about the piano, not one note did we hear of his honey-like voice. The Pope's nuncio at the Tuscan court, after being introduced to him, added his solicitations to the others, but was alike refused.

This same nuncio amused me extremely; he was the veriest ecclesiastical dandy I ever beheld; nothing could exceed the finical neatness and elegance of his costume, and the evident satisfaction with which he displayed

the beauties of his dress and person. As to anything reverend or sacred about him, one might as well have looked for clerical gravity in poor Lord Cantalupe. His countenance was *spirituel* and animated, with fine large speaking eyes, of which he made good use. He was dressed in black, with a light silk mantle of the same colour, similar in shape to those always worn by the priesthood. The front of his shirt was covered with violet silk, his stockings were of the same colour, and the nattiest, tiniest little feet, of which he appeared not a little vain, were encased in delicate shoes with large buckles. In his hand he carried his hat of the regular *padre* form, only garlanded by a crimson cord and tassels. A more dapper, lively, talkative little gentleman, somewhere on the borders of forty, I never had the pleasure of encountering. He talked to every one, specially to some recent English converts, with great *empressement*, and skipped about the rooms, chatting by turns in French and Italian with equal fluency, like an emancipated schoolboy. He was particularly disappointed that Mario would not sing, and seemed very curious about his private history, asking "*If he were married?*" with the utmost *naïveté*. And so the chirruping little coxcomb is one of the Sacred College, a reverend father in God, and possibly may live to be his Holiness and have his toe kissed! O misericordia! I am glad I am a Protestant. He has at least the merit of exacting none of the servility insisted on by our own nuncio, Cardinal Wiseman, who compels people to kiss his hands and bow down before him, as if he were the great graven image Nebuchadnezzar the King had set up.

Although Mario did not sing, there was some excellent amateur music. Miss H—, a young English lady, sang, with an execution and sweetness quite astonishing, the most complicated soprano music, in a style altogether Italian, but with a graceful modesty essentially English. She was supported by Prince Guiseppe Poniatowski, who has a fine barytone voice, and sings like a perfect musician. Other performers there were also, whose names I did not catch.

Among the company were many celebrities. The clever, witty Lever, who has long taken up his abode in Florence, with his pretty wife and handsome daughter, who looks so thoroughly Venetian, with her rich auburn hair, fine radiant complexion, and sparkling black eyes, one could swear she had sat for a model to Giorgione or Paolo Veronese, and that one had seen her picture twenty times in the galleries of Venice. Mrs. Trollope was playing whist in a corner in stern and rigid silence, looking as interested in her game as if she had never handled aught but cards all her life. If you had been there, Mr. Editor, she would, I am certain, have been more gracious to you; but, as it was, all the company seemed beneath her attention, and she heeded no one, and looked furious if interrupted.

The celebrated Lady — was seated on an ottoman in the centre of the largest room, surrounded by a court of gentlemen, all anxious to gain a word, a look, a smile from this fair ruler of the Florentine *beau monde*. She is no longer young, but her countenance possesses that true type of English aristocratic beauty which may almost defy age, like the Countess of J—y, or the Duchess of S—, and she will still bear off the palm, even when younger and fresher beauties, in all the zenith of

their charms, are present. Delicately fair, with melting yet lively blue eyes, the most silky hair, and a neck and arms and shoulders of waxy smoothness, there is a high-bred charm about her manner and address quite irresistible. She condescends so gracefully, none could have the heart to dispute her sovereignty; and when she *intends* to please, were it a *Caliban* she is certain of success, for who could resist that angel smile and sweet though dignified address? One could hardly believe that this delicate creature is a great smoker, and nightly receives a large circle of gentlemen expressly for the purpose of indulging in the noxious weed; yet such is the case, and that finely-formed mouth is but too often on those occasions disfigured by a cigar.

But she is just one of those privileged persons who may do what they please and still be charming and irresistible, as is proved by the absolute sway the fair lady exercises over all the world here. The men especially are her abject slaves, and her nightly réunions are literally social parliaments, where measures and resolutions are proposed and discussed as to what is—or is not to be—and who is, or who is not, to be received within the city over which the fair sultana reigns. Long may she live to exercise her gentle sway, enforced by the eloquent expression of those matchless eyes—as absolute as the veriest tyranny of the middle ages!

But it is growing late, good Mr. Editor, and we must take our leave of the brilliant circle at the Palazzo Covoni, who will talk and sing, and fan themselves, and eat ices, far too late into the night for your taste. I have, too, exhausted all my present news, and must bid you farewell!

FLORENTIA.

TALES OF MY DRAGOMAN.

No. III.

HOW MUFTIFIZ ROSE TO GREATNESS.

By BASIL MAY.

Now, there was in a certain Turkish province a pacha much beloved of the people for his condescension and impartiality. Daily, almost, accompanied by his officers of state, he visited the bazaars and stalls, and though not always a purchaser, he invariably addressed some pleasing remark to the dealers. A great favourite of his was a certain Muftifiz, a jeweller, whose shrewdness had attracted his notice.

"By Bruin's ultimatum!" exclaimed the pacha, "a rare brooch, a very rare brooch; and thou sayest, Muftifiz, 'tis genuine tribute gold; that these bright sparkling gems symbolise the frankness and liberality of the North Land Gaiour. By Muckenough's passport, I like the allegory. What say the faithful servants of the Prophet?" he inquired, turning to his officers, who had gathered round him at his first words.

There was the kiaya, a host in himself. There was Achmet Benali, Achmet Ali and Bibi; severally, the grand master of the mules and whipper-in in ordinary to the seraglio, the master of the pantaloons and

dispenser in extraordinary of otto of roses, the commander-in-chief of all the forces.

Various were the ejaculations of astonishment and delight which proceeded from these great men on beholding this wonderful combination of nature and art.

The kiaya looked greedy, Achmet Benali was wistful, Achmet Ali gave a glance at his person, and Bibi swore by the fumes of his chibouk.

"Such an appropriate trinket must not belong to any other but ourselves," said the pacha; "friend Muftiz, let it be carefully packed, and sent to the palace."

"Your highness's will be done," answered Muftiz, bowing graciously, and with satisfaction beaming on his countenance he laid the jewel on one side. "His faithful slave," he continued, "prays his highness will look at these wares," and he directed the attention of the pacha and his attendants to the contents of a mahogany-case, in which was a variety of articles, from a gold Geneva watch to a silver Sheffield toothpick.

Each bought something. The pacha a signet ring, the kiaya a pair of earrings, the master of the mules a jockey-cap and whip coat-studs, the dispenser in extraordinary of otto of roses a scent bottle, and Bibi a paper-knife made like a dagger.

Whilst so engaged, a fakir, or religious mendicant, happened to pass, and seeing the illustrious company in the jeweller's shop, stepped in and solicited alms, and Bibi, who was also almoner, put some loose coins in a piece of paper and handed them to him.

"The spirit of the true Prophet be with you," said the beggar, and disappeared.

The pacha and his attendants had been gone about ten minutes, and were about to enter into one of the bazaars, when Muftiz, breathless, pale, and greatly agitated, presented himself before the pacha, and begged he would grant him a few moments in private. The pacha, who perceived his favourite's scared looks, and saw at a glance that some matter of importance alone could so disturb his usual equanimity, bid his officers retire to a distance whilst he conversed with him.

"Highness," said Muftiz, and he stammered as he spoke, "the brooch is gone."

"Gone—the brooch gone—where?"

"I know not, highness. I laid it on one side whilst you inspected my other wares; no one has been into my shop since, and now I cannot lay hands on it. Allah! Allah! be merciful, or his servant is lost."

"Calm thyself, friend Muftiz," said the pacha; and calling to his attendants, he bade them retrace their steps to the jeweller's.

Nothing but looks occurred, not a single word was spoken, for every one felt there was something unusual had happened.

"Faithful and honest servants," said the pacha, as soon as they were all in, and the door was closed, "somebody has priggged a brooch. It isn't me, here's the proof;" and suiting the action to the word, the pacha turned out the pockets of his pantaloons, and held them out by the ends between his forefinger and thumb. This was both an example and a command.

The kiaya turned out his pockets and slipped off his pantaloons;

Achmet Benali took off pantaloons and vest; Achmet Ali pantaloons, vest, and brodequins; and Bibi undressed. But no one took off his turban. The *kiaya* the pacha kindly requested to uncover; Benali was told to follow his example; Ali was reminded that the pacha waited; and Bibi got a look. However, no brooch was to be found, and Muftifiz, bewildered and at a loss what to say, stammered out an apology, which the pacha graciously accepted, and placing a heavy purse upon the counter, went away.

Muftifiz gave a good hunt for the missing brooch, and dismissed the matter from his mind, which he was the more disposed to do as the pacha had contributed largely to the reparation of his loss by the well-filled purse he had left. Indeed, tradition says that the pacha's partiality was signally exemplified, and Muftifiz's loss more than compensated. Muftifiz was grateful, but he regretted that so kind a ruler should be a victim to the trust he reposed in others, for he had no doubt in his mind that some one of his officers could have accounted for the missing jewel; and his suspicions were strengthened when vague rumours reached his ears that other dealers had missed different articles, and at all times on the occasion of their marts being honoured by the visits of the pacha and the court, but which losses were passed over in silence, as it could not be supposed for an instant that such august company could know anything about the matter. At length these whispers taking the form of accusations, the worthy Muftifiz thought it would but be doing his duty to inform the pacha on the subject, and this he promised himself he would do the very next time he honoured him with a visit. He had not long to wait. The pacha came, and as chance would have it, unattended, except by an eunuch, who held his mule, and half a dozen mamalukes to guard his august person.

"Good day, friend," said the pacha.

Muftifiz prostrated himself.

"Has our faithful servant a gold padlock and key which will resist the skilfullest contrivances of the ablest lock picker?"

"How happy is his faithful servant to have it in his power to serve his highness," said Muftifiz. "Here are locks and keys from the reputed depositories of Chubb, and Bramah, and Cupid's forges, which will baffle the keenest."

"Ah! Muftifiz," sighed his highness, whilst he selected several, which he alternately tried, so as to find one easy to his hand.

"What ails your highness?"

"Oh! that we should find it difficult to trust even those we love," answered the pacha. "There, Muftifiz, I think this one will do; it is small, yet to all appearance beautifully complicated."

It was the habit of the pacha to indulge in long and familiar chats with his favourite, and on this occasion the latter soon found an opportunity to allude to the above-mentioned rumours. The pacha was much shocked; he could scarcely credit that his faithful liegemen had been the victims of a system he ignored. In his first impulse he would have returned to the palace immediately, assembled his ministers, and, on pain of instant bow-stringing, summoned the culprit to declare himself; but then he reflected that he should be acting unjustly towards the innocent, in case

the guilty proved obstinate, and for a moment he sincerely regretted he was not himself pacha, kiaya, and body-diplomatic, all in one.

"Allah! Allah!" he exclaimed, "who shall solve this mystery?"

"That will I," said Muftifiz.

"Thou," rejoined the pacha; "and how wilt thou proceed?"

Muftifiz told the pacha as much of the line of conduct he meant to pursue as answered his purpose, which tended to obtain the pacha's authorisation to proceed in the matter exactly as his impulses should prompt him, with a guarantee that whatever he did should receive the pacha's assent.

In the course of his investigation, Muftifiz discovered many secrets and learnt many things. For instance, he learnt that the kiaya was very friendly, too friendly, perhaps, with the fair Barbarosa, his fellow-labourer, Pupmoud's wife. He knew exactly what jewellery she had, how long she had had it, and from whence it came; and recognising his own wares which had been legitimately sold, though not regularly paid for by the kiaya, he got nothing from that quarter. He learnt how Achmet Benali, as grand master of the mules, and whipper-in in ordinary to the seraglio, had presumed upon his influence to bestow all the vacant stalls on his own family, and turned the feminine chit-chat to his personal benefit. He learnt how Achmet Ali, as master of the pantaloons and dispenser in extraordinary of otto of roses, had let out on hire the sovereign breeches for masquerade nights, and spilt the perfume to destroy the public scent. But what was infinitely more to the purpose, he learnt that Bibi indulged in solitary walks whilst his fellow-ministers were at their clubs, or pleasantly engaged on their own special pet business. That Bibi, the son of Mars—Bibi, of all men—should take solitary walks, bore something so strange on the face of it, he determined to watch him closely. Assuming the costume of an Armenian, and putting powder on his beard and hair, to make them look grey, and placing a pair of green spectacles on his nose, Muftifiz took up a position in front of the palace. Presently, Bibi came out, twirling a cane round his fingers, and looking very bold. It being dark, Muftifiz pretended not to see, and ran up violently against him.

"Dog!" exclaimed Bibi, striking him a severe blow across the shoulders with his cane.

Muftifiz was profuse of excuses, but the ruse had succeeded; Bibi did not recognise him. Closely and pertinaciously he hung on his steps that night, followed him into the bazaars, stopped with him at the stalls, watched him into different marts, but Bibi did nothing but what was quite correct. Once or twice even, Muftifiz noticed that he bestowed alms on the fakirs who solicited his charity; and recognising in a subsequent application the same fakir who had been a previous recipient, he felt quite grieved that this charitable man should be so imposed upon. They had now reached that quarter of the city which no true follower of the Prophet was ever supposed to enter—the domain of the Gaiour—and Muftifiz, like all true believers, having the stench in his nostrils, was about to leave Bibi to his fate, when, for the third time, standing in the reflection of the light, he saw the fakir who had twice received charity deliberately make a sign to Bibi, who followed in his steps, and turned down a dark corner, where they entered into conversation together. From

thence he traced them to the house of an infidel general dealer, where he thought it advisable to leave them, but promised himself to renew his investigation on the morrow, not doubting for a moment but that he now had a clue. The following night, Muftifiz having applied for and obtained the assistance of a guard of mamalukes, posted them in that same dark corner, with strict instructions to their chief not to leave the spot, and proceeded to his own watch in front of the palace, from which Bibi soon issued. He followed him into a bazaar, where Bibi stopped at a stall, and requested to look at some trinkets. Several were shown to him—rings, bracelets, earrings, brooches, and pins for the hair. Whilst handling some of these, the fakir of the preceding night solicited alms. Muftifiz now drew up quite close, and saw Bibi put his right hand into his pocket, from which he drew a small square piece of paper, in which from his left hand he wrapped up something, which he tossed to the beggar. This short comedy was repeated some three or four times at different places, and then Bibi directed his steps to the spot where he had met the mendicant. There the latter had preceded him. Muftifiz diverged round, and as soon as they turned the corner gave the word to the mamalukes, who sprang upon the pair, seized them despite of Bibi's expostulations and threats, bound them with cords, and took them before the pacha. There the mendicant was searched, and in his gabardine were found, not well-bestowed alms, but many of the richest gems of the province.

The poor pacha was greatly shocked that Bibi, one of his household, under the cloak of religion, should have conspired to rob his people, thereby provoking their suspicions and animosity against himself, whose only wish was to be entirely free from cares of any kind. He determined to make an example, and commanded that Bibi and his confederate should be immediately put to death. Muftifiz he handsomely rewarded for this signal piece of service; indeed, he became so great a favourite, that scarcely a day passed he was not sent for to attend at the palace on some piece of business or other. The pacha even admitted him to his secret conferences with the kiaya, and now and then appealing to him, would say: "What thinks our faithful servant Muftifiz?" or, "We shall talk it over at our leisure with friend Muftifiz."

Time flew on apace. The pacha, worthy man, leaving state matters entirely to his ministers, continued to lead an easy, careless life, which however was not destined to run smooth. Vague rumours reached the palace of a formidable conspiracy against the state, and by an anonymous intimation, the pacha was apprised that an important member of his government was at the head of it.

"What can it mean?" said the pacha, who, with his two familiars, was squatted on tiger skins in the divan, sipping his coffee and puffing his chibouk.

The kiaya emitted thick volumes of smoke, which might be taken to imply that he felt quite as puzzled as his worthy master.

"Hast observed nothing to excite thy suspicions, faithful Muftifiz?" asked the pacha.

"To suspect, oh! excellence," said Muftifiz, who had conversed with Martin Tupper on his projected "*Proverbial Philosophy*," "is not to reap in the furrows of my brain good harvest of right reasons."

"Well said, friend," answered the pacha; "still wilt thou lend thine aid to our faithful servant the kiaya?"

"His humble servant will not hide from his beloved master that the matter may prove intricate."

"Do thy best, friend Muftifz, do thy best; we place entire confidence in the wisdom of our servants."

We said, in the matter of the Bibi conspiracy, that Muftifz had learnt how the kiaya was very friendly with the fair Barbarosa. Now this worthy dame, like the rest of her sex, had her little failings—an inordinate vanity and love of adulation. She had married Pupmoud at a time of life when she was scarcely conscious of the importance of the step she took; and in later years discovered it was much against her inclination. Being a remarkably handsome woman, she had been so fortunate, or unfortunate, as the case may be, as to attract the notice of the kiaya, who fed upon her smiles with all the ardour of a thoroughly fascinated man. She felt her strength, and her chains became doubly burdensome to her. What would she not have given to have had it in her power to snap them! But though Pupmoud was but a simple burgess, still he belonged to an influential corporation, in offending which the kiaya would have run great risks, this class being specially favoured by the pacha, who moreover, in cases of matrimonial peccadilloes, was known to exercise great severity. Pupmoud, who did not feel the least flattered by the homage paid to his better half, though compelled to devour his anger in secret, would have risked the salvation of his soul almost for an opportunity to be revenged. This soon occurred. Barbarosa talked in her sleep, and though she made no distinct statement, she said enough to induce her husband to send that anonymous intimation to the pacha of which we have spoken.

One morning that the pacha had listened, through his interpreter, to a glowing account of one of those tremendous battles fought by the North Land savages amongst themselves, and was still wondering how it happened that such raging warfare resulted only in Sergeant Tightstrap's horse being blinded of one eye by an adverse ramrod, which had not been withdrawn from the barrel, and in Private Cookspet having sprained his ankle in leaping into the enemy's trenches, he was informed that his faithful Muftifz craved a private audience. He commanded that he should be admitted at once.

"Hast discovered anything, friend Muftifz?" eagerly asked the pacha.

"Highness," answered Muftifz, in a desponding tone of voice, "all other means have failed. I have but one resource left." And he proceeded to inform the pacha that he wished he would have him arrested as the originator of the conspiracy, and express his intention of having him executed in eight-and-forty hours; and perceiving the pacha's undisguised astonishment at such a demand, he added: "Your excellency's faithful servant believes this will be the means of obtaining a solution, and begs your highness will grant his request."

It was therefore agreed between them that it should be as Muftifz wished—that he should leave the palace, and proceed to his own house; in the mean time, the pacha should give the order for his arrest and execution; but that no one should be allowed to visit him in prison without a warrant from the pacha, who, from a hidden place, should watch the interview himself. Accordingly, the next morning it was

generally known throughout the city that Muftifiz had been arrested for conspiracy, and would be executed the following day; but that the pacha, in his great clemency, not wishing to deprive Muftifiz's heirs of his immense wealth, had allowed him to make his will, which gracious condescension he had availed himself of, by bequeathing it all to his fellow-citizen Pupmoud.

Now the kiaya happened to be Muftifiz's debtor to a considerable amount for jewellery bought and monies lent, and he naturally argued that Pupmoud would inherit the credits as well as the real property. He knew that Pupmoud hated him with all an injured husband's strength, hence he drew the conclusion that Pupmoud would not leave a stone unturned to effect his ruin. It was quite out of his power to cancel the debt, and therefore he was at his mercy. Of two evils, he chose what appeared to him to be the lesser. He sought Muftifiz.

As soon as he was introduced, "Vanish!" said he to the janisary who had admitted him. The official closed the door upon him and disappeared. Then addressing Muftifiz, the kiaya said, "I have come to offer thee life."

"My life! to me! Tamper not with my misfortunes, your greatness."

"Listen to me," continued the kiaya. "I owe thee 10,000 zechins; dost thou value freedom at that sum?"

"Can you ask it," answered Muftifiz.

"Wilt thou give me a quittance in good form for that amount, against a warrant that I shall bring thee of pardon, and enjoyment of all thy former rights and privileges?"

"You jest, greatness," said Muftifiz, with a sickly smile.

"Thou art arrested for conspiracy?" asserted the kiaya.

Muftifiz bowed.

"Whether justly or unjustly I will not pretend to say; his sublime highness keeps the matter to himself."

Muftifiz looked surprised.

"But what I have to say to thee, to thee alone," continued the kiaya, going up to him, placing his hand on his shoulder, and lowering his voice, "is, that there is a second conspiracy."

"Ah! what says your excellency?"

"There is a second conspiracy," repeated the kiaya.

"And your greatness has discovered it?"

"Discovered it! pshaw!" he exclaimed, betrayed by his feelings into a louder tone of voice, "I am the man who pulls the wires, O Muftifiz!"

No sooner had the last words escaped his lips than the end of the cell seemed to disappear as if by magic, and it became filled with soldiers, with the pacha at their head. The kiaya was surrounded in a moment, and whilst he was being held, the pacha, addressing him, said:

"O thou wicked man, on whom so many benefits have been bestowed, not content with the indulgence of thy passions, thou hast sought to remedy their evil consequences in the accomplishment of a crime. Let thy end be an example to all men."

At these words the mamalukes plunged their scimitars into the body of the kiaya, who ceased to exist.

"And thou, my faithful servant," resumed the pacha, linking his arm with that of Muftifiz, "thou shalt occupy the post that unworthy man so lately filled, and thy talents and discernment shall aid and enlighten the councils of thy sovereign."

LITERARY LEAFLETS.

BY SIR NATHANIEL.

No. XIV.—MRS. JAMESON.

"ACCIDENT first made me an authoress," says Mrs. Jameson, in one of her captivating books. Something higher, deeper, better, qualified her to be an authoress, and ensured for her, as such, a position second to hardly one of her contemporaries in grace of style, correctness, and refinement of taste, keenness of observation, and freshness of thought. Acquaintance with such a writer would have been an invaluable argument and support to Charles Perrault, when he indited his *Apologie des Femmes*, in answer to Boileau's spiteful satire, and there maintained the supremacy of true womanly opinion in matters of taste, saying, in his preface: "On sait la justesse de leur discernement pour les choses fines et délicates, la sensibilité qu'elles ont pour ce qui est clair, vif, naturel et de bon sens, et le dégoût subit qu'elles temoignent à l'abord de tout ce qui est obscur, languissant, contraiut, et embarrassé." Mrs. Jameson stands unsurpassed among the literary women of England for critical culture; for instinctive accuracy of taste, and ability to give a reason for the faith that is in her, with elegance and precision of language. And it is beautiful to mark in this capacious, deep, highly-cultivated and ever-active intellect, so utter an absence of, and so hearty a disrelish for, whatever is akin to the satirical and the censorious. This gracious nature holds no tie with carping, crabbed, captious ways and means. "I can smile," she says, "nay, I can laugh still, to see folly, vanity, absurdity, meanness, exposed by scornful wit, and depicted by others in fictions light and brilliant. But these very things, when I encounter the reality, rather make me sad than merry, and take away all the inclination, if I had the power, to hold them up to derision." And she contends that no one human being has been made essentially better by satire, which excites only the lowest and worst of our propensities; the spirit of ridicule she abhors, because in direct contradiction to the mild and serious spirit of Christianity—and at the same time she fears it, because wherever it has prevailed as a social fashion, and has given the tone to the manners and literature, it has marked the moral degradation and approaching destruction of the society thus characterised;—and furthermore, she despises it, as the usual resource of the shallow and the base mind, and, when wielded by the strongest hand with the purest intentions, an inefficient means of good. "The spirit of satire, reversing the spirit of mercy which is twice blessed, seems to me," she says, "twice accursed; evil in those who indulge it—evil to those who are the objects of it." In her every volume the jaded sufferer under literary fever and fretfulness is sure, in Wordsworth's language, of

One enclosure where the voice that speaks
In envy or detraction is not heard;
Where malice may not enter; where the traces
Of evil inclinations are unknown.

In the writings of women generally is remarked a tone of greater
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generosity than in those of men: hence, "commend us," says Mr. Gilfillan, "to female critics. The principle *nil admirari* is none of theirs; and whether it be that a sneer disfigures their beautiful lips, it is seldom seen upon them." The sneer may nevertheless be translated into print, and sometimes is, by those whose lips are innocent of aught but smiles (and kisses)—for in a book, even a beauty may sneer away, if so disposed, without peril to her facial muscles, whatever the peril to her heart; but Mrs. Jameson is incompetent in the art, though her generosity is anything but indiscriminate, anything but common and open to all comers. For, as a veteran authority remarks of another lady-scribe, "on croit sentir" (and the *croyance* is not mere credulity) "un esprit ferme et presque viril, qui aborde les sujets élevés avec une subtilité raisonneuse, et qui en comprend tous les divers aspects." Whatever else she may be—crotchety, as some allege,—speculative, daring, determined, paradoxical, or what not,—she is *not* insipid, nor given to platitudinary prosing.

Mrs. Jameson's productions have been too many to allow, in this place, of separate comment,—and too good to be curtly discussed in a hurried summary. Some must, therefore, be premitted, and the rest inadequately, but respectfully, "touched upon"—and would that *our* ordeal by touch could command, as this lady can, the *ornavit* as an invariable sequent to the *tetigit*! Greeting with a passing mention her "Visits and Sketches at Home and Abroad," "Diary of an Ennuyée," and "Celebrated Female Sovereigns," we come to a full stop, *plus* a note of admiration, at that ever delightful book, "Characteristics of Women." The success which hailed this choice performance, was, it seems, to the author, "so entirely unlooked for, as to be a matter of surprise as well as of pleasure and gratitude." It was undertaken without a thought of fame or money; it was written out of the fulness of her own heart and soul, and already she felt amply repaid, ere ever a page was in type, by the new and various views of human nature its composition opened to her, and the beautiful and soothing images it placed before her, and the conscious exercise and improvement of her own faculties. The purpose of these volumes is, to illustrate the various modifications of which the female character is susceptible, with their causes and results—not indeed formally expounding the writer's conviction, that the modern social condition of her sex is false and injurious, but implying certain positions of this nature by examples, and leaving the reader to deduce the moral and to draw the inference. The characters best fitted to her purpose she finds among those whom History ignores—women being illustrious in History, not from what they have been in themselves, but generally in proportion to the mischief they have done or caused, or else presented under seemingly irreconcilable aspects*—it is to Shakspeare she turns

* The Duchesse de Longueville being instanced, as one whom History represents, in her relation to the Fronde, as a fury of discord, a woman without modesty or pity, "bold, intriguing, profligate, vain, ambitious, factious;" and, on the other hand, in her protection of Arnauld,—an angel of benevolence, and a worshipper of goodness. History, it is contended, provides nothing to connect the two extremes in our fancy. Whereas, if Shakspeare had drawn the duchesse's character, he would have shown us the same individual woman in both situations—since the same being, with the same faculties, and passions, and powers, it surely was.

for characters that combine history and real life, for complete individuals, whose hearts and souls are laid open before us,—while, in History, certain isolated facts and actions are recorded, without any relation to causes or motives, or connecting feelings; and pictures exhibited, from which the considerate mind is averted in disgust, and the feeling heart has no relief but in positive and justifiable incredulity. The prevalent idea, that Shakspeare's women are inferior to his men, Mrs. Jameson assents to at once, if inferiority in power be meant; for she holds that in Shakspeare the male and female characters bear precisely the same relation to each other that they do in nature and in society*—but, taking the strong and essential distinction of sex into consideration, she maintains, and goes very far to prove, that Shakspeare's women are equal to his men in truth, in variety, and in power. The classification adopted, in treating of this splendid portrait-gallery, is almost of course arbitrary and open to exception; but the skill displayed in critical interpretation, poetical sympathy, psychological analysis, and studious comprehensiveness, is most excellent. To every diligent student of Shakspeare, the aid of Mrs. Jameson's commentaries is invaluable; to the collector of criticisms on his peerless dramas, her "Characteristics" must no more be overlooked than the contributions of Coleridge and Hazlitt, of Lamb, George Moir,† De Quincey,‡ Hartley Coleridge,§ Wilson,|| Knight, Hallam, Fletcher, Campbell, Goethe, A. W. Schlegel, Tieck, Ulrici, and others. She divides her characters into classes, under the heads of Intellect and Wit—Fancy and Passion—Sentiment and Affection. The historical characters are considered apart, as requiring a different mode of illustration, and their dramatic delineation is illustrated by all the historic testimony the industrious author could collect.

The four "representative women" of Intellect—Portia, Isabella, Beatrice, and Rosalind—are delicately discriminated. Portia is intellect kindled into romance by a poetical imagination; Isabella, intellect elevated by religious principle; Beatrice, intellect animated by spirit; Rosalind, intellect softened by sensibility. The wit of the first is compared to attar of roses; of the second (who, however, seems a little out of place in this category), to incense wafted to heaven; of the third, to sal-volatile; of the fourth, to cotton dipped in aromatic vinegar. To Portia, Mrs. Jameson assigns the first rank among the four, as more eminently embodying all the noblest and most loveable qualities that ever met together in woman (albeit we must own to *some* share in Hazlitt's confession that the Lady of Belmont was "no great favourite of his"—comparatively, that is, when Imogen, Cordelia, Miranda, and others are remembered). Besides lavish endowments of womanly dignity, sweetness, and tenderness, Portia is here individualised by high mental powers,

* Thus: Juliet is the most impassioned of Shakspeare's "heroines;" but what are *her* passions compared to those which shake the soul of Othello?—"even as the dewdrop on the myrtle-leaf to the vexed sea." Constance, frantic for the loss of her son, is to Lear, maddened by the ingratitude of his daughters, as the west wind bowing the aspen tops to the tropic hurricane.

† "Shakspeare in Germany," &c.

‡ "On the Knocking at the Door in *Macbeth*," Life of Shakspeare in *Encyclopædia Britannica*, &c.

§ "Shakspeare a Tory and a Gentleman," "The Character of Hamlet," &c.

|| In his reviews of Mrs. Jameson, *Dies Boreales*, &c.

enthusiasm of temperament, decision of purpose, and buoyancy of spirit. There is seen a commanding grace, a high-bred, airy elegance, a spirit of magnificence in all she does and says: she is full of penetrative wisdom, and genuine tenderness, and lively wit; her unruffled life has left this wisdom without a touch of the sombre or the sad—this tenderness, without peril to faith, hope, and joy—this wit, without a particle of malevolence or causticity. Her strength of intellect “takes a natural tinge from the flush and bloom of her young and prosperous existence, and from her fervent imagination.”* If Portia is like the orange-tree, hung at once with golden fruit and luxuriant flowers, which has expanded into bloom and fragrance beneath favouring skies, and has been nursed into beauty by the sunshine and the dews of heaven,—Isabella is like a stately and graceful cedar, towering on some alpine cliff, unbowed and unscathed amid the storm. Isabella combines natural grace and grandeur with the habits and sentiments of a recluse—of austerity of life with gentleness of manner—of inflexible moral principle with humility and even bashfulness of deportment; her fine powers of reasoning are allied to a natural uprightness and purity, which no sophistry can warp and no allurement betray. A strong under-current of passion and enthusiasm flows beneath this calm and saintly self-possession—the impressiveness of her character is indeed created by the observed capacity for high feeling and generous indignation, veiled beneath the sweet austere composure of the *religieuse*. Beatrice, again, is treated as wilful, not wayward; volatile, but not unfeeling; exuberant not only in wit and gaiety, but in heart, and soul, and energy of spirit—a faithful portrait of the fine lady of Shakspeare’s time, but as unlike the head-tossing, fan-flirting, fine ladies of modern comedy as Sir Philip Sydney was unlike one of our modern dandies. Rosalind;—superior to Beatrice as a woman, though inferior in dramatic force; a portrait of infinitely more delicacy and variety, but of less strength and depth; a being playful, pastoral, and picturesque—breathing of “youth and youth’s sweet prime”—fresh as the morning, sweet as the dew-awakened blossoms, and light as the breeze that plays among them; her volubility, like the bird’s song, the outpouring of a heart filled to overflowing with life, love, and joy, and all sweet and affectionate impulses; her mixture of playfulness, sensibility, and *naïveté*, like a delicious strain of music.

Of the characters of Passion and Imagination, comes Juliet first. Love, in its poetical aspect, is the union of passion and imagination; and Juliet is Love itself. It is her very being; the soul within her soul, the pulse within her heart, the life-blood along her veins.† In her it is exhibited under every variety of aspect, and every gradation of feeling it could possibly assume in a delicate female heart. In Helena, there is superadded to fervent, enthusiastic, self-forgetting love, a strength of

* Mrs. Jameson’s “moral,” in the instance of Portia, is, that such a woman, placed in this age, would find society armed against her; and instead of being, like Portia, a gracious, happy, beloved, and loving creature, would be a victim, immolated in fire to that multitudinous Moloch termed Opinion.

† Mrs. Jameson warmly protests against likening Shakspeare’s Juliet to Rousseau’s Julie—that impetticoated paradox—that strange combination of youth and innocence, philosophy and pedantry, sophistical prudery and detestable *grossièreté*. She does well to be angry at the comparison, common as it is.

character which in Juliet is awaiting. Helena's love is cherished in secret, but not self-consuming in silent languishment; it is patient and hopeful, strong in its own intensity, and sustained by its own fond faith. Her position in the play is shocking and degrading, and yet the beauty of the character is made to triumph over all, by its internal resources, and its genuine truth and sweetness. Perdita is the union of the pastoral and romantic with the classical and poetical, as if a dryad of the woods had turned shepherdess—a creature signalised by perfect beauty and airy elegance of demeanour, by natural loftiness of spirit and upright simplicity, or conscientiousness, which disdains all crooked and indirect means. Viola is, perhaps, a degree less elevated and ideal than Perdita, but with a touch of sentiment more profound and heart-stirring. Ophelia! so sanctified in our thoughts by the last and worst of human woes, that we scarcely dare to consider her too deeply:—her love, a secret which we have stolen from her, and which ought to die upon our hearts as upon her own;—a being far too soft, too good, too fair, to be cast among the briars of this working-day world, and fall and bleed upon the thorns of life;—a character before which eloquence is mute—though Mrs. Jameson's eloquence finds for her sweet similitudes in a strain of sad dulcet music floating by us on the wings of night and silence, rather felt than heard, and in the exhalation of the violet dying even upon the sense its charms, and in the snow-flake dissolved in air before it has caught a stain of earth, and in the light surf severed from the billow, which a breath disperses. So young, that she is unaware of the nature of her own feelings, which are prematurely developed in their full force before she has strength to bear them; for love and grief together rend and shatter the frail texture of her existence, like the burning fluid poured into a crystal vase. And Miranda—so perfectly unsophisticated, so delicately refined, that she is all but ethereal; yet who, beside Ariel, that creature of elemental light and air, appears a palpable reality, a woman “breathing thoughtful breath,” a woman, walking the earth in her mortal loveliness, with a heart as frail-strung, as passion-touched, as ever fluttered in a female bosom.

Hermione leads on the characters of the Affections,—queenly instance of the proverb, “Still waters run deep”—her deportment, her every word breathing a majestic sweetness, a grand and gracious simplicity, an easy, unforced, yet dignified self-possession—one whose passions are not vehement, but in whose settled mind the sources of pain or pleasure, love or resentment, are like the springs that feed the mountain lakes, impenetrable, unfathomable, and inexhaustible. Her sweet child Perdita, again—in whom conscientiousness and firmness mingle with picturesque delicacy; and Desdemona, not weak, with all her timid flexibility and soft acquiescence;—and Imogen, model unsurpassable of conjugal tenderness, marred by nothing jealous or fantastic in its devotion;—and lastly, Cordelia,—characterised by absence of all display, by sobriety of speech veiling the most profound affections, by quiet steadiness of purpose, and shrinking from all display of emotion.

It will enhance the value of Mrs. Jameson's Shakspearean criticisms, to think of what might be expected from other and “distinguished” authoresses, were *they* to undertake the theme. As a Scottish reviewer has suggested in the instance of the popular Mrs. Ellis (in whom, however,

we confess ourselves all but entirely unread)—“what could *she* have said of Juliet? how would she have contrived to twist Beatrice into a pattern Miss? Perdita! would she have sent her to a boarding-school? or insisted on *finishing*, according to the Hannah More pattern, the divine Miranda? Imagine her criticism on Lady Macbeth, or on Ophelia's dying speech and confession, or her revelation of the ‘Family Secrets’ of the ‘Merry Wives of Windsor!’”—But even this ironical query jars on the ear, in a paper devoted to so stanch a protester against the faintest show of scorn or satire as Mrs. Jameson.

Apropos of her work on Canada, Dr. Channing said, “I do not know a writer whose works breathe more of the spontaneous—the *free*. Beauty and truth seem to come to her unsought.”* Of the “Diary of an Ennuyée,” and “Loves of the Poets,” the Ettrick Shepherd (Ambrose's improved edition) is made to say, “Oh! sir, you were maist beautifu' specimens o' eloquant and impassionat prase composition as ever drapped like hinny frae woman's lips. We maun hae Mrs. Jameson amang us—we maun indeed.”† Her very numerous productions in the service and illustration of Art, we must dismiss with a passing salutation—her “Handbook” and “Companion” to Private Galleries, her æsthetic “Essays,” “Early Italian Painters,” “Spanish School of Painters,” “Washington Allston,” &c., &c. In her “Beauties of the Court of Charles II.” she has, says Christopher North, “nought extenuated nor set down aught in malice,” when speaking of the frail and vicious; and her own clear spirit kindles over the record of their lives, who, in the polluted air of that court, spite of all trials and temptations, preserved without flaw or stain the jewel of their souls, their virtue.‡ “Social Life in Germany” comprises able translations of the acted dramas of the Princess Amelia of Saxony—rendered with spirit and grace, and commented on with unflinching tact and intelligence.

The “Sacred and Legendary Art” series, including “Legends of the Monastic Orders,” is a worthy contribution to so important a theme by one who, if she has not much sympathy with modern imitations of mediæval art, can still less sympathise with that “narrow puritanical jealousy which holds the monuments of a real and earnest faith in contempt.” In this field is finely displayed her remarkable critical prowess—her faculty of genial, pictorial exposition—her enthusiasm, which yet discriminates when at summer-heat—her judicial temperateness, which so happily avoids whatever is captious. Of the subjects composing this interesting series, we select, for such hasty notice as may be available here, the section devoted to “Legends of the Madonna.”

One of Hawthorne's pensive people is made to say, “I have always envied the Catholics their faith in that sweet, sacred Virgin Mother, who stands between them and the Deity, intercepting somewhat of his awful splendour, but permitting his love to stream upon the worshipper more intelligibly to human comprehension through the medium of a woman's tenderness.” This is the sentiment of a much-meditating man, who declares he had never found it possible to suffer a bearded priest so near his heart and conscience as to do him any spiritual good, but who recog-

* Memoirs of W. E. Channing.

† *Noctes Amb.*, No. 47 (1629).

‡ *Ibid.* No. 59 (1831).

nises in woman the religious feeling in a quite other aspect, in its utmost depth and purity, "refined from that gross, intellectual alloy with which every masculine theologian—save only One, who merely veiled himself in mortal and masculine shape, but was, in truth, divine—has been prone to mingle it." A writer who had composed such a work as the "Characteristics of Woman," and such another as "Sacred and Legendary Art," was right aptly qualified to undertake such a third as "Legends of the Madonna."

"I could never," says Sir Thomas Browne, "hear the Ave-Mary bell without an elevation,* or think it a sufficient warrant, because they erred in one circumstance, for me to err in all—that is, in silence, and dumb contempt. Whilst, therefore, they directed their devotions to her, I offered mine to God"—a practice worthy of the devout philosopher (for such was the author of "Religio Medici"), who, stanch Protestant as he was, could dispense with his hat at the sight of a cross or crucifix, and weep abundantly at a solemn procession, while his "consorts, blind with opposition and prejudice, fell into an excess of scorn and laughter."† In such a matter, antipodean as we are to Rome, we would rather err with Sir Thomas (not the sort of man to fall in with "vulgar errors"), than be in rigid right (without curve or flexibility in its Protestant spine) with the over-righteous. Wordsworth, too, we can quote on the same side:

Yet some I ween,
Not unforgiven, the suppliant knee might bend,
As to a visible Power, in which did blend
All that was mix'd and reconcil'd in thee,
Of mother's love with maiden purity,
Of high with low, celestial with terrene.‡

Even so extreme a dissentient from aught that is Romish in faith or practice as Mr. W. J. Fox, the free-thinking member for Oldham, has emphatically pronounced the very worship of the Madonna to be "the least objectionable of all idolatries," the "most lovely and, in its tendencies, most useful of all superstitions."§ Now, Mrs. Jameson is no rash zealot in anything she handles—critical, theological, or æsthetical. Be it true or not, that the way to Rome is through Geneva, she, at least, abides at a salubrious distance from both. So far is she from blindly venerating every phase of Madonna art, that she sees fit to ask for the generous construction of those to whom every aspect of the subject is sacred—alleging that, in her investigations, she had had to ascend most perilous heights, and to dive into terribly obscure depths; and that although not for worlds would she be guilty of a scoffing allusion to any belief, or any object hallowed by sincere and earnest hearts, yet was it not possible for her to write in a tone of acquiescence, where her feeling and opinion were shocked. On the other hand, she stands up *womanfully* for what there is of elevating and refining influence, or of historical and ecclesiastical value, in Madonna portraiture. She holds that if, in the old times, it was a species of idolatry to regard these beautiful representations as endued with a specific sanctity and power; so, in these days, it is a

* Some MSS. read *Oraison*.

† *Religio Medici*, i. § 3.

‡ *Ecclesiastical Sonnets*, No. 25.

§ See (or, if you are jealous of your orthodoxy, do not see) Fox on "The Religious Ideas." 1849

sort of atheism to look upon them reckless of their significance, regardless of the influences through which they were produced, without acknowledgment of the mind which called them into being, without reference to the intention of the artist in his own creation. She acknowledges that the *Madonna and Child* is a subject so consecrated by its antiquity, so hallowed by its profound import, so endeared by its associations with the softest and deepest of our human sympathies, that the mind has never wearied of its repetition, nor the eye become satiated with its beauty. Those, she affirms, who refuse to give it the honour due to a religious representation, yet regard it with a tender, half-unwilling homage; and when the glorified type of what is purest, loftiest, holiest in womanhood, stands before us, arrayed in all the majesty and beauty that accomplished Art, inspired by faith and love, could lend her, and bearing her divine Son, rather enthroned than sustained on her maternal bosom, "we look, and the heart is in heaven!" and it is difficult, very difficult, to refrain from an *Ora pro Nobis*.

And where, amid the varieties and successive presentments of Art, does she find the "highest, holiest impersonation" of this glorious type of womanhood? She reviews the separate schools, and points out their distinctive features—the stern, awful quietude of the old Mosaics—the hard lifelessness of the degenerate Greek—the pensive sentiment of the Siena, and stately elegance of the Florentine Madonnas—the intellectual Milanese, with their large foreheads and thoughtful eyes—the tender, refined mysticism of the Umbrian—the sumptuous loveliness of the Venetian—the quaint characteristic simplicity of the early German—the intense life-like feeling of the Spanish—the prosaic, portrait-like nature of the Flemish schools; and so on. The realisation of Mrs. Jameson's ideal she finds not in the mere woman, nor yet in the mere idol: not in "those lovely creations which awaken a sympathetic throb of tenderness; nor in those stern, motionless types, which embody a dogma; nor in the classic features of marble goddesses, borrowed as models; nor in the painted images which stare upon us from tawdry altars in flaxen wigs and embroidered petticoats." For anything of the latter class she has a proper *ultimatum* of contempt, artistic and religious both. Nor is she very tolerant of that seventeenth century school, from whose studies every trace of the mystical and solemn conception of antiquity gradually disappeared, till, for the majestic ideal of womanhood was substituted merely inane prettiness, or rustic, or even meretricious grace, the borrowed charms of some earthly exemplar—and thus in depicting the "Mourning Mother," the sentiment of beauty was allowed to predominate over that of the mother's agony—"and I have seen," she says, "the sublime Mater Dolorosa transformed into a merely beautiful and youthful maiden, with such an air of sentimental grief as might serve for the loss of a sparrow." Once then, and once only, has Mrs. Jameson seen realised her own ideal—in Raphael's *Madonna di San Sisto*—in which she recognises the transfigured woman, at once completely human and divine, an abstraction of power, purity, and love, poised on the empurpled air, and requiring no other support; looking out, with her melancholy, loving mouth, her slightly-dilated, sibylline eyes, quite through the universe, to the end and consummation of all things—sad as if she beheld afar off the visionary sword that was to reach her heart through HIM, now resting

as enthroned on that heart; yet already exalted through the homage of the redeemed generations who were to salute her as blessed.* But it is refreshing to follow Mrs. Jameson in her genial criticism of other painters, at once enthusiastic and discriminating; and indeed she purposely sets aside, in a great measure, individual preferences, and all predilections for particular schools and particular periods of Art. A few pointed words serve to hint her estimate of the several examples under review—the dignified severity of the Virgins of Botticelli, Lorenzo di Credi's chaste simplicity, and Fra Bartolomeo's† noble tenderness—the imposing majesty of the true Caracci style—the Asiatic magnificence of Paul Veronese, Titian's truth to nature combined with Elysian grace, and the natural affectionate sentiments pervading the Venetian school—the soft, yet joyful maternal feeling portrayed so well by Correggio—Albert Durer's homely domesticity and fertile fancy—the sumptuous and picturesque treatment of “that rare and fascinating artist,” Giorgione—Guido's grand but mannered style—the purity and simplicity of Bellini, whose every Madonna is “pensive, sedate, and sweet”—the homely, vigorous truth and consummate delicacy in detail of Holbein's happiest efforts—Murillo, *par excellence* the painter of the Conception, and embodying spotless grace, ethereal refinement, benignity, repose, “the very apotheosis of womanhood”—Michael Angelo, so good, so religious, yet deficient in humility and sympathy, semi-pagan in some of his imaginations, and sometimes most un-Christian in his conception of Christ—and Rubens, with his scenic effect and dramatic movement, his portraiture of coarse hearty life and domestic affectionate expression, and his occasionally daring bad taste. An edifying chapter might be devoted to an exposition of “bad taste” in the history of Madonna Art—a few illustrations of which Mrs. Jameson alludes to; Caravaggio's Death of the Virgin for instance, pronounced wonderful for its intense natural expression, and in the same degree grotesque from its impropriety‡—Andrea del Sarto's habit of depicting the features of his handsome, but vulgar and infamous wife (Lucrezia) in every Madonna he painted—and indeed the introduction at all of historical personages into devotional subjects, especially when the models were notoriously worthless.§ More amusing are such conceits as the introduction of the court-dwarf and the court-fool in the train of the adoring Magi, themselves booted and spurred—the swollen-cheeked bagpiper in Caracci's Nativity—St. John carrying two puppies in the lappets of his coat, and the dog leaping up to him (in Salimbeni's Holy Family)—the maliciously significant presence of a cat

* Legends of the Madonna, p. 44.

† All these three Florentine artists were the disciples and admirers of Savonarola, who distinguished himself *inter alia periculosa* by thundering against the offensive adornments of the Madonna, as encouraged by the Medici family. An interesting passage in Mrs. Jameson's Introduction relates to this procedure of Savonarola, and his influence on the greatest Florentine artists of his time.

‡ Mrs. Jameson quotes, without demur, the saying that “Caravaggio always painted like a ruffian because he was a ruffian.”

§ As in one of the frescoes in the Vatican, where Giulia Farnese appears in the character of the Madonna, and Pope Alexander VI. (Borgia) kneels at her feet as a votary.

and dog in the very fire-front of the Marriage at Cana, by Luini—the Spanish fancy for seating the Virgin under a tree, in guise of an Arcadian pastorella, in a broad-brimmed hat, a crook in her hand, and in the act of feeding her flock with the mystical roses, &c. The vagaries of symbolism in certain stages of the Art are quite infinite and nondescript.

If this graceful, tasteful book exhausts not the subject it illustrates, 'tis because the subject is simply inexhaustible. As, indeed, Raphael saw and said. For, when his friend, Marc Antonio, discovered him (we give Mr. Curtis's* version of the story) engaged upon the Sistine picture, and exclaimed—"Cospetto! another Madonna?" Raphael gravely answered, "*Amico mio*, were all artists to paint her portrait for ever, they could never exhaust her beauty." And on Raphael's principle the practice of Art in Christendom has been founded.

By the time this paper is in print, the concluding volume of this "Sacred and Legendary" series will probably be before the public. To it, as to aught besides from the same authority, we look with unquenched appetite.

CHRONICLES OF A COUNTRY TOWN.

PART IV.

I.

CHARLES HOWARD had left Calcutta with high-raised expectations of happiness—he returned to it a disappointed, almost heartbroken man. His vision of married love had been dispelled, and though he still treated Fanny with every outward mark of attention, she knew that her empire over his affection had ceased—that he had never forgotten, nor forgiven, that last miserable evening at St. Bennett's. Hers was not a temper to try, with gentle patience, to win back his love; or, by tender kindness, to wipe away the memory of the disgraceful part she had acted. Had she done so, with a temper so affectionate, so forgiving, as Charles Howard's, she might, in time, have succeeded; and the little girl too, who was now born to them, might have proved a bond—an olive branch, indeed, between them. But no! she had never loved her husband; she cared neither for his happiness nor for that of his child. She saw the father's fondness for the infant, and, though feeling no affection for him, she soon regarded it as a troublesome rival, a something which made *herself* of less consequence—and she had ever a great regard for her own importance. Mary Smith at first shared Captain Howard's interest in her child, and indeed took an opportunity of soliciting Mrs. Howard to allow her to take charge of it. "You can easily get another waiting-maid," she said, "and I will take care of the baby—such care that you shall never know a moment's anxiety about her. Do, do let me, my dear Mrs. Howard!" she cried, clasping her hands imploringly. "Oh, do

* See the dedication prefixed to the "Wanderer in Syria."

not refuse me! I shall, perhaps, not grieve so much about my own little Willie's cruel death if you will let me love this child."

"How dare you?" exclaimed Mrs. Howard—"how dare you speak of your base-born child to me, and propose to love my child instead? I must insist upon it that I hear no more of this nonsense. Captain Howard is absurd enough—you are not wanted to spoil it too."

"It is better so, it is better so," said Mary Smith; "I was wrong."

That night, when "alone again with her own thoughts," she whispered to herself, "I am glad of it—I might, perhaps, have forgiven her, if she would have allowed that. My Willie! my own little Willie! I might, perhaps, have even forgiven your death! But she will not let my heart be softened to her or hers." And, from that day, Mary Smith never evinced any affection for the little girl, nor paid it any of those attentions which young women love to shower on children, but she continued to show as much deference to her mistress as at first.

By his old acquaintances in Calcutta, the change on Captain Howard was soon commonly remarked. Among the rest, Fanny's sisters observed it, and Louisa, now Mrs. Colman, named the subject, with a hint that she feared all was not right; but Fanny laughed at her, and said:

"I always told you that we should make a very fashionable couple one day. We need not all live like turtle doves, you know."

Captain Howard's house soon became the resort of the idle and fashionable in Calcutta. Mrs. Howard, its dashing mistress, eagerly entered into all the expensive amusements of the place, and gaiety succeeded gaiety, as though life itself had been intended for one long holiday, with nothing but the pursuit of amusement and pleasure to occupy the holiday keepers. If Mrs. Howard felt weariness and discontent amid these glittering scenes, she did not suffer them to appear; and, on looking at her, radiant with youth, health, and beauty, a suspicion that all was hollow beneath would scarcely have entered the thoughts of a casual observer. Mary Smith knew better than any one what was the true state of the case: she saw the graceful dancer in repose, she heard the voice of the syren when none were near to be enchanted with its music; but she was silent, and few, very few, detected the cheat. The fashionable Mrs. Howard, the beautiful, the elegant, the accomplished Mrs. Howard, was admired and followed everywhere—but loved nowhere. She and her husband seldom met; he occupied himself in the duties of his profession, and spent his leisure hours either in his study, or in the nursery with his child; but was seldom seen in his own house, except when a large party made it necessary, for the sake of appearances, that he should be present. In the midst of all this, however, Fanny's conduct was perfectly correct; not a single blot was cast upon her fair fame, and on that point her husband had no fear. So when, after about a year of this heartless life, he was called on duty for some time into the interior, he left home without a misgiving—without, except for his child, a single regret; and taking as kind a leave as he could of his wife, and embracing his little girl with all the warmth of his loving heart, he bade adieu to Calcutta.

For a short time after his departure Mrs. Howard remained more secluded than had been her wont, for she lived for the world, and valued its opinions; and though her conduct was never controlled by principle,

yet where her passions did not interfere, she acted on calculation as to what would best secure her position in that world which she valued. In addition to the calculated effect of a short retirement, Fanny really suffered from some indisposition, and as she remained in her own room, almost entirely alone, and depressed in spirits by her slight illness, she looked back on the irrecoverable past with something approaching a feeling of repentance. "I will be different for the future," she thought—"I will try to win back my husband's love. He loved me once, and it surely cannot be difficult for me to make him do so again." She sent for her child, but was too unwell to bear its restless and incessant prattle. "Take her away for the time," she said; "when I am better, she shall come again to her mamma."

These were the feelings of the sick room. Fanny's indisposition soon passed away, and she grew weary of confinement, and of good resolutions, which, formed as they had been, in her own strength, and without one thought of Him, who alone could make them of any avail, were as sure to wither as the frail plant which, unwatered and untended, is placed where the dew and the rain from heaven can never reach it.

An invitation was at length accepted, and, looking somewhat languid, Mrs. Howard reappeared in society. In the course of the evening she was induced to sing; her strength was not yet sufficiently recovered to allow of her attempting any of the brilliant music in which she excelled, but never had her voice sounded more exquisite than now, as, accompanying herself on the harp, she sung a simple melody, which she had learned long ago, and which had once been a great favourite of Robert Sinclair's; for there was a softness in her tone, a tenderness in her expression, which did not always add to the charm of her singing. As she ceased, she raised her eyes smilingly, in return for the plaudits which her admiring audience poured forth, and they met the glance of—Robert Sinclair! In an instant her heart gave one convulsive bound, and then seemed as if it had stopped for ever; the room and all the people swam around her, she heard a buzzing, rushing sound in her ears, she gasped for breath, and, in attempting to rise hurriedly, fell back fainting into the arms of those who were nearest. There was, of course, all the commotion usual on such occasions; but Sir Robert Sinclair took no part in it—he kept silently in the background, and no one dreamt (for Fanny's sisters were not present) that he had been, in any way, the cause of Mrs. Howard's sudden attack—the heat of the room, and her recent indisposition, seeming quite sufficient to account for it.

As soon as she had somewhat recovered, Fanny returned home, and in the solitude of her own apartment gave herself up to anxious speculation. "How came he there? Why came he there?" she asked herself; and she tried to recollect the expression of those eyes which had been so intently gazing at her when she looked up—but in vain. She could not recollect it, she had not had time to read it, she only knew that it had been a fixed and eager gaze. "And how shall we meet?" she said. "Will it be as strangers?" And, sighing sadly, she unlocked her casket, and from its secret repository drew forth the miniature which she had contemplated so earnestly on the night before her marriage. Poor Charles Howard! and all regard for his happiness were again forgotten!

Fanny could not read the expression which her former lover's eyes had

borne when she saw them so unexpectedly in the room. Could she have seen them after the party broke up, she would have started in dismay and wonder. There was triumph in them, and hate, and yet a mingling of admiration. Sinclair remained long in silent reverie that night, before seeking his bed: what his thoughts were it might not be easy accurately to define; but, alas! the blight caused by the unexpected disappointment and mortification so heartlessly inflicted by Fanny, together with the dissipations of Paris and other gay capitals, had sadly altered the character of what had once been a noble and right-feeling mind.

It was not long before Mrs. Howard and Sir Robert Sinclair met, and renewed their acquaintance. A mutual friend had proposed to introduce them; but the gentleman said frankly, and rather gaily, "Oh, we are old friends, though this is the first time that I have spoken to Fanny Somerville as Mrs. Howard." Fanny could not help feeling somewhat disappointed at the light, careless tone in which the words were spoken.

Soon a new and bitter mortification arose—the world gave Sir Robert Sinclair to Miss Crewe, who was still unmarried; and when Fanny returned from balls and parties, it was generally to pour into the patient ear of Mary Smith—for a woman, however proud, must in some degree have her *confidante*—her vexation at seeing him devote himself so much to that young lady, the hated rival, to annoy whom she had, in some measure, resolved on what proved to be her own self-sacrifice.

"My dear Miss Fanny," Mary would say, "it is nothing to you now. You cannot marry Sir Robert, and why should you care who is to be Lady Sinclair?"

"I know as well as you do that I cannot marry Sir Robert," she would reply; "but I *do* care about his marrying that Miss Crewe—nor shall he do so, if I can prevent it."

"Take care, Miss Fanny, what you do to prevent it; perhaps you may go too far. But, to be sure, there can be no more harm in your speaking to an old friend like Sir Robert, than there was in Captain Howard's being so much with Miss Selby."

"You need not fear me, Mary," Mrs. Howard would say, with a haughty curve of her fine throat. "I will make Robert Sinclair feel the difference between his old love and his new, and when he does so, I will go no further. My pride will keep me from going too far."

Accordingly, Fanny did her utmost to divert the attention of her former lover from Miss Crewe to herself; and her task was, in this instance, an easy one, for she had but to let a little of the attachment which she really felt for him be apparent; and she was met, more than willingly, by the gentleman himself. By degrees, Miss Crewe was deserted, and Sir Robert Sinclair became a constant attendant on Mrs. Howard: at home, abroad, everywhere he was her shadow. She triumphed over Miss Crewe once more—but the triumph was not without serious injury to herself. The world around her first hinted and whispered, then spoke aloud, and shouted "Shame on her!"—but she turned from its warning whisperings in scorn—she replied to its loud reproaches with defiance. Her sisters begged her, almost with tears, for her own, for her child's sake to give up this dangerous intimacy at once for ever: she answered all these entreaties with rage and indignation.

Time passed on, and each successive day showed that the pride on which Fanny had relied would prove but a frail support: indeed, that very pride, from its preventing her listening to the advice and warnings of her friends, was actually an enemy in the camp. Robert Sinclair had, of late, become an adept in these matters—he saw his advantage, and prosecuted it by all those arts which he well knew how to use. In Mary Smith he had a most useful, though unobtrusive auxiliary; as matters grew serious, there was not an entire and direct confidence between her and her infatuated mistress, but there was soon a tacit understanding that she could be trusted with notes and messages, which it might be dangerous to confide to another. One thing was especially remarkable in her guarded conduct, which was, that she steadily refused all gifts from both parties: but she spared no effort to keep them from observation, and was very soon an indispensable agent in their clandestine intercourse.

Fanny's sisters at length became very seriously alarmed, but Major Ponsonby and Mr. Colman happened to be both absent, and they knew not how to act. As a last resource, Louisa wrote to Captain Howard, entreating his return. He obeyed as early as possible, but came only to find his home deserted, and to hear from the weeping Louisa, that Fanny had fled with Sir Robert Sinclair. Mary Smith had also disappeared, and of course it was concluded that she had gone to England with her mistress.

Poor Charles said very little when the tale was told him of his wife's heartless treatment, both of himself and of her former lover. Still, he could not but reproach her sisters for their silence. "Why," he said to Louisa, "why did you not come forward to save us all? How could you see all this, and not say one word of warning?"

"I was indeed wrong," said Louisa, "and bitterly do I repent it now."

"Now it is too late," he replied; "my happiness is destroyed, and your wretched sister is ruined for ever."

In a very short time, Charles, having with him his little girl and a nurse to attend her, was once more on his way to Europe, with the intention of tracing the fugitives, and seeking that redress which the customs of the world prescribed. Yet often, on the passage—especially when he walked the quiet deck, on the glorious evenings of the tropics, when the lofty snow-white canvas was stilled by the gentle breeze, and the moon shed her glistening pathway on the sea—or when he leaned over the side on the dark nights, when the wind blew fresh and free, and watched the waves when they curled back glittering, as with myriads of fire-flies, from the rushing bows, like those spirits whose brightness is unknown until called forth by the rude shocks of adversity—often at such times would the revenge which he contemplated, and the fear of what the world would say, seem both wicked and contemptible in his eyes, and the image of Eleanor Selby, and home, and peace, and happiness would float in dim visions of hope gently and soothingly over his heart. Then, when he retired to his cabin, he would half resolve to content himself with such redress as he might seek for from the laws both of God and of man, and would lay himself down and sleep calmly and in peace.

After a passage of nearly four months the ship arrived in London, and there Charles received information that the fugitives were in France. He at once made arrangements for following them: "She has deserved nothing at my hands," he said to himself, "but I will not altogether desert her. I too, perhaps, have been somewhat to blame in this unfortunate affair. I married, not a woman whose mind and principles had satisfied my judgment, but one whose beauty and apparent preference for myself had fascinated my imagination, and flattered my vanity; and when, as her husband, I became disgusted with her proud, unbridled temper, perhaps I did not do as much as I might have done to win her affection, or to alter her character. No, I will not give her up entirely: she will soon be cast upon the stream, for the man she is with can neither respect nor love her, and will soon weary of her society. I will, in that case, offer her the means of returning from the evil of her way, and will allow her sufficient to keep her in comfort; but I will take immediate steps to break the legal tie which binds us—the name which she has dishonoured, she shall not continue to bear. For the rest, I will be guided by circumstances. I cannot write poor Eleanor the tale of sin," he went on ruminating. "I will first find out what has become of the miserable woman, and then I will take my poor child to my early home, and beg Mrs. Selby to be a mother to her, as she once was to me." And then, again, a pleasant, half-formed vision came, to warm his heart with something like hope for the future.

In pursuance of this intention, Charles immediately called on his solicitor, and gave him directions for taking the steps on which he had resolved; and in the mean while he himself, with his little girl, proceeded directly to Paris, where he fully expected to find those whom he sought. But all his inquiries, guardedly though anxiously made, on his arrival, convinced him that they were not there, and he could find no certain clue whatever to guide him as to the course which he should pursue. Some vague rumours, however, induced him to proceed to Cherbourg; but there he was equally unsuccessful, and remained quite uncertain as to what measures he should adopt. One day, as he was walking on the quay, his attention was attracted by a schooner with English colours flying, and looking at the stern, he read *Dolly Pentreath*, of Port Allan. Now Port Allan, a small seaport on the north-west coast of Cornwall, was but sixteen miles from St. Bennett's, and the name looked to poor Charles like a glimpse of home; so he went on board the vessel, and entered into conversation with the master. The latter, a sturdy, plain-spoken, good-humoured man, told him that he had nearly got in his cargo, and intended leaving for home in the course of a day or two; and on Charles's telling him that he knew Port Allan and the neighbourhood, he soon entered eagerly, and somewhat proudly—as people from small towns generally do—on the condition of his native place.

"You know, sir," he said, "Port Allan is always very gay in the summer months. People can't help admiring and coming to enjoy our beautiful beach, the great caverns as big as churches, and the high cliffs, not to mention the view of the sea, which I think, sir, seems necessary to English people, and especially to Cornish folks, gentle and simple; the poor souls that are forced to live inland soon get tired of their woods, their rivers, and their green fields, and pant and pine for the sea, like fish

out of water. Well, sir, as I was saying, all the season the lodgings at Port Allan have been crammed full, though now, as it is getting late, a good many have gone back to their own homes. But the day before I sailed, or the day I sailed—I forget which it was—my missus (*i. e.* wife) told me that some lodgers had taken Mrs. Sparnell's rooms, there by the road leading down to the quay; the best lodgings they are in the place, too, sir; they are right on the edge of the cliff, and have a beautiful view of the sea and the basin. It was a widow lady, and her daughter, she said——Let—me—see! What was their name?" he continued, scratching his head thoughtfully. "I did hear, but I've got the worst memory! Seb—Sed—Sedly? No, it wasn't Sedly. Something like it, though, too. Dear me! I've got the *worst* memory!"

"It wasn't Selby, was it?" said Charles.

"That's it!" shouted the other, slapping his thigh triumphantly; "Selby's the name—Mrs. and Miss Selby. Selby! that's it."

"Where are they from?" inquired Charles, eagerly.

"From St. Bennett's," replied the master. "I heerd the women gossiping about them, as they do about most things that don't concern them; and I heerd them saying that the mother was a great fortune, or the daughter was a great fortune, or had been a great fortune, or would be a great fortune, or something—I forget what it was exactly; but, dear me! I *have* got the *worst* memory!"

Charles smiled at the idea of Mrs. Selby, or Nelly, being called "great fortunes;" but in the hope that the ladies named were his own old friends, and as, at all events, Port Allan was but a short distance from St. Bennett's, the thought struck him, as he walked back to the hotel, that he would arrange with the captain of the *Dolly Pentreath* for a passage back with him, and confide his child at once to Mrs. Selby's protection.

"It is no use for me to stay here," he said to himself; "I can discover no traces of those whom I seek, and perhaps it is as well that I have not found them. My gentle Nelly would shrink with horror from me, coming with the curse of blood-guiltiness upon my brow, but now——" and the thought of going home to those he loved brought a smile to his lips, and a feeling of joy to his heart, more bright and happy than they had known for many a day.

An arrangement with the master of the schooner was easily made; and as the vessel left the harbour, and leaned over with the favouring breeze, Charles said, half aloud,

"Nelly! dear Nelly! will you pity and console the dishonoured Charlie Howard, and receive his child for his sake?"

II.

MEANWHILE, matters had gone on prosperously with Mrs. Selby. The elder Barfoots, who had been under her care, had, of course, been withdrawn from school, but their places had been filled, through Dr. Barfoot's interest, by other pupils; and Eleanor, who had worked indefatigably to supply the unavoidable deficiencies in her education which her blindness had produced, one day proposed to her mother to open a larger establishment. "Jane," she said, "has grown too old to work, and now that we have to keep an additional servant, we must, if possible, in-

crease our means by adding to our number of pupils. I only regret the necessity there will be for leaving our dear little cottage."

Some conversation ensued on the subject, and, at last, Mrs. Selby said :

"I believe you are right, Eleanor; I really think we might, with advantage, open a larger school—unless," she added, gently, "you should change your mind, Nelly, and accept the offer of young Barfoot."

"Mamma," said Nelly, with evident emotion, "do not name that again. I will work for you cheerfully and gladly, as you have worked for me; but I cannot, even for your sake—and I would indeed do almost anything for you—I cannot marry one whom, however much I esteem and like him, I do not love."

"Nor do I desire it, Nelly," replied Mrs. Selby; "but Dr. Barfoot's nephew is such an excellent young man, and so pious a minister, that I cannot help a *little* regretting that your refusal is so decided."

"We cannot love, I suppose, when we please, and where we please, mamma," said Eleanor, smiling; "I trust young Barfoot will seek a more willing bride, and we will live together, dear mamma, as we have done always."

Charles Howard was seldom mentioned now—such restraint had Mrs. Howard's coarse and unmerited charge caused on that once favourite theme. Did Eleanor forget him?—Her mother greatly feared she did not.

On the evening after the determination to enlarge their school had been come to, Mrs. Selby and Eleanor were sitting in their little parlour, sewing. Neither spoke much, but they sat silent, and plying their fingers mechanically, for the prospect which they had been discussing of a change in their mode of life, had made them thoughtful, and somewhat sad. Mrs. Selby feared the change, and dread of a failure, which to them would be ruin, depressed her spirits; while Nelly felt sorrowful at the thought of leaving what had so long been their quiet happy home, and more than half repented that she had ever broached the subject.

Suddenly they were aroused from their reverie by that quick, sharp signal, everywhere so well known, and everywhere of such peculiar importance to a quiet family—the postman's knock; and presently old Jane entered, with a very slow step, and a very long face, holding by the very tips of her fingers, as if she were afraid of it—a letter, the outside of which she was examining endways and sideways, before and behind, upside-down and downside-up, close to her eyes, and at arm's length, and in every conceivable way :

"I'm afeard there's something the matter, Miss Eleanor," she said, at last; "here's a letter for you, written on black-edged paper, and with a black seal."

"Give it me quickly, Jane!" cried Eleanor, starting up, and turning very pale. "Why, it's from Mrs. Burrow, mamma!" she added, drawing a long breath as the well-known handwriting of the direction met her eyes. "Whom can she have lost, I wonder?"

As she spoke, she broke the seal and read a line or two, looked up at her mother with an expression of amazement and consternation, read a bit further, and burst into tears.

"What is the matter, Eleanor?" cried Mrs. Selby.

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"What is the matter, Miss Nelly?" said poor old Jane, who had lingered in the room, and was trembling violently; and, clasping her hands together, she whispered, "*Is Master Charlie dead?*"

"No, no!" replied Eleanor. "Read the strange letter, mamma, and tell me whether you think it is real, or some cruel mockery."

Mrs. Selby read the letter with more composure than her daughter, but still the trembling hand showed that she too was much agitated, and it was some little time before either could quite understand, or impart to Jane its unexpected contents. The letter ran thus:

"MY DEAR ELEANOR,—I can fancy how surprised you will be (and I cannot help hoping how sorry you will be too) when you read that your rough and queer, but kindly-disposed old friend, Grace Burrow, has passed away from among the living! Yes, dear Nelly, when you receive this letter, the hand that is now writing it will be cold in death! I have arranged with a friend that as soon as the spirit shall have taken its flight from this worn out tabernacle she shall forward to you this letter, that you may first receive the intelligence which it contains from no hand but my own; and when you read it I hope you will remember me with that affection which the parting soul so naturally covets from those whom it has loved on earth.

"I have never, my dear Eleanor, given you the slightest reason to suppose that I intended making you my heiress; but such has, nevertheless, been my determination for many years. My reasons for thus concealing it from you were, partly, that I desired you to love me with disinterested affection (and in this, I believe, I have not been disappointed), and, partly, because a young woman brought up in the expectation of riches is seldom fit to go through the world—which, indeed, she is never permitted to see in its own real aspect. You and your mother have had a long struggle, and have borne yourselves nobly through it. You have learnt the true value of money, and will use it properly—better, perhaps, than I have done, to whom, I fear, it has been in some measure a stumbling-block. But I humbly trust that God will forgive me that and all other sins.

"You will not be left encumbered with large houses and great establishments. My little humble cottage and its old-world furniture I give, with an annuity of fifty pounds, to my old servant, Sarah, who has lived with me more than forty years; you will not, I know, grudge her this, neither will you grudge to your mother a settlement of one hundred and fifty pounds a year for her life, which I leave her because I do not think it right that a parent should be entirely dependent on a child. I have had thoughts of directing in my will that you should not enter on matrimony until you are past thirty; but will content myself with begging you not to marry until you are at least twenty-five; no girl knows her own mind before then.

"And now, dear Eleanor, to prevent any unpleasant doubts, I shall add that my late husband's family are fully aware of my intention with regard to the disposal of my property. They have all plenty of money of their own, and what I have thought it right to give any of them, I have given in my lifetime, and by that arrangement have saved a good sum in legacy duty. The property remaining to you, landed and in the

funds, will give you altogether more than three thousand a year—a very pretty fortune for any young lady.

“And now, my dear Eleanor, farewell—in this world—for ever! That God may bless to you the riches I leave you, and teach you to make such use of them that, when your time comes, He may say, ‘Well done thou good and faithful servant! Enter thou into the joy of thy Lord!’ is the last prayer of

“Your true friend,

“GRACE BURROW.

“P.S.—The last time I saw you I was much pleased with the style of your dress; it was plain and neat, quiet and ladylike. Don’t let the unexpected possession of riches tempt you into finery. I hate feathers and flowers—flounces and furbelows! And, besides, you would not look half so well.

“G. B.”

It may be easily imagined how often, and with what feelings, this long letter, so unexpected and so characteristic, was read, re-read, discussed, cried over, doubted, and believed. Mrs. Selby sent for her old friends, Dr. Barfoot and Mr. Cooch, and showed it to them, begging them, however, to say nothing about the matter as yet to any one else. Both warmly congratulated Eleanor on her good fortune, the reality of which neither of them doubted—and, indeed, it was soon officially confirmed by a letter from the late Mrs. Burrow’s attorney, who wrote to the same effect, and begged that Miss Selby would communicate with him without delay. Every direction, he said, had been left, and provision made for the funeral, which, however, would not take place until it was known whether Mrs. and Miss Selby would attend. This they instantly decided on doing, and before a whisper of their change of fortune was heard in St. Bennett’s, the widow and her daughter were on their way to the county in which Mrs. Burrow had resided.

Before they had reached their journey’s end, however, St. Bennett’s rang with the news that Eleanor Selby was a great heiress; and conjectures as to where she would live, and how she would live, and, above all, whom she would marry, were bandied about from one to the other; and answers were returned—positive, imaginative, confidential, communicative, significant, sagacious, and, indeed, of almost as many kinds as there were inhabitants in the place. St. Bennett’s was in a perfect ferment; the sensation was immense. On only two occasions before, since the town had been a town, had there been anything to be compared to it; and they were, first, when the new market-house was opened, and, second, when the streets were lit with gas.

Mrs. Carthew was especially busy, but her friend, Mrs. Stoneman, said little, though she was an eager listener to all the reports on the subject. One evening, Mrs. Carthew came in all haste to tell Mrs. Stoneman that the heiress was expected home the next day.

“Shall you call?” she asked. “It will be awkward for you to do so, never having shown them any attention, but Mrs. Selby cannot have forgotten that I once invited her to my house.”

“Do you think she guessed the motive?” returned Mrs. Stoneman, with a sneer. “If she did, I am as well or better off than you; I shall certainly call: as merely a governess or mistress of a school, Eleanor

Selby could scarcely expect to enter genteel society; but as the undisputed mistress of a large fortune, the case is widely different."

"Well, well," said Mrs. Carthew, "I suppose they will appear in state at church on Sunday, and on Monday we will call together, as we did when Mr. Selby died. Who would have guessed then how matters would turn out?"

Mrs. Selby and Eleanor were at church on Sunday, but there was no sort of state in their appearance. On Mrs. Selby, who had never thrown off her widow's weeds, there was no perceptible change; but everybody (especially the young gentlemen, who said it in the hope that it might go back to her) declared that Eleanor had never looked half so beautiful and interesting as in her mourning garb. Perhaps the change was not in the dress alone—a gilded frame is a great set-off to a picture.

During the following week Mrs. Selby's little cottage was perfectly besieged by visitors; and from twelve to two—the fashionable time for morning calls in St. Bennett's—the knocker was constantly going through a succession of scientific taps and overwhelmingly aristocratic flourishes, of which it had been before utterly ignorant. Old Jane grumbled at these "worshippers of Mammon," as she called them, and, at last, absolutely refused to open the door, so that another servant had to do this new duty. Nelly laughed with a rueful face as visitor after visitor arrived; but when the calls had all been made and returned, she said:

"Now, mamma, that affair over, I hope to be left quiet, that I may arrange my thoughts a little. I am so glad to have it in my power to assist Mr. Cooch, who has always been so kind to us. I think he ought not to work so hard in future—that rheumatic attack last winter sorely tried him."

But Eleanor's hope of quiet was not yet to be realised. The calls were succeeded by a whole host of invitations, both in quantity and in quality unprecedented in St. Bennett's. Never since the foundation-stone of its first house had been laid had so much gaiety been contemplated there! It seemed as though the inhabitants—that is, the "rank and fashion" of the place—had hitherto lived in utter ignorance of the existence of the widow and her daughter; or that they wished, by the splendour of their entertainments, and the fashionable style in which they were conducted, to show them that they had merely ascended to their hosts' level in society, and not got above them; or that they had been suddenly made aware that they had done them some grievous wrong, and were resolved by a torrent of attentions to overwhelm and wash away the memory of the past.

"What is the matter, Nelly?" asked Dr. Barfoot, as he entered the room one day. "I beg your pardon," he continued, laughingly—"Miss Selby, I mean. But what is the matter with you? What are all these notes and cards? Are you beginning to taste of the cares of riches?"

"I am, indeed, dear doctor!" replied Nelly; "and, above all, I shall regret my being rich, if you call me Miss Selby. I know you only did so in joke, but you must always call me 'Nelly'—'dear Nelly,' as you have done before. But, indeed, I am beginning to feel in trouble; here is an invitation from Mrs. Stoneman to an evening party; here is one from—— But never mind who or what," she said, sweeping them all into a heap; "now that we have made the necessary arrangements about

our pupils, I am resolved to cut the Gordian knot, if mamma has no objection, and set off at once for Port Allan. There I will stay until folks recollect that I am only a governess, the daughter of a poor usher, as I was before."

Dr. Barfoot laughed, and hummed a line of the old nursery song :

"Lord have mercy on me! Sure this is none of I!"

III.

"So," said Mrs. Carthew to her husband, "those Selbys begin to give themselves airs! *My* invitation is refused, and they have taken themselves off to Port Allan."

Mr. Carthew stood, with his arm resting on the mantelpiece, not looking particularly good-humoured, but with rather a discomfited air.

"If you had taken my advice," he said, "you would have cultivated their acquaintance long ago. I always thought how that old mad woman, Mrs. Burrow, would throw away her money. It would have been no bad thing to have been on good terms with them."

"*You* advised me to cultivate an acquaintance with the Selbys?" exclaimed his wife. "I am sure you never did anything of the sort. But it's just like you to say so: you want to add to my vexation, as if I were not vexed enough already! But have you spoken to that man Cooch? He can never expect you to go on paying him his full salary, and he almost unfit for work; he does not earn half of it, I'm sure, and has been scarcely fit for anything for months past. Besides, he doesn't want so much as he did before his wife's death; he has one less to maintain."

"Yes," replied Mr. Carthew, "I have taken your advice on that point, and should be glad now if you would please to ask your hopeful son, Master Arthur, to give up playing the part of a fine do-nothing gentleman, take Cooch's stool in the office, and stick a little more to work."

"Why, what do you mean?" asked his wife. "Cooch can't have taken himself off, I'm sure. It's impossible that he can have saved a farthing out of his salary, having a family to bring up at the same time. You are safe there—he must work on your terms, or starve. What did he say?"

"Say? He talked just in his old way; something about having borne the burden and heat of the day—though I'm sure our office is as well ventilated as any that ever *I* put foot in—and of a labourer being worthy of his hire, and all that sort of thing. But the upshot of the whole is, that he gave in his immediate resignation, telling me that, though he grieved at my injustice, he was glad to be relieved from a conscientious scruple, and enabled to accept a situation as a sort of agent or steward to Miss Selby. I'm sure I don't know how we shall get on without him."

"Well, that is too bad!" cried Mrs. Carthew. "She ought to be punished for taking away other people's servants in that way! Do you know what she has bought the house where she lives for? She can never be going to stay in that hole."

"No," replied her husband, "she is not going to reside there: it is to be put in thorough repair for the residence of Mr. Cooch. It is cursedly provoking! If the fellow had remained with us, the St. Bennett's

property might probably have been brought into our office, and such pickings as that are not to be despised now-a-days. If you had only paid a little attention to the Selbys, perhaps Arthur might have secured the prize altogether."

So saying, Mr. Carthew took up his hat, and left the room; while his wife remained for some time in a brown study, which was at length broken in upon by the entrance of her son Arthur.

"Well," said the young gentleman, "how are you off for tin? I saw the governor walk out, looking like a thunder-cloud, so I conclude you have been raising the wind; in which case, I hope you'll stump up, as I want some of the ready to go to Falmouth races."

"You cannot have it, then, Arthur," said his mother, "but must give up idling away time and money, and stick to business. Cooch is about to leave the office, and what on earth is to be done without him, I'm sure I don't know."

"Whew!" whistled the youth. "Old Book of Proverbs going? That is a go."

"Arthur, my dear," resumed his mother, after a short silence, "I know it must be irksome to a young man of gentlemanly habits such as yours, to be tied all day long to a high stool in an office. If I were you, I would make my fortune, and enjoy life while I was young."

"Tell me how to set about it, old lady, and then I'll say you are a prime one—a regular brick, and no mistake."

"Why, make an offer to Eleanor Selby, to be sure! And make haste about it, for Mrs. Stoneman's milksop of a boy is sent for to come home, with the hope, I firmly believe, that his wish-washy face, his lanky locks, and his trashy poetry may win the heiress. Now, you are a fine, handsome, gentlemanly-looking fellow (though I should like you better without that moustache), who know the world; and girls like that sort of thing better than a pale face and innocence; so, try your luck. Why don't you speak, Arthur? Say you will try, that's a good boy!"

"That's no go," said Master Arthur.

"And why not? Take my word for it, you will stand a very good chance—especially before she begins to be sought after."

"I tell you it's no go."

"But why—why? How do you know until you try?"

"If you must know, then," replied the hopeful son, "I have tried already."

"Tried already, and been refused?" almost screamed Mrs. Carthew.

"Yes, I have," replied Arthur, rather sullenly. "I meant to stick up to her like bricks at all these parties that I heard were coming on, but, when the proud jade took herself off to Port Allan all at once, I thought it wouldn't do to wait till she came back, so I wrote to her a letter. I told her I had been in love with her for years, and all that sort of thing that girls like."

"Well, and what answer did you get?" asked his mother.

"Why, she sent back my letter in a blank sheet of paper, without a word!" replied Master Arthur, indignantly. "I only wish I could serve her out for it! What a confounded shame it is that money should go to such an insignificant, poor, spiritless fool as that; and that a fellow like me shouldn't have a rap to bless himself with!"

IV.

VERY pleasantly the days passed away at Port Allan, for Mrs. Selby and Eleanor enjoyed the independence, the freedom from care, the absence of restraint, as those only can enjoy them who have known what it is to struggle on year after year, earning with difficulty their daily bread, and knowing but too well that for old age and sickness they can make little or no provision. The cares which, it is said, must ever follow money, they had not yet felt; and they were, thus far, sensible of the glad change wrought in their position. But in the midst of all this, Nelly thought often, with a sigh, of Charles Howard, and her joy was tempered with sadness.

It was in the month of September when Eleanor and her mother went to Port Allan; rather late in the season for a visit to the sea-side, but the weather was at first generally warm and fine, and there was that clearness in the sky and mellowness in the air which sometimes make this month one of the most pleasant in the year. The situation of Port Allan, too, was delightful, for it was on the eastern or inner side of a long headland, which formed the western boundary of a most beautiful and romantic bay; at the back of the headland, too, was another deep bay, but the shores of this were lower, and lined with jagged and fearful rocks. Frequent were their walks along the summits of the beetling cliffs, or over the firm yellow beach, and many were their explorations in the long, dark, dripping, echoing caverns, or their excursions on the bright, sunny waters of the bay; had it not been for one thing, Eleanor would have been perfectly happy.

At length a change came over the weather. The evening had been close and misty, with but little wind and a drizzling rain, and the night had been very calm and still, but about three in the morning Eleanor was aroused from her sleep by a sudden gust of wind, which howled and whistled among the gables and corners, rattled the windows, roared in the chimney, seemed to shake the house to its foundations, and was gone. For a minute all was still as before, and then came another gust, more violent, more lasting, and bringing with it such a crash of rain and hail upon the glass that Eleanor thought the windows must come in—there was the falling of a shutter in the street, the rattling of a slate down over the roof of the house, and that too was past. Another, and another, and another followed, the intervals between each gradually diminishing, until at length there was such a continuous roar of the storm as effectually to prevent poor Nelly from again closing an eye. She rose before her usual time, and, descending to the sitting-room, where she found that her mother had arrived before her, approached the window, which commanded a view of the bay and the pier, and looked out.

"Mamma, mamma!" she cried, starting suddenly back, with an awe-struck look, "come and look at the sea!"

Mrs. Selby did so, and she too shrunk back in amazement. There was indeed a new change for them in the appearance of that mighty ocean, which, as they had often remarked to each other, never seemed to look twice the same. They had seen it when the blue water looked only a shade deeper in colour than the blue sky; they had watched it when a light mist made it difficult to say where the one element melted into the

other, and when the vessels seem to hang in air by invisible threads; they had seen and heard it on the close, still days when the huge rolling ground seas sent their white foam far up the tallest cliffs, and when the deep growl of the sullen waves had been heard many miles inland, like the distant rumbling of an earthquake; they had looked at it when a merry breeze made the little white-capped billows dance and sparkle in the sunshine; and they had seen it when the reflection of the motionless ships upon the glassy sea seemed as real as the ships themselves, and when the sun, sinking into his gorgeous bed, threw a dazzling line of light upon the waters. All these, and many more, changes they had seen with never-ending delight; but the look of that same mighty ocean now was something new and terrible. It was no wonder that they shrank back from the window, for at the first glance the sea seemed close—quite close, and about to overwhelm them! Instead of appearing spread out before their eyes in a level plane, it looked like a huge black wall of water, ready to topple over, and sweep them away to destruction. Even after the eye got somewhat accustomed to it, there was something strange, indescribable, and almost unnatural in the appearance of that dark, lowering, inky-looking sea—something that oppressed the mind, and weighed upon the spirits like the presence of a thunder-cloud. No playful, white-crested billows were there now; there was no variety of shade or colour all over the wide expanse, save from some dingy, lurid streaks of foam, and the very farthest horizon seemed as close to the eye as the nearest margin of the bay. No waves were now to be seen, pausing, as it were, to gather strength, and then advancing with a roar, and flying over the rocks in glittering cataracts of foam; but huge black seas swept on resistlessly, submerging, without stop and without effort, those very rocks, the tops of which were reached at other times only by their spray. It was a fearful sight, but the sounds which struck the ear were, perhaps, still more fearful; not the sound of the sea—for the mighty dash, the sullen growl, or hollow roar were scarcely heard—but the rushing of the wind, which swept through the streets, bursting open doors, tearing slates off from the roofs, knocking down chimney-tops, and whirling up twigs and straws to send them on with headlong speed among the driving scud. Now and then was to be seen a fisherman or pilot, pea-coated and “sou’-westered,” striving and struggling against the gale to get down to the pier, and look after the safety of his boat; and sometimes a man on the windward side of the basin would hail one on the opposite quay, his voice coming down like a trumpet-sound on the blast, and the other, with hands raised to his mouth, would roar and bellow himself black in the face in a futile attempt to send an answer a yard’s distance on its way back.

Eleanor and her mother stood for some time watching the scene, silent and almost terrified; and then they turned to the table, and sat down to their breakfast with what appetite they might. The day passed on, and still the storm raged and blew. Eleanor, weary of confinement, made two or three attempts to walk out, but each time, unable to withstand the force of the wind, returned weary and breathless to her own comfortable room. At length, towards evening, there was somewhat of a lull, and Eleanor, seeing an old man pass who had generally attended her in her boating excursions, tapped at the window and beckoned him in.

"Well, Thompson," she said, "what do you think of the weather now? Do you think it's nearly over?"

"Over, miss? No, I reckon. It's only getting a fresh hand at the bellows, take my word for it."

"Has any damage been done about here?" asked Eleanor.

"Why no, miss, not as I've heerd of as yet—that is, nothing to speak of, but many a fine craft, I'm afeard, will have left her bones between the Morte and the Land's End before we gets the last of it."

"How anxious the poor people must be," said Eleanor, "who have friends and relations at sea in this fearful weather!"

"Why yes, miss," replied Thompson, "they've got an anxious time of it; but 'tis no use to take fear before fear comes, and they must hope they're all snug in port somewhere. We don't make much here of a bit of a puff of wind, miss—'specially men that have had as much salt water go over their backs as I've had; but, to be sure, such weather as this *do* set us a-thinking. My daughter, home, miss—she's a widow woman, miss—have got a boy, about sixteen, that's away somewhere now—a very good boy he is too, though I say it myself. She's in a wisht away about un, poor thing! being rather *onwell* herself too. But I says to her, says I, 'Don't be so foolish, Nanny!' I says; 'what's the use to take on so? I dare say now he's moored comfortable in port somewhere, sitting down mending his best jacket for a cruise ashore among the girls mayhap; and thinking no more about we than he is about the last sarmon he heerd.' I only said that to comfort her, you know, miss, for I believe the boy is as *good* a boy and as kind a boy as ever lived, though I say it myself, that shouldn't ought to say it. But 'tis no use to grieve, you know, miss; many's the time that I've bothered myself, and worked the eyes out of my head a'most, looking over the charts and the books of directions for rocks, land shoals, currents, and what not, and found out arterwards that the vessel I'd been thinking about had never been out of harbour all the time, or else had been in some place quite different from what I fancied."

"What vessel is your grandson in?" asked Nelly.

"In a schooner called the *Dolly Pentreath*, miss," replied the old man, who, notwithstanding his philosophy, was evidently suffering not a little from anxiety—"the *Dolly Pentreath*, or the *Dolly*, or the *Doll*, as we generally calls her for shortness' sake,—the *Dolly Pentreath*, Captain Johns, as good a seaman and as civil a man as ever stepped. He went from here to Plymouth, and there he got a freight across to Guernsey, and there he got news of a freight back from Cherbourg, in France. The last we heerd of him was from a letter he wrote, saying he would be all ready to sail for home in a few days. There, miss, there," he continued, as a fresh gust of wind rushed furiously by—"there, miss! I told 'ee it was only another hand at the bellows. I only hope——"

"Look, Thompson, look!" interrupted Eleanor. "What are all the people running about? Surely there is something the matter."

"I'm most afeard there is, miss, sure!" said Thompson, looking out. "I'll just step out and see what it is."

In a few minutes the old man returned, looking pale and anxious. "It's a schooner, miss," he said, "that's trying to get round the head and

come in here. If she once get's round she'll be all right, but there's no safety for her if she goes ashore in Modrip Bay ; if she gets on the rocks there, there's little chance that any of the crew will reach the shore alive. The people are all running to watch her. They tell me she's a good bit to the westward yet. I haven't seen her, but from what I hear, I'm afeard she'll have as much as she can do to weather the point. Good evening, miss ; I'm just going out there to look at her."

"Thompson," said Eleanor, "should I be too much in your way if I were to go with you?"

"In my way, miss ? No! Bless your pretty face and your kind heart! It makes me feel quite young and happy again to have you with me, miss. Please to pardon my bouldness for saying so. But you'll never think of going out upon the head this weather, surely! Why men that have been used to nor'-westers all their lives can scarce stand against the wind there, much more a tender plant like you."

"Oh, I shall get on very well, Thompson, if you will only give me your arm. I could not bear to stay here, seeing nothing, and knowing that this vessel is in danger."

So saying, Nelly ran to tell her mother whither she was going ; and then, taking the old man's arm, sallied forth. It was, indeed, as much as they could do to make head against the gale, though it was again blowing with somewhat diminished violence, and sometimes they were even obliged to stop for a minute under the shelter of a hedge or a rock to gain breath before they could proceed. Eleanor was not the only female there : numbers of others, who had brothers, sons, husbands, or lovers at sea, though knowing, perhaps, that they were far away, had rushed forth to watch the progress of the imperilled vessel with feelings of restless anxiety, while many more were there, like Eleanor, partly from sympathy, partly to escape the suspense and uncertainty which they would have suffered at home.

"I hope," said Thompson, "Nanny won't hear nothing of it ; but, she's poorly in bed, and we lives out of the town, you know, miss, so 'tis very unlikely."

At length Nelly and her conductor reached the summit of the headland, and gazed out to sea ; but the dusk of the evening was fast approaching, they were almost blinded by the spray, which flew completely over the headland, and even the experienced eye of old Thompson could scarcely, at first, distinguish the vessel. Groups of seafaring men were scattered about, some lying flat on the ground, to escape the force of the wind ; others resting their glasses on the shoulders of their companions, and gazing intently seaward, while women and landmen hung around them, eager to catch the few disjointed words which they uttered. The two approached one of these groups, just as a tall, fine-looking man, in a "sou'-wester" cap and pea-jacket, had taken his eye from the glass, after a long look, and turned around to speak to some one near him.

"Well, Harry!" shouted Thompson, "what do you make her out?"

"Ah, Thompson!" said the man addressed, without returning a direct answer to the question—"ah, Thompson! you are the very man I was looking for! I had just sent a boy to see if he could find you. Have ye had a look at the schooner?"

"No, Harry," replied the old man; "I'm only just come up."

"Take my glass. Just here away, Thompson—here in a line with that rock. Now you've got her. Well, d'ye know her?"

The old man took his eye from the glass, looked at the other for a moment, and then, without a word, resumed his eager gaze. In a minute he again withdrew his eye, returned the glass to his friend, with a trembling hand, and merely said:

"The *Dolly Pentreath*!"

"You're right, Thompson!" said the other; "it's she, sure enough! That streak of white paint around her deceived me first. She must have had the paint since she's been gone; but it's she, as sure as we are here."

"Yes, by Heaven!" cried another man; "it's the old *Dolly*!"

"Never mind, Thompson! cheer up, mate!" said a weather-beaten old fellow, who was standing by. "It don't blow so hard now, I think; she'll weather it yet, never fear."

"What are ye all talking about weathering it?" exclaimed a young preventive man. "She's well enough to windward to weather the Gull Rock, if she likes. Why, she's eating into the wind like a mouse into a cheese."

"Mouse be hanged!" growled a surly old fisherman. "She's bagging down to leeward like a haystack!"

"Leave me, if you like, Thompson," said Nelly, who had been dreadfully shocked at hearing that the vessel was the one which the old man's grandson was in—"leave me, if you like—I shall do very well; and I know you must be very, very anxious."

"No, no, miss," said the old man; "I'll stay with you, if you please. If she gets round the head, I shall not be wanted; and if it pleases God that my poor boy shall die, it will be a consolation to be with you. I shall be able to think more real-like of the good angels that will be waiting for him. When all is over, it will be time enough to tell poor Nanny. Besides, miss, I have great hopes that she'll do it, and I don't think it blows now near so hard as it did."

Eleanor long tried in vain to get something more than an occasional glimpse of the small white patch of sail and the dusky hull, as they rose on the summit of a wave; but, as the schooner drew nearer to the headland, she began, although the evening was coming on apace, to see and understand something more of the danger of her situation, and to perceive that the crisis was fast approaching.

"'Twill be a close shave, mates," said one of the men; "but she'll do it."

"Ay, that she will!" said another; "Johns will have his glass of grog at the Red Lion to-night, yet."

"D'ye think so?" put in the old fisherman, who had before spoken.

"Ay, that I do, brother. Don't you?"

"Why, that depends upon circumstances."

"Circumstances? ye ould Jonah! And ain't the circumstances just as they should be? Does it blow anything like so hard as it did?"

"No, sartainly not."

"Well, and—— Ay, mates, just look! The wind is making more westing. Only look!"

"Ay, by the Lord, Jack! and so it is."

"No more westing to-night," growled the old fisherman.

"No more westing, old surly chops? Why, there's a point more in it than it was, and it's getting around farther every moment."

"'Twon't last."

"Last! If it only lasts a quarter of an hour, she's safe; I don't ask more than a quarter of an hour."

"You're right, Jack," said another; "now hold on, good gear, and in a quarter of an hour she's safe!"

"Hurrah, my hearties!" shouted a man, coming up from another group—"hurrah, my hearties! she's all our own! why she's laying up north and by east now, every bit of it."

"All right, Thompson!" cried one, rubbing his hands; "she's safe as a church!"

"All right now, Thompson!" said another, slapping the old man on the back. "All right! the old *Doll* isn't done for yet, eh, old boy? Why, she'll have stunsails set in a minute."

"Don't talk so fast, youngsters," said the old fisherman. "Look there away!"

"Ay, by the powers, old Will! here it comes again, and no mistake! Hold on your hair, now, mates—you that wear wigs!"

And as he spoke, a fierce, furious squall swept over the seething waves, shutting in the vessel and the point in impenetrable obscurity. On it came, presenting, even in the deepening twilight, a well-defined line, almost like a solid wall. On it came, with rushing speed, yet seeming to the eager watchers to be creeping over the waters. On it came, with a strange hissing noise, curling the black hills of sea into white-capped ridges, and then sweeping off the tops, and carrying them on in great flakes of foam upon the blast. On, on it came—it was nearer, it was close; the rocks, the fierce waves, the other groups of people were hidden in its dark embrace; there was an instant of unnatural calm, there was a sudden, momentary gust, and it was upon them. There was a howling blast of wind, there was a blinding dash of rain, and they were in the midst of it! The hardy mariners stripped off their rough coats to wrap Nelly in them, and, heedless of themselves, gathered around to shelter, as much as might be, her delicate form from the rude gale: for, since she had been at Port Allan, her beauty and sweetness had won the respect and admiration—nay, the love of all, and the hoarse voices, even of the roughest, would sound almost gentle when they addressed her.

The squall was past. It was over Port Allan—it was miles inland; it was driving over the moors; it was tearing off the thatches from corn-stacks in the farm-yards; it was snapping the boughs, and sweeping off the dead leaves in the woods; it was annihilating umbrellas in the streets; it was bringing the mail coach to a dead stand on the high road; and the people on Port Allan head were once more looking for the schooner.

"Where is she? Where is she? Where's the schooner?"

"Here."

"There?"

"No, no—there."

"Where? Where?"

"No, it isn't."

"She's gone! She's gone!"

"Good God! She's gone!"

"No, no—she's not. There she is—I see her, I see her. Here, here—where I'm pointing. Bring the Gull Rock and this bunch of rushes in a line, and then look a little to the right, and well to windward. All right, my lads—all right! She's weathered the squall, and will be round the head in five minutes."

"I can't find her!"

"I see her."

"I see her."

"'Tis only the comb of a sea."

"I tell ye 'tis the schooner."

"You're looking too far to windward, you lubbers!" said the old fisherman. "Look here—what d'ye call this?"

All gazed in the direction in which the old man's finger pointed, and there—yes, there was the doomed vessel coming directly on for the fearful rocks which lay at their feet. Even Eleanor saw her plainly. The other groups observed her at the same time, and one of the men turned around, and pointed towards her. For an instant none spoke, but all gazed at each other in silence, and with horror on their countenances. At length a deep-drawn sigh escaped them.

"It's all over with her!" cried one.

"She's lost her mainmast," said another.

"It's her foremast," cried a third.

"Stuff! Both lower masts are standing," said a fourth.

"Her rudder must have——"

"Perhaps she——"

"Silence, men—silence!" cried Harry Penhale, the tall man, who had been first addressed by Thompson. "Never mind how she got there: there she is, and we must do the best we can for her. Run, a dozen of you, down to the seine-house here, and get out all the rope you can find; and be smart now, lads, be smart! you've no time to lose; she'll be ashore in ten minutes. And—yes, it's getting dark; run, some of you, get torches, and stand along here on the rocks; it will give them heart, and we shall want the light, too. You'll find plenty of straw and tar in the house. With a will, now, boys! *with a will!*"

The men ran off to execute their commission, and Eleanor turned to the old man at her side. "Thompson," she said, "is there any, any hope?"

"None, miss," he replied; "in a quarter of an hour they will be in eternity."

"Leave me then, Thompson," said Eleanor. "Your daughter—she will need some comfort."

"You're right, miss—you're right and kind, as you always are. Poor Nanny! I can't bear to go away, and the breath still in the dear boy's body; but I can do nothing here, for my poor old arm has lost its strength, and I must see that Nanny doesn't hear the news too sudden like—'twould kill her, miss! Poor Nanny! Poor Nanny!"

Old Thompson trembled, and his voice was choked. Eleanor, with streaming eyes, looked up into his face, and pressed his rough horny hand between her delicate palms.

"This is no place for you either, miss," the old man said. "Poor child! I was wrong to bring you here; but I did think they'd have weathered it. The Lord has ordered it otherwise—His will be done! Here, Davis! Joe Davis!" he shouted, "come here! He'll take as much care of 'ee, miss, as I should myself; and, like me, he's gone past much work. He's lost, Davis!" he continued, as the other approached. "He's lost, poor fellow! As kind a boy, too, and as good a boy as ever lived, though I say it myself! We little thought, when he left us so happy and light-hearted—we little thought then that we should never meet in this world again. But what a fool I am to stand snivelling here! And Nanny home. Poor Nanny!" And so saying, the old man handed Nelly over to the care of his friend, and, with one last look seaward, hurried away, to be with his widowed daughter in the hour of her desolation.

Eleanor took the arm of her new protector, and, together, they moved somewhat nearer to the place where the vessel might be expected to strike. Around them, all was haste and bustle. Men were running to and fro, carrying great coils of rope; others were stripping off their upper garments, and making the ropes fast around their bodies, to be ready for a plunge into the raging wave; whilst others, again, were lighting torches of straw, dipped in tar, and stationing themselves along the rocks.

Eleanor looked out seaward. It was nearly dark; but there was visible the dusky mass, driving steadily down towards them, yawing widely, as she came on, and wallowing in the troughs of the sea, as if conscious that all hope was past, and exertion in vain. Eleanor was startled at seeing how near she had approached. On, on came the doomed ship, not appearing to be impelled *through* the water by the force of the wind, but rather as if she were driven on merely by the send of the sea. There was a rock, which at low tide rose rough and jagged above the wave. The vessel was close upon it. All were silent—all held their breath. A huge sea rolled on—it lifted her, as though she had been a paper boat; she was borne on for an instant, with lightning speed, on its broad shoulder, and over the rock she went—quite over it, and not an inch of her keel was touched. "Good God!" cried the old man with Eleanor, "she's gone clean over the Mussel Rock! I wouldn't have believed it." For a moment she seemed almost stationary in the trough of the sea, and then came another wave: it bore her past the place where Eleanor and her companion were standing. She rushed on—she swept by, like the spirit of the storm itself. Again was she left behind—again came a huge rolling wave—again was she lifted, and borne on with frightful speed—again it began to leave her;—there was a crash, a shout of horror from strong men—a shriek of agony from weak women—above, and distinct from all, the fearful, never-to-be-forgotten, cry of drowning men; the dark hull melted away in the raging waters—and she was gone!

M'CARTHY'S CALDERON.*

OF Spanish literature in general, Mr. Bruce contends ("Classic and Historic Portraits," vol. ii.), that for purity and chastity it is honourably distinguished above that of any other country;—and of the Spanish drama in particular he goes on to assert, that while it is more copious than the dramatic productions of all other lettered nations, ancient and modern, put together, as their dramas now exist, it is wholly free from the charge of indelicacy, and has no Congreve, nor Vanbrugh, nor Cibber, no single drama indeed in which there is anything to call up a blush on the cheek of modesty. Let us hope this grand and singular characteristic, this anomaly in Christendom's and in Heathendom's legitimate drama, is not the let and hindrance to the naturalisation, or popularisation, so to speak, of the Spanish theatre amongst us.

For, some let and hindrance there is. Somehow or other we don't take kindly to Lope de Vega and Calderon. The Knight of La Mancha we accept from Cervantes with full and grateful welcome; but the plays of Cervantes—*c'est une autre chose*. Indeed, until the present publication respectively of the versions of Mr. M'Carthy and of Mr. Fitzgerald,† it seems that no attempt at anything like a complete or adequate reproduction into imitative English verse of even one of Calderon's plays has been made.

Mr. M'Carthy's aim is, to combine fidelity to the spirit of his original, with a scrupulous adherence to its form. He has thought it his duty, he tells us, to attempt the imitation of every metrical variety used by Calderon, which at least he judged capable of being reproduced in English with a sensible harmonious effect. He was attracted to this difficult emprise by "the wonderful fascination and pleasure of the employment." Mr. M'Carthy has many high qualifications for such a task. His own ballads and lyrics stamp him a minstrel of taste and feeling. He has a musical ear, and the pen of a ready writer; and a fine enthusiasm inspires his harmonious numbers. The florid diction of his preface to Calderon, and of some of his clever contributions to the *Dublin University Magazine*, is that of a scribe in some jeopardy from a "fatal facility" of ornate composition. And thus, while heartily recognising no small degree of painstaking, merit, and occasional brilliancy, in the translation now before us, we seem to trace in too many parts the style of one accustomed to "dash off at a heat," and not quite so patient as either Calderon or the critics could desire, of the *labor limæ*. At intervals there occur passages of real grace and finish, of tasteful expression and much rhythmical beauty; and then again we meet with whole pages of a very prosy sort, and very indifferent prose too. Partly, be it admitted, Calderon is himself answerable for these inequalities—for the great playwright was not above a wholesale manufacture of platitudes in soliloquy, and bald disjointed chat in colloquy; but his translator has not always

* Dramas of Calderon, Tragic, Comic, and Legendary. Translated from the Spanish, principally in the Metre of the Original, by D. F. M'Carthy, Esq. Dolman. 1853.

† Six Dramas of Calderon, freely translated by Edward Fitzgerald. Pickering. 1853.

presented these spots on the sun in their least glaring aspect, nor refrained from adding a few on his own account.

In his selection of the six dramas included in these volumes, Mr. M'Carthy appears to have exercised a sound discretion. They offer specimens of Calderon's varied manner, and of his success in the several walks of the national drama. Unlike Mr. Fitzgerald, who has, with questionable judgment, chosen for translation six of the maestro's second and third-rate plays, Mr. M'Carthy gives us the noble tragedy of "The Constant Prince;" that admirably characteristic comedy, "The Secret in Words," pronounced by Ulrici (who thinks Calderon greater in comedy than in tragedy) one of the most amusing, polished, and ingenious plays extant in any tongue; the tragedies of "The Physician of his own Honour," and "Love after Death;" the legendary play of "The Purgatory of St. Patrick;" and the comic piece of lovers' entanglements called "The Scarf and the Flower." Mr. M'Carthy is exceedingly well qualified, in one capital respect, to do justice to Calderon's descriptive powers;—he is gifted with a kindred faculty of verbal profusion. It demanded a wealthy vocabulary to render the lavish splendours of the original into corresponding terms in our northern dialect, and here the translator has generally used to advantage that fervid and flowing eloquence upon which he can draw so freely. We quote an example of his aptness to catch the style, and to echo the ring and cadence, of the dramatist he so ardently admires:—it is from *El Principe Constante*, where that high-hearted Lusitanian, the Christian Regulus, sacrifices his liberty for his country's weal, and resigns himself to a life-long captivity among the Moors, whose king he thus addresses :

—— I am thy slave,
And, O king, dispose and order
Of my freedom as you* please,
For I would, nor could accept it
On unworthy terms like these :
Thou, Enrique,† home returning,

* This alternation between *thee* and *you* is a not infrequent blemish in Mr. M'Carthy's lines. Among numerous instances, we may refer to scene ii. of "Love after Death" (vol. ii. pp. 15, *sqq.*), where *Alvaro* says to *Clara*,

"You have no power now to excuse thee;"

and again :

"I have loved you," &c.,

immediately followed by thou, and thee, and thy, *ad libitum*. So *Garces* says (p. 27) :

"Blame not yourself, for you did very well
To make him feel thy hand——"

and that incorrigible old offender, *Alvaro*, girds at *Mendoza* after this manner (p. 34) :

"Still it is enough to ask you
If thou art as brave with young men
As with old men thou art bold."

One half suspects the *dramatis personæ* of being Quaker converts, recently proselytised, who are ever and anon relapsing into the old formulæ forbidden in the terminology of the people called Friends. But alas! even the Angel in the "Purgatory of St. Patrick" is verily guilty in this matter (see vol. ii. pp. 182-3). *Tantane animis celestibus?*

† To his brother.

Say, in Africa I lie
Buried, for my life I'll fashion
As if I did truly die :—
Christians, dead is Don Fernando;
Moors, a slave to you remains;
Captives, you have a companion,
Who to-day doth share your pains :
Heaven, a man restores your churches
Back to holy calm and peace ;
Sea, a wretch remains, with weeping
All your billows to increase ;
Mountains, on ye dwells a mourner,
Like the wild beasts soon to grow ;
Wind, a poor man with his sighing
Doubleth all that thou canst blow ;
Earth, a corse within thy entrails
Comes to-day to lay his bones.
For King, Brother, Moors, and Christians,
Sun, and moon, and starry zones,
Wind and sea, and earth and heaven,
Wild beasts, hills,—let this convince
All of ye, in pains and sorrows,
How to-day a constant Prince
Loves the Catholic faith to honour,
And the law of God to hold.

The exaggerated tone of this declamation, which may recal certain stilted passages in Shakspeare and the Elizabethan writers, is highly characteristic of Calderon—his tendency to what the profane call fustian being in fact *prononcé* at times. Nor had Cowley, or Donne, a greater liking for *concelli* and elaborately detailed fancies.

In illustration of Mr. McCarthy's skill in other metrical forms, we append his version of one* of the two celebrated sonnets on the stars, in the second act of "The Constant Prince." The *thema* is in answer to a question, Are the stars like flowers?

These points of light, these sparkles of pure fire,
Their twinkling splendours boldly torn away
From the reluctant sun's departing ray,
Live when the beams in mournful gloom retire.
These are the flowers of night that glad Heaven's choir,
And o'er the vault their transient odours play.
For if the life of flowers is but one day,
In one short night the brightest stars expire.
But still we ask the fortunes of our lives,
Even from this flattering spring-tide of the skies,
'Tis good or ill, as sun or star survives.
Oh, what duration is there? who relies
Upon a star? or hope from it derives,
That every night is born again and dies?

The translator's supply of rhymes is copious, not always correct. For instance: "Glory" and "victory" (vol. i. pp. 104, 106) are an ill-assorted match; and his quite favourite junction of "propitious" with "wishes" (i. p. 105; ii. pp. 293, 311, &c.) is hardly classical. Then again, "difficulty" is made to pair with "victory"—a rhyme with less of the latter than the former about it (ii. pp. 349, 350). "Prostrated" goes

* "Esos rasgos de luz, esas centellas," &c.

but lamely with "state it" (ii. p. 67). Nor is the conventional pronunciation of "Africa" favourable to a rhyming with "law" (ii. p. 4). We observe, too, an occasional confusion of the *will* and *shall* (e. g. ii. pp. 120, 133, 352). And certain Hibernicisms affecting the metre are also notice-worthy: "Born," for instance, being made to do double duty, in what we will call the syllabic augment—"arms" requiring to be pronounced *arrums*, &c.

But we have dwelt longer than is agreeable to our sense of proportion, and of justice, on the minor blemishes of Mr. M'Carthy's performance; and, in taking leave of him, would fain leave a "last impression" of the gratification and interest which we have felt in a perusal of these two volumes. In which mood, we commend them as a dainty dish to set before every lover of dramatic literature—native or foreign, new or old.

THE ELF-KING'S BRIDE.

FROM THE DANISH OF HANS CHRISTIAN ANDERSEN.

BY MRS. BUSHBY.

'MIDST the tents of the foe deep stillness reigned—
 And the slumb'ring troops dreamed of battles gained;
 But one, though he feared not the morrow's fight,
 Kept his lonely vigil the livelong night.
 He leaned on his sword, and sang the wild lays
 That had gladdened his heart in youthful days.
 He gazed on the stream that was rushing by—
 Like the moon through a mist gleamed something nigh;
 In the breeze there fluttered a pale blue snood,
 And a lovely female before him stood.
 She seemed to his song to be listening, while
 She greeted the singer with many a smile.
 Love formed not the theme of his thrilling strains,
 He sang of his childhood's joys and its pains;
 The Mermaid whispered of pleasures to come—
 And sudden the warrior's voice was dumb.
 From the sedgy bank he saw her arise,
 While her beaming look was fixed on his eyes.
 Her soft cheek grew pale, and grew red by turns—
 As ever it is when kindling love burns;
 She snatched up his hand—to her heaving breast
 With passionate gestures that hand was pressed.
 He murmured his love—when starting, she cried,
 "Hush, stranger—for I am the Elf-King's Bride!
 Ah! why did I list to thine accents so sweet?
 Farewell! for never again shall we meet."
 She vanished—the stream seemed higher to swell,
 While rose at that spot, as if by some spell,
 A lovely green plant: a moment it stood—
 Then faded—and slowly it sank in the flood.
 In the enemy's camp the trumpets sound—
 Away! where conquest or death may be found!

THE EPILOGUE OF 1853.

THE year that is now fast closing upon us, if not absolutely *Annus Mirabilis*, may fairly put in its claim for some share of distinction. The two great categories of Fact and Opinion, which make up the sum total of our existence, have been very adequately represented during the last twelve months, and whatever rank the year 1853 may eventually hold in the world's annals, it will assuredly not be remembered by those who survive it as a dull one. There has been movement, of one kind or other, throughout, and, according to our annual custom, we will just glance at some of the most prominent occurrences.

Leaving the serious aspect of events to be discussed elsewhere—by the *Patres Conscripti*, or “heavy fathers” of the Senate, if they will—we shall address ourselves chiefly to subjects which will admit of being lightly touched upon. From this category we do not altogether exclude politics, though such matters require to be approached almost as cautiously as one would handle a hedgehog.

There is the Turkish question, for instance. Though everybody in England—always excepting Mr. Cobden, who, like the late Tom Hill, enjoys his own “private view” of everything—is of one mind with respect to the treatment which the Sultan has received at the hands of the Czar, no two are agreed upon the course that should have been taken “to make things pleasant” to them both. It is true that there has been a vast amount of unanimity amongst the diplomatists of Constantinople, Vienna, and Olmütz, but this unanimity has merely had for its object the absolute stultification of the human understanding. It was not for the purpose of convincing the Emperor of Russia that he was wrong, that the representatives of the four great powers drew up the celebrated “notes,” which have admitted of so many “queries,” but simply to show an admiring world how skilfully words might be made to express anything but what they were really supposed to mean. Like the “*Précieuses Ridicules*,” their chief desire has been to avoid coming to the point. Put a lover in the place of a negotiator, and Madelon's rules define at once the course they have adopted. “*Il faut qu'un amant, pour être agréable, sache débiter de beaux sentiments, pousser le doux, le tendre et le passionné, et que sa recherche soit dans les formes.*” No one can say that the diplomatic suit has not been urged in all its forms, with a profusion too of the finest sentiments, with the gentlest pleading—with everything, in short, to make it agreeable to the Imperial Coquet. The whole process has been about as edifying as the single combat fought between Gymnast and Captain Tripet, wherein the former “suddenly fetched a gambol upon one foot, and turning to the left hand, failed not to carry his body perfectly round, just into his former position, without missing one jot,” and the latter, after making a summerset in the air, “turned about like a windmill, and made above a hundred frisks, turns, and demi-pommadas;” though we quite agree with Corporal Trim, that “one home-thrust of a bayonet was worth it all.” And Omar Pasha seems to have been of this way of thinking as well as ourselves.

But, perhaps, the oddest part of the whole affair is the wonderful way in which the Coalition Cabinet has held together in the midst of the

general clash of opinions, with the fighting-men gesticulating outside the booth, and the tumblers and vaulters playing at "soft sawder" within. To listen to the speeches made at Aberdeen, Glasgow, and Halifax, you would fancy that nobody could settle the business but Captain Sword; to take the inspirations of Downing-street for your oracle, he must of necessity be superseded by Captain Pen. There is, to be sure, a third party, whom, for want of a better name, we will call Captain Palaver. He it is, ripe with information "short only of that of the first parties acting in these proceedings," who "studied the Eastern question twenty years ago, as *Mr. Tait, the publisher, can state*," and now comes forward with a plan of pacification which appears greatly to have gladdened the long-headed (we had almost written "long-eared") listeners at the Music Hall of Edinburgh when the "Peace" Society held its last meeting there. No longer disposed to "crumple up" Russia—a feat which he undertook to perform some two or three years ago—Mr. Cobden has settled it in his own mind that Turkey must go to the wall.

"I tell you," he says, "*from my own knowledge of the Turkish empire*" (the best assurance we can desire for being at ease as to the issue), "that not only all the king's horses and all the king's men, but not all the horses and all the men of all the Emperors in the world, can maintain the Mohammedan population in Europe;" and then, to gratify the fanatical part of his audience, he adds: "They are going to fight for the maintenance of Mohammedanism in Europe!"—and pious Saunders, who never had an angry word with his neighbour on religious questions, responds to this declaration with loud shouts of applause. Will Mr. Cobden tell his Edinburgh friends how much nearer akin to their own profession of faith the subjects of the Porte will be when they have embraced the religion of the Greek Church?—of that section of it of which "the most orthodox" Emperor of Russia is at the head? Mr. Cobden's charitable advice, in perfect keeping, too, with his peaceable professions, is to let the Russians and Turks fight out a quarrel which, he admits, is provoked by the Czar and based on the grossest injustice. But he cannot part with the subject without a prophecy, though he is certainly the most unlucky prophet who ever vaticinated. However, he continues, don't be afraid of war; "wars don't happen on the Danube in November or October." . . . "We are not going to fight on the Danube in the month of November." If Mr. Cobden had only had a little more information, just to place him on a level with and not "short" of that possessed by "the first parties in these proceedings," he would have waited till the month of November before he delivered himself of this oracular assertion. What say the telegraphic despatches from the Danube? "On the 2nd and 3rd of November the Turks crossed the Danube from Turtukai to Oltenitza, to the number of about 18,000 men. On the 4th, General Pauloff attacked them with 9000 men, and, after a brisk cannonade, a combat with the bayonet took place between the two armies, &c." This looks rather like fighting on the Danube though Mr. Cobden is quite capable of denying it, if it suits the purpose of the moment and procures him a bray of applause.

But however indifferent to the fate of Turkey, however willing to follow the sage counsels of Captain Palaver and suffer the "foul paynim" to be "crumpled up" by the fouler Muscovite, the wise men of Edin-

burgh have not forgotten—when did Scotchmen ever forget—their-
selves! It is now exactly two hundred and fifty years since “bonnie King Jamie
from Scotland came,” trooping over the Border with a following whose
alacrity to settle down upon the fair pastures and broad meads of Eng-
land has only been equalled by the repugnance which their descendants
have invariably shown to return to the barren heaths and bleak mountains
of their native land. Of the manner of their coming and the sudden
metamorphosis attendant upon it, the following lines give a lively picture :

Now Scot and English are agreed,
And Saunders hastes to cross the Tweed,
Where, such the splendours that attend him,
His very mother scarce had kend him.
His metamorphosis behold,
From Glasgow frieze to cloth of gold;
His backsword, with the iron hilt,
To rapier, fairly patch'd and gilt ;
Was ever seen a gallant braver !
His very bonnet's grown a beaver.

For a hundred years the “braw callants” fattened individually on the
“Southron pock puddings,” and then came the “Union,” which opened
the door to the whole collective nation. An idea has generally prevailed
that Scotland and Scotchmen have derived at least much benefit from
this legislative measure as England and the English, but we have been
suddenly awakened from this delusive dream by a trumpet-blast from the
aforesaid Music Hall of Edinburgh, announcing that the wrongs which
Scotland has so long and so silently endured can now be borne no longer.
Her grievances, it appears, are many and deep. We learn from more than
one eloquent expositor of what they consist. The text upon which the
chivalrous chairman of the Edinburgh meeting descanted was somewhat
perilous for his argument. “You may,” said the noble earl, “make a
Scotchman discontented, but you will never make him an Englishman;”
that is to say, “give a Scotchman all you have got and he will be a
Scotchman still.” The Scotchman, then, is “discontented” because the
British Museum and the National Gallery (he is quite welcome to the
last-named building if he will only undertake to remove it) are not trans-
ferred to Edinburgh ; because the dockyard at Portsmouth and the arsenal
at Woolwich are not removed to the flats of Musselburgh or the crags of
Burnbogle. He is “discontented” because Dover is nearer to Calais
than Loch Garvie ; because the gardens of Hampton Court are kept up
as a place of recreation for a handful of English citizens (as many in
number, by the way, as the whole population of Scotland), while the park
of Holyrood is—thriftily—let to a Scotch market-gardener. He has also
a notable cause for “discontent” in the degraded position of those two
eminently Scottish animals, the red lion and silver unicorn, who are un-
justly made to ramp on the wrong side of the royal escutcheon. We
had for some time imagined that the British lion was the most ill-treated
brute in creation, but as in the lowest deep there is always one still lower,
so, “sounding the very base string of humility” grows the sandy lion of
Scotland.

The canny Scot is “discontented” because his country has no
separate Secretary of State, and is only represented in the Cabinet by the
Prime Minister and the Lord Privy Seal ; in the general body of the

Ministry by a Lord, and one of the Secretaries to the Treasury, and two Lords of the Admiralty; and in the Household of the Queen by a Scottish Lord Chamberlain and a Scottish Controller. The Gordons, Elliots, Campbells, Dundases, Murrays, Scotts, Hamiltons, Douglasses, to say nothing of the "Legion" whose prefix is "Mac," have had, as far as our recollection serves, a tolerably fair share of the privileges of power, as well as of the official loaves and fishes that have abounded since the establishment of the Union. Scottish generals have commanded in our armies, Scottish admirals have led our fleets to victory—they have had their reward as well as their renown,—Scottish lawyers have sat on the woolsack, and there is one at the present moment—highly esteemed and respected by all—who occupies the post of Lord Chief Justice of all England. We know of no situation of honour or profit,—to neither of which things are Scotchmen supposed to be insensible,—that our friends north of the Tweed have not at some time or other enjoyed, we will not say to the total exclusion of Englishmen, but certainly to a degree that had more than once gone near to savour of monopoly. But it is a grievance for Scotland that she is "left to the tender mercies of a lawyer"—the Lord Advocate—who, we may observe, *en passant*, must of necessity be a Scotchman.

But we have not yet got to the end of our tether. "Scotland is not fairly represented in Parliament." This is not a peculiarly Scottish grievance, and we fear that Caledonia, with her three millions returning fifty-three members, must wait for redress until Middlesex, with a larger population and fewer representatives, has an equal measure of justice accorded. The eloquent author of the "History of Europe," who, *par parenthèse*, has been rewarded with a baronetcy, enumerates at considerable length the number of things that Scotchmen have given to England: "the steam-engine," "free trade," "Sir Walter Scott," &c. We might add to this list of gifts from a people so *open-handed*, but will content ourselves by asking, if the Scotch have never received an equivalent for their donations, however numerous? Scientific inventions, liberal institutions, the products of genius, can scarcely be said to be "given" by one nation to another. You may be proud of the man whose intellect or whose labour have benefited mankind; but while you profit by the results yourselves, you can assert small claim to generosity. Sir Isaac Newton did probably as much for science as Watt,—Sir Robert Peel rendered services no less eminent than Adam Smith,—Shakspeare has perhaps as many readers as Scott, but it is not the habit of Englishmen to say that they have made a present of their great men to this or that country. The universality of genius renders such a narrow distribution absurd.

But Sir Archibald Alison complains that Scotland is not garrisoned by English troops, in the same manner as Ireland; that she has no militia, like England. We have always fancied that the fewer the troops for the preservation of order—in Ireland they are there for that purpose and not for defence—the pleasanter for the country so spared. But the want of a Scottish militia is a grievance. Why? Because, says Sir Archibald, "in case of a war breaking out, if a descent were to be made from Russia—and the Emperor of Russia had always in the summer

as many ships of the line in the Baltic as could transport 30,000 men *in a short space of time to any part of our coast*—he need not say where the invading force would come in the first instance. Why, they would first come to the Firth of Forth." That little word "if," Sir Archibald, is a great moderator. If a descent were to be made from the moon, or any other equally likely place! or, admitting that the 30,000 Russians were actually afloat, bent on pillage, and resolved, every man-jack of 'em, to return to Muscovy laden with plunder, is it to the Firth of Forth that they would of necessity steer? We think not. The Russians have as little desire to tempt the pugnacity of our gallant fellow-countrymen—if they will still allow us to call them so—as to take the unnecessary trouble of rifling their pockets; they know very well that they would be welcomed with "more kicks than halfpence." Ignorant, perchance, of the proverb, they are quite alive to the fact that "it's ill takin' off the breeks frae a wild Hielandman."

While on the subject of national wrongs, we may notice what a lively writer in the *Globe* has facetiously called "A squeak from a Welch rabbit." The author of the squeak, a true Cambro-Briton, objects strongly that the English word which describes his countrymen should be spelt with a "c" and not with an "s,"—declaring that the former orthography "has a significancy, not perhaps apparent to every unobservant, unthinking mind, but to us it has a hidden and bitter meaning, being symbolical of that conquest, the recollection of which ages cannot efface or memory forget." "By my troth," as Mistress Quickly says, addressing a gentleman who had his own reasons, afterwards, for not particularly admiring the national symbol of the Cambro-Britons, "by my troth, Captain, these be very bitter words!" We fear that the "unobservant and unthinking" must be in a large majority in England if the fact of being so depends upon the substitution of one letter for another. Lord Burleigh's shake of the head had scarcely a greater "significancy" than the obnoxious particle, which has roused the ire of Ap-Jenkin. He, too, complains that there is no place in the Royal Arms for either goat or leek. Let us reduce our nationality to its simplest elements and split ourselves up, like De Foe's "true-born Englishman," into the Danish, Saxon, Norman, and five hundred other sections which combine to make us what we are, and a pretty menagerie we shall have to accommodate: "lions, unicorns, ravens, horses, jackasses, goats, and monkeys!"

Amongst the cool and pleasant propositions which people sometimes make, when they happen to be on the very best terms with themselves, the coolest and pleasantest we have heard of for a long time is that which was wafted across the Pacific, a few weeks ago, from New South Wales. In that ancient and aristocratic colony where every man's ancestor, and a tolerable sprinkling of the present generation, went over—it is scarcely necessary, nor, perhaps, would it be agreeable to everybody to say *how*—the select committee of the Legislative Council, having a natural antipathy, like Goldsmith's bear-leader, to anything "low," have recommended, as a bulwark against democracy, "the establishment of a Council nominated by the Crown for life, and *an order of hereditary nobility*, the first of whom shall have seats in the Council by virtue of

their dignity, and their successors a power of election from among themselves, similar to that possessed by the Scotch and Irish Peers."

There will be less difficulty in qualifying for a Botany Bay Peerage than might at first be supposed. The colonists have a "Domesday Book," in the shape of "The Newgate Calendar," which amply sets forth the meritorious services by which their progenitors acquired a *locus standi* in that quarter of the globe, and though it cannot be shown that the latter were ever summoned by writ to the House of Lords in their native country, the fact that they were familiar with writs and summonses and warrants and many other judicial processes is capable of the fullest proof. Precedent is entirely in favour of the new claimants, since we learn from history that, at the period of the Norman Conquest, the followers of Duke William, having gone through the form of asking a consent which he could not refuse, "constituted themselves the nobles of the land." The Norman adventurers,—nine-tenths of whom had graduated in most of the prisons of Europe,—relied upon the strong hand to support their pretensions; what they had acquired was gained at the point of the sword. The adventurers of New South Wales, having had the advantage of a similar education, trusted also to their hands for their position in Society, and their descendants may justly plead—though this is an awkward word to use, under the circumstances,—that they knew how to turn them to account. The feudal and the convict systems differed only in this, that the weapons of the practitioners in the one case were the sword and lance, and in the other the jemmy and crowbar, each got what they had without the consent of the parties despoiled. In the days of chivalry the chief officers who had to do with claimants for social position were the Lord High Constable and the Earl Marshal; in those of convictry the Constable and the Marshal have been found equally efficient. "Would you," as Falstaff says, "desire better sympathy?"

Neither need the labours of the Botany Bay Herald be very severely taxed to find appropriate titles, arms, and mottoes for the new Peers. Indulging in an hereditary propensity, the latter may be freely *taken* from our own nobility, while what Madame de Staël calls "une intelligence active," may easily imagine the two former. What, for a Botany Bay Peer, could be more suitable than the motto of the Duke of Atholl: "Furth fortune and fill the fetters"? That of the Marquis of Conyngham: "Over fork over"? Of the Duke of Argyll: "Vix ea nostra voco" (We scarce can call these things our own)? Of the Earl of Rothes: "Grip fast"? Of the Earl of Lonsdale: "Magistratus indicat virum" (The magistrate shows the man)? Of Lord Ongeley: "Mihi cura future" (I am careful for the future)? Of Lord Cranstoun: "Thou shalt want ere I want"? Of Lord Bandon: "Virtus probata florescit" (*Tried* virtue flourishes)? For titles, let us suppose a Duke of Newgate, a Marquis of Millbank, an Earl of Brixton, a Viscount Clerkenwell, or a Baron Horsemonger—and let some modern Gwyllim marshal his coat of arms thus: "He beareth quarterly, 1 and 4, *sable*, a fetter-lock, *argent*; 2 and 3, *or*, a gibbet, *gules*, with a rope, *pendant*, *proper*. Crest, over a fogle twisted, *azure* and *argent*, a lanthorn, *sable*, lighted, *or*. Supporters, two gaol-birds, *proper*, both gorged with a hempen cravat, talons manacled, *iron*." Motto: "Comme je fus."

But, in addition to a Peerage at Botany Bay, why not have Orders of

Knighthood? "The Noose" would be quite as significant as "The Garter," and could be adopted with very few alterations. Instead of wearing it round the left leg, let it be suspended from the neck; for the "George and Dragon" substitute the "Convict and Kangaroo;" and let the old motto, "Honi soit qui mal y pense," remain. The Collar, in that auriferous land, might still be of gold, and, as the description runs in the statutes of the Garter, "the *links* being fashioned like *cords*." In lieu of ostrich feathers, let the cap be decorated with the plumage of the Magpie (*Corvus raptor*). The Order of the "Thistle" might find its prototype in the "Mill" or the "Crank;" and instead of the image of Saint Andrew, "habited in a green gown, and bearing before him a cross," introduce that of Saint Nicholas, "habited in grey, with his hair cropped close, and bearing a crow-bar in his hand." The Order of the "Bath" belongs of right to Australia; all her first settlers had it conferred on them before they left the mother country, in Coldbath Fields. We have lately heard from the United States that it is the custom in that happy land to paint the noses of their convicts an indelible black; perhaps, the better to distinguish them from the mere herd of goldfinders, the Peers of Sydney might not object to a similar decoration!

But although you are at liberty to emblazon a malefactor in the United States, where and how you please, you must be careful not to attempt the same thing with any of her statesmen. You are not permitted, in a physical sense—as you would find it impossible in a moral one—to "trick" an American—"true grit." Amongst the instructions which the new President, General Pearce, has given to the diplomatists who represent the Union in foreign countries, not the least stringent has been that which enjoins that the usual tinsel and embroidery of diplomatic costume worn on State occasions at foreign Courts shall be discontinued. Mr. Sandford, the present American Secretary of Legation at Paris, has been the first to obey this order to substitute "black pants" for "white shorts;" though in the announcement which he made to M. Drouyn de l'Huys of his intention to do so, on the *fête* day of the Emperor, he evidently expected that the proceeding would involve a *casus belli* between the two countries. The Minister for Foreign Affairs replied, however, that Mr. Sandford might do just what he thought fit: he prescribed nothing, but left the secretary to array himself according to the President's "instructions," or his own taste, whichever he pleased; in the planter's cotton jacket or the backwoodsman's buffalo shirt. Accordingly, says the *Cincinnati Gazette*—in hysterics of delight at the "bold, courageous, and patriotic act"—Mr. Sandford went to dinner "in the humble dress of a plain citizen—black dress coat, white vest and cravat, and black pantaloons." "I trample on your pride," said the Secretary of Legation, in the spirit of the stoic philosopher. "With greater pride," might the Turkish Ambassador have answered; but he contented himself by observing, "Vous avez l'air d'un Corbeau dans cette foule d'oiseaux d'or!"—and ever since Mr. Sandford has rejoiced in the appellation of "the black crow."

Everybody who has recently perambulated Regent-street must have noticed in the shop-window of Messrs. Nicoll (admirably or otherwise) the most gorgeous dressing-gown which has probably ever been fashioned by shears and needle. Purple Genoa velvet, quilted white satin at

eighteen shillings a yard, silken cords and tassels of blue and gold, and a parterre of embroidered flowers—hollyhocks, tulips, and roses, coloured after nature, only twice as vivid and twice as large—constituted the making-up of this superb garment. We had the curiosity, when we first saw it, to enter the shop and ask if it had been made to order? "No," replied the shopman, quietly. "What is the price?" "Thirty-four guineas?" "And are you likely, or is it possible that you can expect, to find a purchaser?" The man smiled. "Of course we shall. The very first American, with money in his pocket, who sees will buy it. We are always sure of a market with them. They can't stand such things, sir—they *must* have 'em, at any price." After this explanation we fully appreciated the boldness, the courage, the patriotism, and, let us add, the self-denial of Mr. Sandford. All his diplomatic brethren have not stoicism like his; for the same *Cincinnati Gazette* tells us that "Mr. De Leon, formerly editor of the *Southern Press*, who goes to Alexandria as Consul-General, uniting diplomatic with consular duties, has had a coat made in Washington, which has three golden stars on each collar, and *an eagle on each breast!*" This is the gentleman, without doubt, whose eye has been caught by the purple velvet dressing-gown.

Before we lose sight of the question of costume, we have a word to say to the ladies. The absurdities of fashion are looked upon as simply harmless at the present day, but it was not always so, and we should be curious to know what those famous French preachers, Maillard and Menot, who declaimed against the incongruities of dress in the reign of Louis XII., would have said to the custom which now prevails of wearing the bonnet half-way down the back! They would scarcely have suffered it to pass without making certain comparisons which the wearers would gladly have been spared. The sugar-loaf cap of the fifteenth century, three-quarters of an ell high, or the horned head-dress that preceded it, were not more ridiculous than the bareheaded—and barefaced—sparrow-trap of 1853; those *couvre-chefs* did answer the purpose for which they were intended, which is more than we can say of our fashionable bonnets now-a-days.

It is impossible to cast a retrospective glance at the follies of the time without some reference to the table-turning and spirit-rapping absurdity, though, except amongst the *exaltés*, whose province it is to be delirious "in their philosophy," and the stupid herd, who follow any leader, and don't get rid of their impressions so readily as they receive them, the mania has, happily, disappeared. We have heard that the death-blow was given to it by the misfortune which befel a distinguished lady of fashion, who, wishing to speculate in mining shares—the "Cockatoos," the "Mooncalf," or some such golden or copper fallacy—consulted the spirit that dwelt in her sandal-wood work-table, bought in at twenty premium on the strength of his advice—the spirit personating the late Mr. Rothschild—and sold out again a month afterwards at ten discount, with reflections rather strong than feminine upon the conduct of the elderly ex-capitalist who had deceived her, and consigning him to that Tophet which has for its duration a longer "eternity" than Professor Maurice appears willing to put faith in. Since the misadventure of Lady A——, table-turning has been left to the cabinet-makers.

The taste for war, begotten, it may be, by the demonstrations at Chob-

ham and Spithead—demonstrations which fully showed what English soldiers and sailors are capable, "at the shortest notice," of doing—has this year led our wandering countrymen in search of a fresh enemy; a novel description of game has been flushed, and every sportsman who could level a gun or pull a trigger has had a bang at it. The new "quarry" is "neither fish, flesh, nor fowl, nor," as some say, "good red-herring," though it has that about it which pertains to all these *comestibles*. It is, in fact, the British hotel-keeper, "mine host" as he was wont to be called, who has thus been made the general target, the food for powder of every snap shot. "Edax" writes to the *Times*, enclosing his bill, and complaining that he pays more for his dinner at the Folkestone "Pavilion," than at the "Goat and Harp," in some out-of-the-way corner of Glamorganshire. "Bibax" condemns the Brighton "Bedford," because he was only charged "two and six" for a pint of port at the "Cat and Bagpipes," at Poldoody; and "Vorax" vows that he never yet dined—at his own expense—at any hotel in England where he got half enough for his money. Our old friend "Paterfamilias," who travels with his wife, his wife's sister, seven awkward, noisy, hungry children, and three servants, confesses to "general accommodation," but is very bitter about a bottle of pale ale that was charged "tenpence," because he had it in his bedroom "after he had put on his nightcap!" "Snob," who by his own account passes his time wherever he goes in drinking whisky and smoking, thinks sixpence a piece for twelve "goes," and three shillings for a dozen cigars "extortionate," and to prove his case, sets to work to calculate the cost price of the articles and how enormous must be the innkeeper's profits. Another fellow, who calls himself "A Tradesman," gives a full, true, and particular account of how "me and my wife and a gent, a friend of mine," horrified at the prospect of having to pay three-and-sixpence a head for dinner, and half-a-crown for a bed, at the best hotel in the town, "took and went" and "ired a lodging" for a day, and bought a leg of mutton and "weggetables," and "laid in" 'alf-a-pound of candles, a loaf of best 'ousehold bread, a nounce of tea, and 'ad a pint of gin "which it give us three tumblers a piece, by reason of Mrs. 'O. (the man's name is Horrocks) sipping out of my glass"—and all for the small sum of fourteen and eightpence 'apenny, "which the change" (3½d.), he concludes with a flourish, "we give the gal, well satisfied,"—the last remark expressing the writer's satisfaction, we presume, not that of the waiting-maid. Respecting "Biffin" and "Pippin," two well known couriers—Arcades ambo—who are always "crossing over," we say nothing, only requesting them, the next time they exhibit their masters' old Paris bills, to have the candour to say what they are paying just now for hotel accommodation in that capital. We think it will be found that a man may fare and lodge better at the "Pavilion," or the "Bedford," than at any of the much-vaunted caravanserais of old Lutetia, and find himself with more money in his pocket when he settles his little account. The fact is, there happened to be no thrilling and mysterious murder to occupy the public mind during the last autumn, and so the penny-a-liners held an inquest at every respectable hotel in the kingdom.

Apropos of hotels, have any of our readers paid a visit yet to the first completed hotel of the series that is to surround the Crystal Palace at

Sydenham? They will find no cause to regret having made the experiment. When we speak of the Crystal Palace itself we cease at once to be captious or critical. Whatever genius and taste could contrive, or skill and labour execute, will be found concentrated there, and let the shortcomings of 1853 be what they may, this marvellous building will remain a proud memorial of the age which knew how to combine the useful and the beautiful. The French proverb says, "Un clou chasse l'autre," in other words, there is always compensation for what we lose. A year or two ago who "about town" imagined that he could get through the season without "Her Majesty's Theatre?" And yet the Haymarket was a desert from March to September, and no exquisite hung himself in Carlotta Grisi's garters! There has been a talk about taking down Temple Bar, which some people look upon as the front tooth of the city; but we think its loss might be supplied. We are ourselves rather in favour of the movement, not so much on account of the hideousness of the building, as from our desire to solve a mystery which has puzzled us all our lives, and that is, in what manner the Warden of the Bar, or whoever he is that lives in that room over the archway, gets into his den, or, once in, how he gets out again! Does he furtively enter by a side-door from Child's, when he goes there under the pretence of getting a "Corporation" cheque cashed? Or, pretending—notwithstanding "the Beard Movement"—that he wants to be shaved, does he slyly slip into the barber's on the opposite side of the way, and somehow, then, effect an entrance?

But Temple Bar is not the only thing that is going. We say nothing about the pictures in the National Gallery, for they are gone irredeemably; but what about the Corporation of London, the Lord Mayor and Sheriffs, the Mace, the Sword, the Mansion House Dinners, Gog and Magog, the City Marshal, and all the pride, pomp, and circumstance of glorious London? Alas, that Sir Peter Laurie should live to see all this "put down!" Alas, for the alderman expectant who may be extinguished before next November! In such a case 1854 will—in his estimation—be more memorable than 1853.

Before we dismiss the events of the year, we have yet a word to say about ourselves. With this page we close our Ninety-Ninth Volume, and we trust we may be permitted, in doing so, to express our satisfaction at the fact that the *New Monthly* still occupies the same prominent place in the periodical literature of the country which it has held since the Magazine was first established.

In January we commence our HUNDREDTH VOLUME, and, stimulated by past success, shall endeavour to make that Hundredth Volume—with each of its numerous progeny, yet unborn—a Hundred times better, if possible, than its predecessors.

But the Prologue for 1854 shall more explicitly declare our future intentions.

END OF VOL. XCIX.

G. WHITING, BEAUFORT HOUSE, STRAND.







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